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# GRAYLIN THORNTON

International Mr.  
Drummer 1993

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-Henry David Thoreau



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MARTIJN BAKKER.....PUBLISHER



## SLAVERY OF WORDS

**OFF  
THE  
TOP**

BY GRAYLIN THORNTON  
INTERNATIONAL MR. DRUMMER 1993

Recently, I had the opportunity to discuss with a friend the origin of the term "buck naked." As taught to me in my early childhood by the Black Panthers of Oakland, CA, "buck naked" referred to the stripped down African males on display for sale on the auction block. Therefore, a term once used to describe the nonconsensual degradation of my African fathers is now used to eroticize the beauty of the human body.

History, for centuries has encouraged the relationship between Master and slave; Dominant and submissive; Daddy and boy. The Greeks, Egyptians, Romans, Spaniards, Scandinavians, Africans, and Americans once preyed upon the manpower of the conquered. During those time periods, human beings became man's greatest possessions. Unfortunately, during those times, these humans did not willfully submit to their fate, but were stripped from the only land they knew. The ideal world in which we live frowns on our past. We paint a picture of history as if it were some unmentionable mistake which we unknowingly repeat from time to time. In our studies we refer to these periods as "dark." We gloss over them as if they never really happened. And if it did, was it all that bad?

Although we now realize the horror of a time in which man was sold and transported as human cargo, there remains with us the eroticism of that period. The idea of shopping for a man to fulfill your every desire for an entire lifetime is quite tempting, indeed. The notion of examining his muscular physique from head to toe and transporting him to his new home remains appealing, even to this day.

The eroticism continues. Our fascination with slavery remains with us, probing and tempting our deepest fantasies. What was once an issue of color or heritage has transcended the darkness of the past to become the lifestyle of the present. What greater gift can man give than himself? To give freely, his body and all it encases may be his greatest fantasy. The only gift which may be comparable is the one he receives in return, acceptance and approval from his Master.

If this be the case, then whose fantasy is it? If the greater gift is given by the slave then who is slave to whom? Does the slave permit the fantasy, allowing his Master to live the eroticism of a lifestyle of one of history's "darker" periods?

Clearly, there is little correlation between the brutality of man's past and the eroticism of what has become a standard in the leather lifestyle relationship. I, being a young man of African/Native American/European descent am proud, but not so politically correct to be considered "black". That pride and identity is of my own choosing and in no way reflects the terminology chosen by other people of color or similar descent.

There is an obvious bond between history's dark past, people of color, and usage of the terms

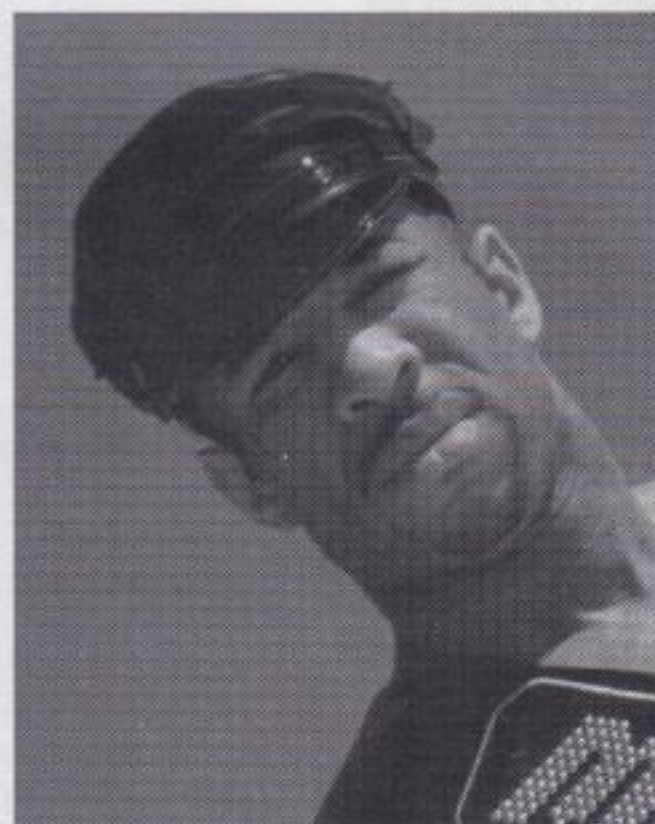
"slave," "boy," and "submissive." To some, these are just words used to describe the relationship as they know it. To others they are a reminder of a time when our fathers were stripped of their manhood and homeland.

The sensitivity of word usage in the human language is not only the responsibility of the speaker but also lies with the listener. The difference between language of the past and today is quite vast. Yesterday's slave was bought and sold. Today's slave gives himself, freely.

It is the duty of both partners in any relationship to define that relationship as it meets their needs. It is also their duty to demonstrate a relationship of mutual respect, dispelling connotations of past prejudices. If one chooses to become a "slave," "boy," or "submissive," he does so with pride knowing he has given to his "Master," "Daddy," or "Dominant" the greatest gift possible. No longer is slavery an issue of pigmentation but a matter of self-fulfillment. The brutality of the chains of the past are broken and have been replaced by the deepest forms of eroticism and respect. It is that respect which differentiates between the past and the present. Although slave owners in the past should have and may have had respect for their property, communication of that was definitely unheard of. In today's leather/SM relationships, respect exists not only between slave and Master, but also between Master and slave.

It's the name "slave" or the image of slavery which seems to be the problem with today's politically correct or politically correct wannabe's. So far, in the 1990's we have spent countless hours and energy trying to find phrases and words which would not offend anyone. In the true scheme of things this is a task which is nothing more than tiresome, frustrating, and damn near impossible.

The insult is not in the word itself, but in how we use it as well as how we choose to hear it. In looking to take the slavery out of "slave" we resist communicating the very idea which gives us the eroticism we long for. A leatherman using the word "slave" conveys a definite image of lust in its darkest form. He is using a term from our past to communicate with his peers the relationship which is most cherished in our community today. It is that relationship which is the real issue, not the terminology used to define it. The slavery of the past should not be confused with the bonding between members of the leather/SM community in the present. Those are two different times and two different relationships. We cannot remain "slaves" to words. If we take away the language then we fail to communicate the ideas as we mean them. Without communication we cannot relate with one another for it involves speaking as well as listening. It is our relationships which bond us together, not the word "slave." ■





## MALE CALL

Dear Editor,

I want to compliment you on your new format, and particularly the "Working It Out" story by David May in the latest issue of *International Drummer*. Jim Wigler's photography certainly helped "stretch my Levis," until I noticed the footwear.

What is it about white tennis shoes with black leather? I gladly admit to being a member of the leather "old guard." I respect the integrity and courage of leatherfolk who preceded me. I've seen hot men wearing high heels with their leathers for Halloween and got a laugh out of it. However - in a scene or at your local leatherbar, non-black shoes make a statement. I perceive that statement to be "leather's just fashion to me," "don't take me seriously," or "girlfriend, I wear what I like - these are so comfy." To me, leather is a manifestation of something deep inside, and a symbol of tribal belonging. I wouldn't put on ice skates to show up for a basketball game with friends. I feel that white tennies are the ultimate in inappropriateness and disrespect (to say nothing of a serious "soft-on.")

Find real boots uncomfortable, can't afford them? Giving a little thought to what you wear can include black tennies - they're even available in leather!

Sincerely,  
D.N.W.  
San Francisco,  
CA to you all,  
M.B.

Dear Editor,

The other night I picked up a copy of your magazine (#172) for the first time in a long while. I like the new design and layout. However what really floored me and had me reaching between my legs was the gorgeous portrait of Paolo. The leather jacket, workboots, cockring, tattoo and those beautiful nipples...I'm in love!

But I also have a bone to pick with you guys. Now I'm not into the leather scene, although I am curious and probably a part of me wants to explore it. However while reading through the classifieds I was extremely disturbed to read ads by men offering to be "toilets" to consume fecal matter and urine. When I first came out fifteen years ago, I found these ads shocking and repulsive. Now after 12 years of living through the AIDS crisis and living with HIV myself, I consider it more of an anti-social horror. Please understand I have no hangup about bondage or S/M. Played safely and with a creative imagination I believe the experience could be thrilling. I would love to have my arms and ankles tied with rope and at the mercy of Paolo.

Anyway, I strongly feel that the editors of *DRUMMER* in the best interests and concern for the health of the community have a responsibility to discourage those kind of ads, and by obvious extension, that behavior. Locally here, the gay press refuses to carry voice male ads that use any explicit or sexual language. Certainly you don't need the money that badly! I think it would set a positive tone and example. Keep up the great work.

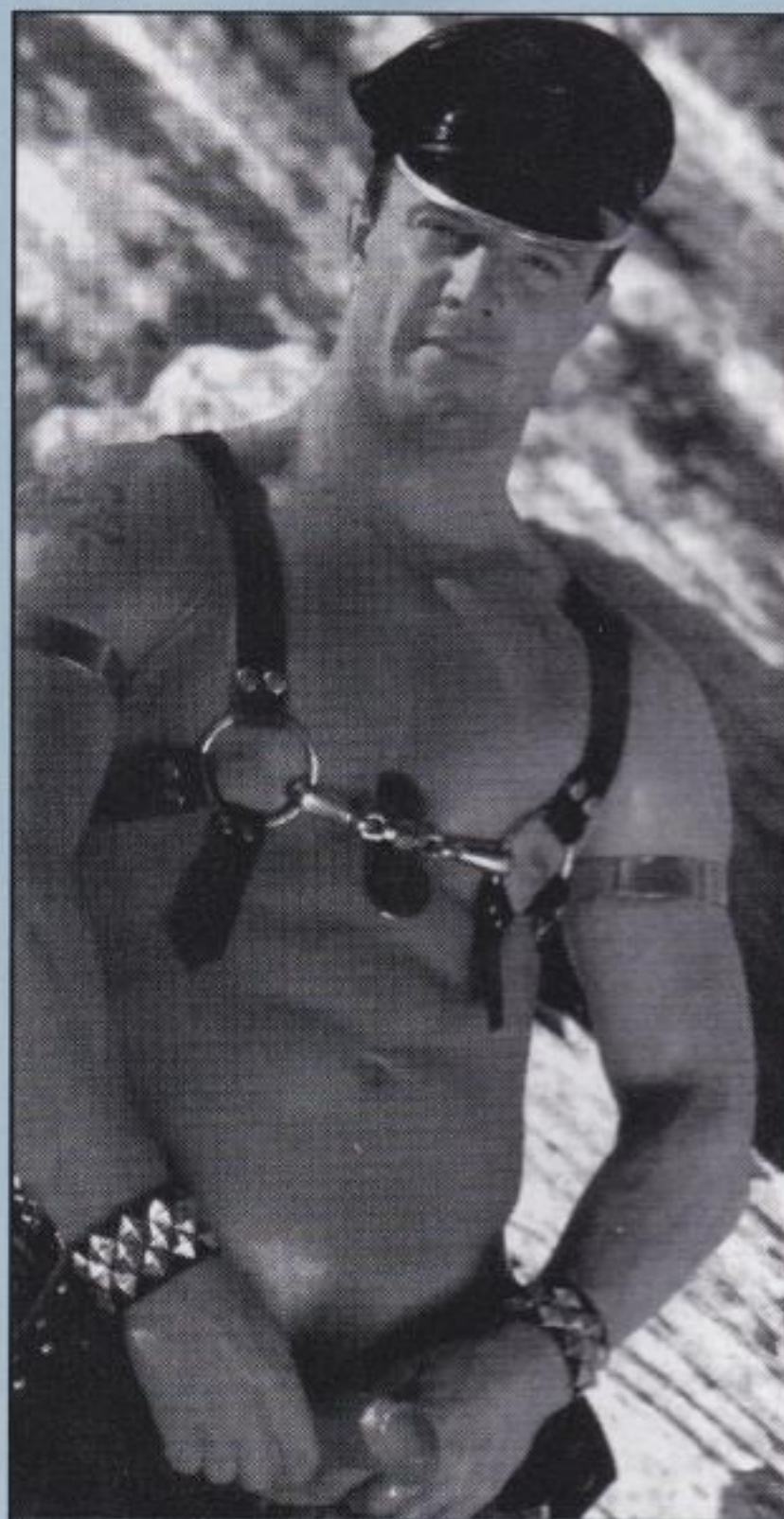
Sincerely,  
C.M.  
Philadelphia, PA

Dear Friends,

I just want to thank you so much for forwarding my letter to Trent Reed, Coverman, Issue #171. I hope it wasn't too much trouble for you. I don't know why I included my telephone number, but I was shocked when Mr. Reed personally called to thank me for the fan mail. He made my day. Heck, he made my life! What a nice guy! Trent Reed has as sweet a personality as he is handsome and sensual. I wish he'd marry me. (I didn't have the balls to tell him that though. At the risk of sounding even sappier, I just melted at the sound of his voice and didn't know what to say.)

Thanks again for forwarding my letter, and thanks too for all of the hot men and articles and news you pack into every issue.

The best of luck to you all,  
M.B.  
Chicago, IL



Dear C.M.,

This "bone of contention" has been debated for quite a while. As an individual my personal tastes do not include scat and that particular type of fetish. However, as an editor of a magazine which caters to a variety of "fetish activity," I cannot assume the role of fetish police. As with many activities such as bondage, piercing,

scarification, cock and ball torture, flogging (et al), we trust that the individuals involved will practice SAFE-SANE-CONSENSUAL. Clearly, this is not an issue of money for Desmodus. But we do, and always have, offered a bonafide vehicle for men with varied fetishes to connect through our classifieds. We need to recognize too that some extreme activity lives

only in fantasy and can be shared through words or art. *DRUMMER* does advocate safe and healthy behavior and encourages anyone involved with risky behavior to take necessary precautions. *DRUMMER* also advocates healthy, nasty, kinky activity which satisfies the beast in all of us.

MJW



# MARCUS THE MERCILESS

BY MARCUS HERNANDEZ

Just two short months ago, (March 19th to be exact), the eighth International Ms. Leather (IMSL) was selected over 10 other contestants in San Francisco. Her name is Anne C.S. Bergstedt and she resides in Seattle, Washington.

She's a prominent attorney in the Pacific Northwest and like thou-

sands of leather people around the world, just about now she's getting set to travel to Chicago for the big Memorial Day weekend where her male counterpart, International Mr. Leather 1994, will be chosen, possibly from a field of 50 to 60 contestants.

Since midway through last year, shortly after Henri Ten Have of Amsterdam won the title in Chicago, leather bars, bike/uniform clubs and other leather fraternal groups have been staging contests to either send a contestant directly to Chicago, or to compete in a contest at the next level or for a state or regional leather level.

On Memorial Day weekend, May 27-30, thousands of leather men and women will settle into the Congress Hotel on South Michigan Avenue and witness the interaction among contestants, judges, leather celebrities, the leather press (foreign and domestic) and a myriad of the many subcultures that is collectively known as The Leather Community.

And for Anne Bergstedt, her male counterpart will mount the top platform as International Mr. Leather 1994 on Sunday, May 29th, just as she did this past March. Together, they will represent our tribe as spokesmen, fundraisers and leaders in the best community of gaydom.

Much preparation, studying, tailoring of leather, advice from oldtimers, past titleholders and coaches and many speeches will have been written and rewritten and memorized. They all know that of the 50 to 60 candidates, only 20 will be chosen to fully compete as semi-finalists. The 11 judges this year representing areas of the U.S. and overseas, will determine who that 20 will be.

Only three will assume the positions of triumph on the elevated platforms and receive thousands of dollars in prizes and gifts from sponsors around the world. In addition, the second International Mr. Boot Black will be chosen, with applications now available from IML. No speeches, posing or pre-judging here — just the guy who gets the most people to give him their voting stub after a boot shine. The boot black with the most stubs wins the contest! And in case you didn't know it, IML '92 Lenny Broberg will be the Master of Ceremonies. It should be a great event.

It is evident that IML gets bigger and bigger each

time out. This year, the leather community of New Mexico will, for the first time, send a contestant to Chicago. They held their contest on March 26th, too late for this deadline as was the Washington State Mr. Leather held on April 3rd and Mr. San Francisco Leather on April 16th. Los Angeles will, for the first time, send Mr. Leather Los Angeles. Their contest was held at the LA-Eagle on Saturday, April 2nd.

It is hoped that all the contestants have done their homework. I have been judging quite a few of them this year and the paucity of knowledge of the leather community has been very unnerving. For example: at a bar contest I judged recently, one of the judges asked a contestant: "What does IML stand for?" The contestant blurted out: "I don't know her." He furthermore couldn't name the current IMSL or name the city where the annual IML Contest is held!

In another venue, a contestant was asked the name of the major male leather titleholder in his city and he couldn't even do that! It's either the sponsor or the coach who failed to prepare the contestant. And when judges at IML ask these kind of questions and they cannot be answered, they have no choice but to eliminate the

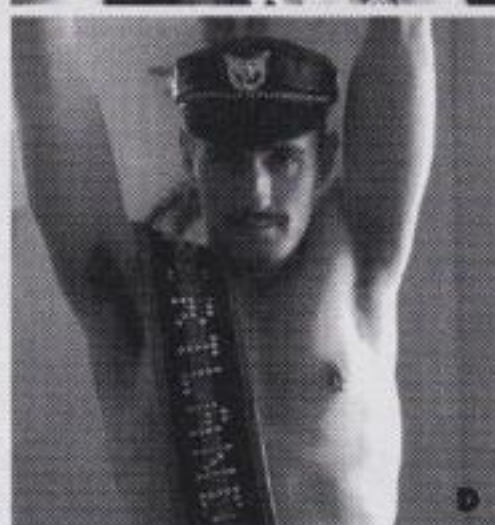
contestant. Often, there are no correct answers to questions, nor a true or false answer. Some questions are posed just to see how quick the contestant can think on his feet — under stress — and answer with a reasonably knowledgeable dialogue. After all, if you're International Mr. Leather and you go out to the "provinces" and get asked these kind of questions by a person anxious to join the leather tribe, what impression will he get from a major male leather titleholder who can't tell him what he wants/needs to know? A bad one, that's what.

In the final analysis, for the judges, eliminating contestants becomes easy when the contestant cannot name one or two clubs in their city, gay-friendly politicians or know the name of major leather titleholders, male or female. The one that really blew me away was the contestant who named Lenny Broberg as the current Mr. Drummer! It is inconceivable that someone seeking the IML title does not even know the current incumbents!

At this reading, it can be assumed to be just a mite too late to recommend that aspirants to major leather titles read Guy Baldwin's tome, *The Leather Contest Guide: A Handbook for Promoters, Contestants, Judges and Titleholders*, if they haven't done so already.

This little \$12.95 paperback published by Daedalus Publishing in Los Angeles should be available in any decent gay/lesbian bookstore. If your local bookstore does not carry it, it's available by mail order from the publisher at 4470-107 Sunset Blvd., Suite 375, Los Angeles, CA 90027. Countless men and women have told me that they couldn't have had a better guide and overall view for their competition. I highly recommend it; easy to read, chock full of great tips and quite frankly, as far as I'm concerned, it is definitely "required reading"

IML '94 CONTESTANTS:  
A) LENNY CHIOFOLO OF  
MARYLAND IS AMERICAN  
LEATHERMAN '94.  
B) ORLANDO DIAZ,  
MR. NEW YORK LEATHER.  
C) KEVIN HARVEY,  
MR. MARYLAND LEATHER.  
D) PAUL SMITH,  
MR. PORTLAND (OREGON)  
LEATHER.





for anyone who wants to wear a leather title sash or medallion.

If you're attending the 16th annual International Mr. Leather Contest in Chicago either as a contestant or a spectator, I hope to see you there; I'll be in the judging sessions most of the weekend, but I'll be out and about. Give me a reader-friendly hello. And while you're in Chicago, be sure to whistle while you lurk!

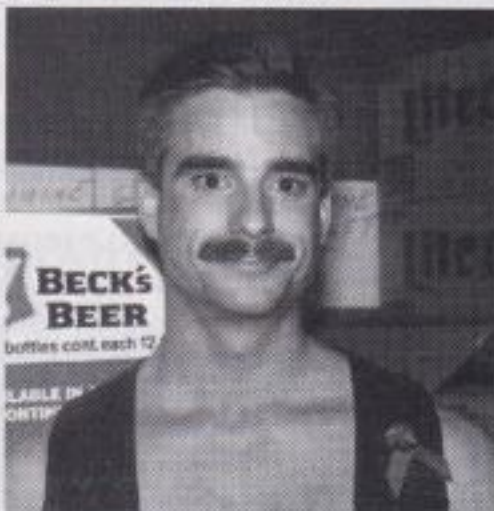
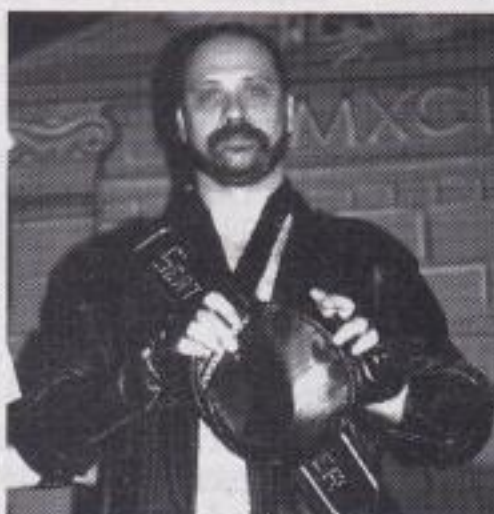
#### EVENTURES IN LEATHER/SM

The selection of International Mr. Leather in May doesn't mean it's the end of your leather socializing. Even as you read this, some of the city and regional competitions leading to 1994 International Mr. Drummer Finals are in progress. At this deadline, former Mr. Southwest Drummer, Pat Sanchez with a little help from the Motorcyclemen of New Mexico, have already produced the Mr. New Mexico Drummer contest; the winner will compete at the regional Mr. Southwest Drummer later this year.

Ideas for new, different and unique fantasies are being bandied about, grueling and punishing gym workouts and community involvement are already in progress. You'll be getting the regional competition dates soon. Keep reading. In the meantime, maybe some of the following will catch your fancy:

**June 18-26: Gay Games IV** and the big **Stonewall 25** celebration in New York is probably the major event this year and leather presence will be most definitely visible; especially at the **International S/M Leather Fetish Celebration**, June 23-26 at the Grand Hyatt. Overall, hearing and non-hearing leather people will have a

#### MORE IML '94 CONTESTANTS:



A) AUBREY HART SPARKS,  
MR. WASHINGTON STATE  
LEATHER.  
B) RICHARD BENOIT,  
MR. MID-ATLANTIC LEATHER  
FROM WASHINGTON, D.C.  
C) TERRY GATEWOOD,  
MR. OKLAHOMA STATE  
LEATHER

plethora of activities to consider including seminars, parties, contests and a big contingent in the parade. Hope you'll be there. Write: Leather Celebration '94, 332 Bleecker St., Suite 452, NY, NY 10014.

**June 10-12:** San Francisco's premiere SM group, The 15 Association, presents their annual **Boot Camp 6** weekend at Rancho Cicada some 25 miles outside of Sacramento in the Sierra Foothills. Only 44 recruit spaces on this one so contact them immediately, PO Box 421302, San Francisco, CA 94142, or call (415) 673-0452. This one is always sold out fast, so don't get left out!

**July 16-24:** There will be a big leather presence in the 14th Annual National As-

sociation of Black and White Men Together when they convene for the themed **"Breaking the Chains of Isms."** Workshops, seminars, parties, dances. Over 30 BMWT chapters will take over the Sheraton National Hotel in Arlington, Virginia. For information, contact NABWMT Convention '94, (202) 462-3599 or (800) 624-2968 or write: 1747 Connecticut Ave. NW, 3rd Floor, Washington, DC 20009-1108.

**August 18-24:** Wasatch Leathermen Motorcycle Club of Salt Lake City present their 10th anniversary run, **Falcon Flight**, and you're all invited to the celebration. Dinners, meet and greet, play party, people events, games, motorcycle run for sightseeing. Contact WLMC at PO Box 1311, Salt Lake City, UT 84110-1311 or call their voice mail at (801) 575-6453.

**August 19-21:** In Omaha Nebraska, former Mr. Nebraska Leather, Dustin Logan with a little help from his friends, presents **Fantasy '94**. Fantasies, fundraising in the great midwest. More on this one later, but plan on another sash rash gathering. Of course it's a benefit!

**September 19-25:** Leather pride week in San Francisco with seven (count them!) days of fun, debauchery, lurking and jerking. Thursday through Saturday, September 22-24 is the **International Mr. Drummer Finals and Expo**. On Sunday is the world's biggest leather gathering of some 300,000 leather people: the **Folsom Street Fair** from 1100-1800. Sights you will not believe! Save your tokens. Plan now. Be there!■

## SPANNER CONTINUED...

Sado-masochistic sex, in private, was nothing more than 'a cult of violence.'" So said Lord Templeman in giving judgement in last year's **Spanner** case. "An evil thing", he stated, the law could be used to stop it, whether everyone involved was a consenting adult or not.

Now being considered by The Law Commission, they propose a reformation which favors decriminalizing sado-masochistic sex between consenting adults, but only where there is no risk of serious injury.

Currently, the law covers consent to injury only while participating in dangerous sports ("manly diversions") because public policy justifies the danger. The intent is to separate injurious activity from non-injurious activity.

This is considered just a small step, given the Law Commission agrees with the Law Lords that SM sex is another form of violence; sexual pleasure is irrelevant. Also, this recommendation will only be effective if all criminal law is amended, meaning SM sex would become

a special category like "manly diversions." If criminal law is amended, under the new provision, only non-injurious SM play will be considered legal. The **Spanner** defendants would not have been guilty under the reformed law.

But what about those who wish to consent to SM sex which results in more serious injury? Who and what will define "serious injury?" Also, why must SM activity be judged differently than violent sport activity?

Admittedly, this reform is an improvement but to treat SM sex differently than violent sports cannot be justified. What is needed, is for the law to recognize the right to consent to sexual injury thereby protecting all adults participating in SM sex, whatever the degree of injury. Ultimately saying, people may consent to whatever type of sex they choose.

To respond to the Law Commission, write before June 30 to: Conquest House, 37/38 John Street, Theobalds Road, London WC1B 2BQ.

Article paraphrased from "Unnatural Justice" by Nicholas Bamforth in *The Pink Paper*, Issue 319.



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Cycle/Wheels MC  
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Write: CWMC,  
PO Box 615, NY, NY  
10116



MAY 6-8

Wisconsin Daddy/  
Daddy's Boy Weekend  
The Boot Camp  
-The 1100 Club  
-The Wreck Room  
Milwaukee, WI  
For info: North Woods  
Prod., POB 341611,  
Milwaukee, WI 53234

MAY 8

9TH Wally Look-Alike  
Contest  
Watering Hole  
SF, CA

6-8

1994 Tom's Bar Event  
"Emerging Erotic  
Artist Contest"  
Hollywood, CA  
Location: Hollywood  
Moguls, 1650 N.  
Hudson St.

9

GMSMA  
BELTS AND PADDLES:  
HARDCORE SM  
An evening devoted to  
those universally available  
SM implements: belts &  
paddles.  
NYC  
Info: (212) 727-9878

11

"THIS IS NOT A TEST"  
May Days  
NLA: Seattle  
Seattle, WA  
Info: (206) 233-1015

13-15

MAY 20-22

10TH Anniversary Run  
SigMa, Inc.  
Bucks County, PA

MAY 22

26TH Annual Poker Run  
Rocky Mountaineers MC  
at Dad's Bar  
Denver, CO

20-22

Big & Bear Weekend  
Great Lakes Bears &  
Big Men of Chicago  
Chicago, IL  
For info call:  
(312) 604-1837

27-30

MAY 27 - 29

INTERNATIONAL MR. LEATHER  
CONTEST  
Backdoor Promotions  
Chicago, IL  
Congress Hotel - (312) 427-3800  
for reservations  
Contest info @ (800) 545-6753



MAY 28

15 Association Play Party  
SF, CA  
(415) 673-0452

MAY 28 - 30

Red River Run & Rafting  
Rocky Mountaineers MC  
Denver, CO

28-30



## INTERNATIONAL CALENDAR

Black Leather Night  
Eagle  
Stuttgart  
Germany

Construction Party  
The Boots  
Antwerp  
Belgium

Golden Shower Party  
Vagevuur  
Eindhoven  
Holland

14

International Maitreffen Brunch  
Eagle  
Mozartstrasse 51  
Stuttgart  
Germany



Oranjeralley Bike Run  
Amsterdam  
Holland  
For info: +31 20 6275518

VSSM Playtime of S&M Society  
The Boss  
Rijswijkseweg 536  
Den Haag  
Holland

VSSM Playtime of S&M Society  
Club Mac  
Hoge der A 3  
Groningen  
Holland

1

Baltic Battle  
SLM Stockholm  
Stockholm  
SWEDEN

19-23

MC Rurals from the  
south of Holland bikers  
Vagevuur  
Eindhoven  
Holland

21

A real SM night  
The Anvil/Deviation  
London  
England

23

A Spanner in  
the Works  
Midland Link  
MSC  
Midland, Eng.

20-22

Flogging Good Fun  
Sadie Masie Club  
Market Tavern  
London  
England

27

Bike Run & Leather parties  
Hexenkessel  
Hamburg  
Germany

5-8

"Rubber X-treme" Golden Shower  
Weekend  
The Boots  
Antwerp  
Belgium

6-8



Black Leather/Black  
Rubber Night  
The Boots  
Antwerp  
Belgium

21

International Gay Festival  
E-WERK's "Gay Mega Night"  
w/ Slave Market—Cologne,  
GERMANY. tel/fax: 0221-2575119  
Sponsored by COCONUT  
COLOGNE PARTIES

21-22

The Anvil/Deviation, SM  
Night  
The Shipwright Arms  
88 Tooley Street  
London Bridge Tube  
London, England

<Tom of Finland's  
Birthday

9

Brussels Leather Party  
MSC Belgium  
Brussels  
Belgium

Sadie Masie Club  
Market Tavern  
London  
England

6

"Get Lost Party of VSSM  
Club Jacques  
Warmoesstraat 93  
Amsterdam  
Holland

8

5TH Anniversary  
Eagle  
Stuttgart  
Germany

12

Bikers of the ECMC  
Loge 70  
Zurich  
Switzerland

12-14

"Rubber Rebels" w/ RoB's  
Rubber Boyz  
Sadie Masie Club  
Market Tavern  
London  
England

13

"Syttende Mai" in Leather  
SLM Oslo  
Oslo  
Norway

14-17



# MAY

20-22

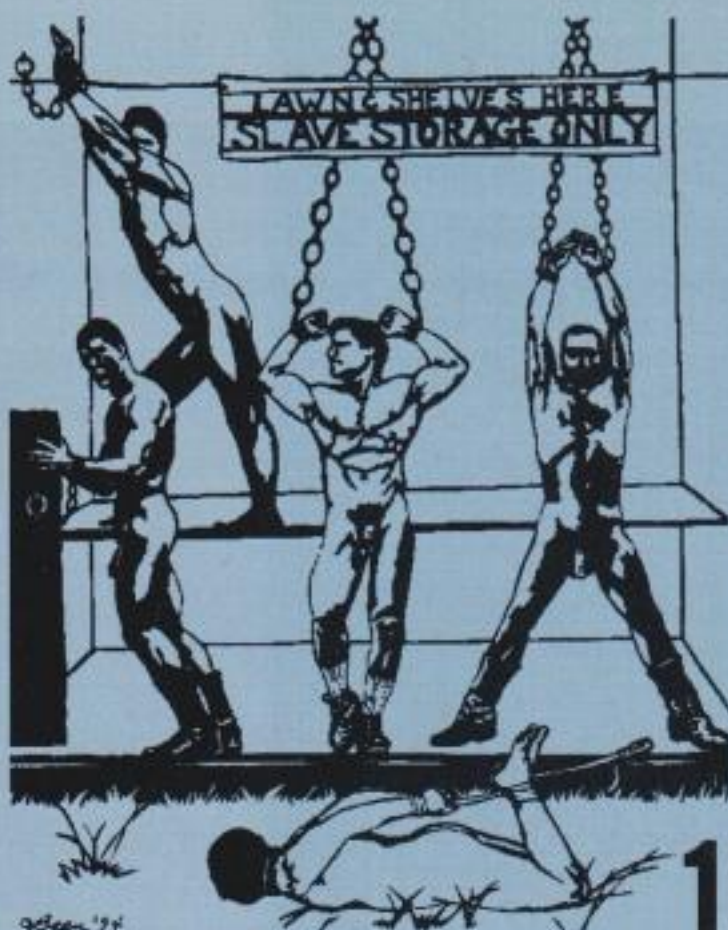


3RD Anniversary Run  
Stars MC  
Albany, NY  
Northway Inn  
For info call Paul 2  
(518) 433-0901

3-5

GMSMA  
BODY MODIFICATION:  
ADORNMENTS OF THE  
MODERN TRIBE  
NYC  
More info call:  
(212) 727-9878

22



Boot Camp VI  
15 Association  
SF, CA  
Call (415)  
673-0452  
for info

10-12

GMSMA  
ANNUAL MEMBERS  
MEETING  
NYC  
More info call:  
(212) 727-9878

8

San Francisco  
Lesbian/Gay Pride  
Weekend  
SF, CA

17-19



Intl. SM-Leather-Fetish Celebration  
Leather Celebration '94  
NY, NY  
Grand Hyatt Hotel @ (800) 233-1234  
\$75 before May 1; \$90 at the door  
For Celebration info call GMSMA @ (212)  
727-9878

23-26

15 Association Play  
Party  
SF, CA  
(415) 673-0452

25

Stonewall 25  
International March  
and Rally  
NY, NY

26



Golden Fleece Run XXII  
Rocky Mountaineers MC  
Denver, CO  
Write: PO Box 2629, Denver, CO 80201



JUNE 30-JULY 4



## INTERNATIONAL CALENDAR

EUROPRIDE LEATHER PARTY  
1,000+ people and bike run  
Amsterdam  
Holland

UK Pride  
London  
England  
For info: +44 71 7387644

18

"Rubber X-treme"  
Golden Shower Weekend  
The Boots  
Antwerp  
Belgium

ECMC Biker Run  
East Mercia MSC

3-5



Sadie Masie  
Club Night  
Market Tavern  
London  
England

3

VSSM  
Afternoon's  
Fun  
The Boss  
Rijswijkseweg  
536, Den Haag  
Holland

5



Kumpeltreffen  
LFRR Essen  
Essen  
Germany

Nuit Demonique  
ASMF Paris  
Paris  
France

10-12

EUROPRIDE

Amsterdam  
Holland  
For info: +31 20  
6890279

15-25

Sadie Masie Club Night  
Market Tavern  
London  
England

10

SM in the Cellar  
The Boots  
Antwerp  
Belgium

Spanking & Golden  
Shower  
Vagevuur  
Eindhoven  
Holland

11



EUROPRIDE PARADE AND Manifesta-  
tion

Amsterdam  
Holland

25

# JUNE



## DOWN & DIRTY

BY DYRK

### Nasty "Eye Candy," 0 Calories

The latest from Hunhaus is *Hun Comics #7* "Bare-Ass Rasslin'!" (Vol. 1) and *S2 - "More Sizzlin' Stuff!"*

"Bare-Ass Rasslin'!" is a fun-filled (or is it cum-filled?) look into the life of an inmate at Shady Nook prison. The rasslin' is in the buff and that's as close as it gets to the real thing (of course I'm talking about Greco-Roman wrestling).

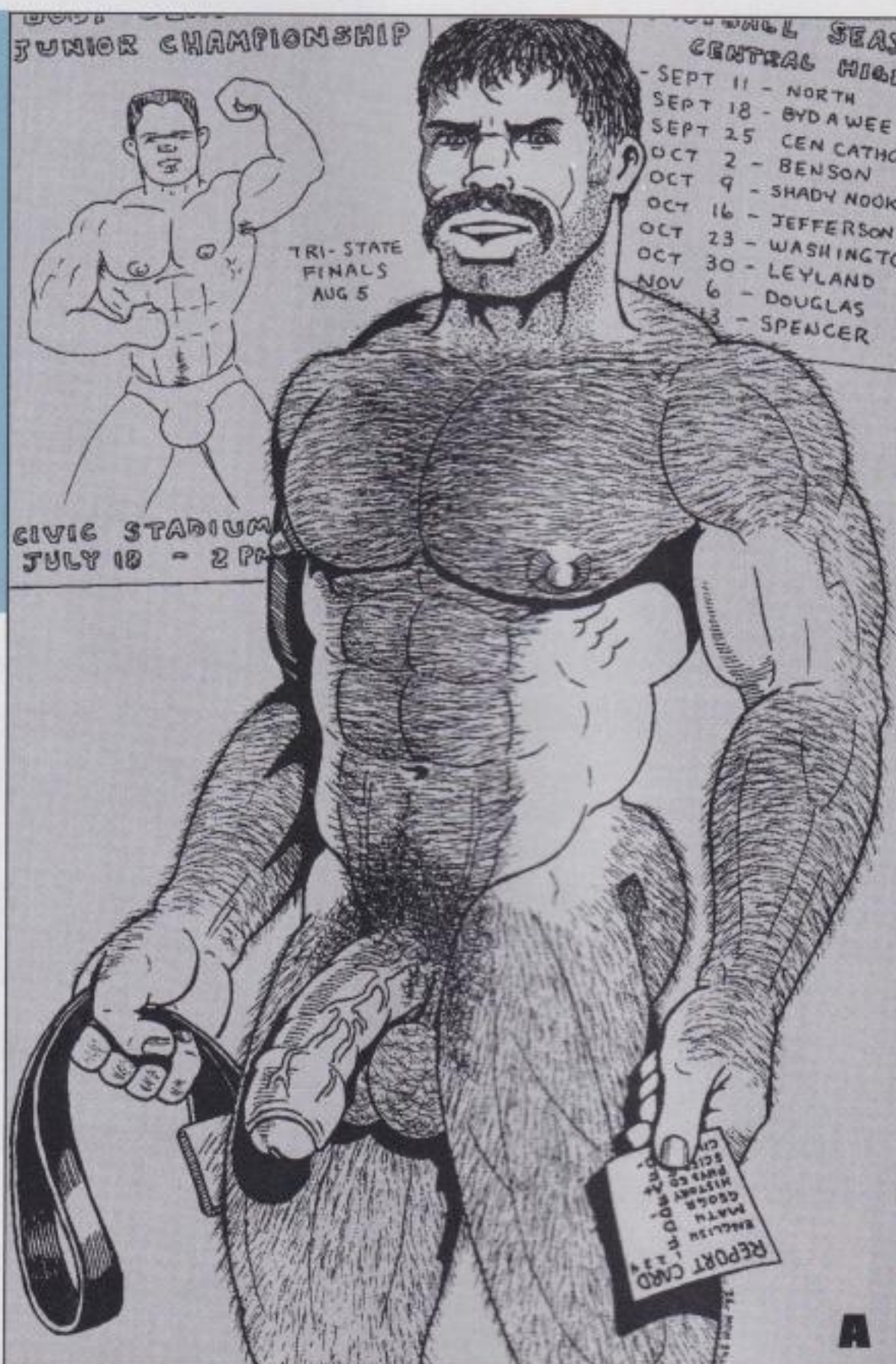
The Hun himself says, "Most often the night's matches are a thinly veiled pretext for watching deliberately mismatched pairs 'do it' in public!...a quick pinning of the weaker opponent, then a long deep-dick 'prize-taking', as winner lays pipe to loser right there on the mats, amid the hoots, guffaws & shameless gawking of grinning guards, grimy inmates & grungy visitors!" The new inmate Bobby is paired up with big

beefy Deputy Bentley and huge cocks are throbbing and leaking dick-ooze all over the place.

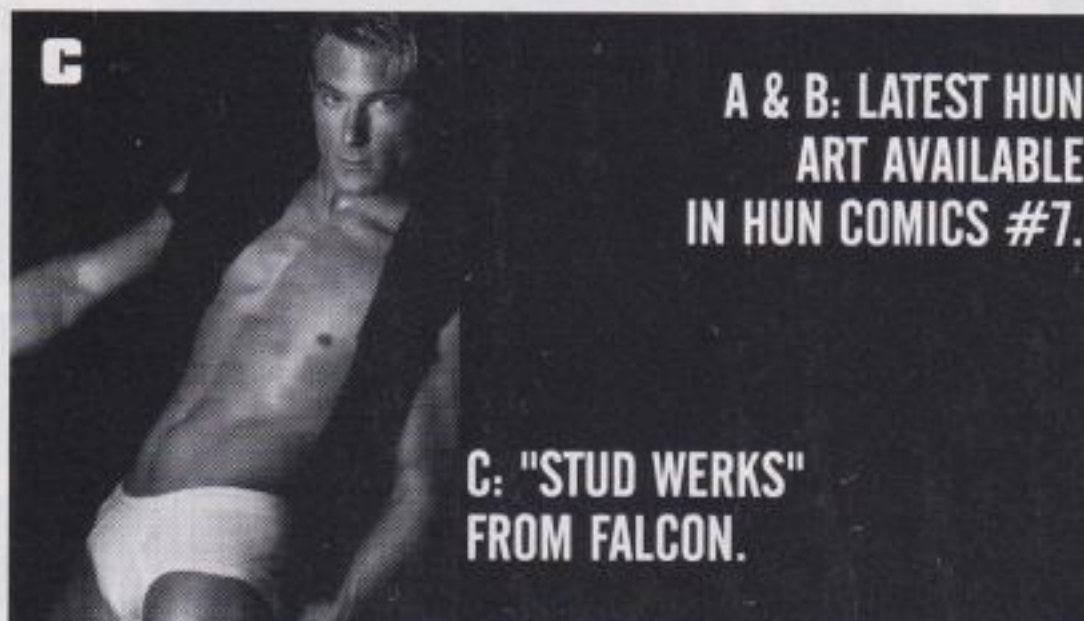
There's plenty of text to keep the fantasy images alive and your stiff dick rigid in anticipation. The Hun admits to the story line meandering a bit, "giving us behind-the-scenes 'dirt' on rigged contests, cameos from typical matches, & a lengthy 'flashback' to summer nights on huge hairy horse-hung Uncle Ed's farm."

Of the 20-22 pages, 12 were previously published in *Stroke*, 10 are new and only available in this comic collection. The long edition (22 black and white pages) features the piss and scat-eating scenes that will turn your tummy or sound real yummy. Either the long edition or the short edition cost only \$20 plus \$2 for postage and handling.

*S2 - "More Sizzlin' Stuff!"* is a sampling of



# Drum





humpy leatherish and militaristic dudes. Some are new, some are reproduced, none show penetration, but all are big-dicked, hairy studs just like you have come to expect from The Hun. These 18 black and white 8 1/2" x 11" prints are also \$20 plus \$2 for postage and handling. Order both of these from: Bill Schmelling, PO Box 11308, Portland, OR 97211. Make sure your signature states you are at least 21 years of age.

### Big Beefy Boys into Body Builder Bondage

Mikal Bales and the crew at Zeus have teamed up with Challenger to bring us **Body Builder Bondage Wrestling - Two**. In **BBW-Two** Donny Russo, who has been more omnipresent in the porn world than any one mortal, bodybags and smacks around the struggling Robbie Cryston and Sonny Beaudreaux. In addition to lots of squirming, slapping and verbal abuse, there is so much muffled sounds coming from behind gags that it sounds a little like the primate exhibit at the zoo.

gym's door with a delivery. He sees the two victims rolling around on the mat tied ankle to ankle, wrist to wrist and butt to butt and asks what's going on. A hot wrestling scene ensues between Dukane and Russo which leaves Russo nearly choked to death. Dukane liberates the brutalized Cryston and Beaudreaux and assists them in seeking revenge on Russo. The revenge, however, is not too horrible given they bring Russo to a pleasurable climax.

I enjoyed the bondage aspects of this video and if the thought of feeling or tasting warm, foamy spit turns you on like it does me, then you should order this video (ZV-1058) from Zeus, Box 64250, Los Angeles, CA 90064. The cost is \$69 plus \$3 S/H. California residents must add 8.25% sales tax.

### Sex Fever Strikes Falcon Boys

The men of Falcon Studios are always hard at work producing videos which make us hard. As I have said before, what they lack in variety of model types and sex scenes they make up for

young studs hallucinate. Zak Spears fantasizes about his poolside companion Brad Stone who plugs every hole Spears has with just about everything Stone has to use including his tongue, very large dick, fingers, hand and other things.

The next vignette is surely a case of sun stroke as Sean Davis is shoveling dirt into a wheelbarrow and is miraculously transported to an outdoor jacuzzi where he prepares Alex Kincaid for a deep drilling. Of course the water from the jacuzzi provides an excellent means of preparation as Davis spits it onto Kincaid's asshole.

Then there's Cort Jensen watering the garden and the next thing you know the heat from the sun has him fantasizing about a waterhose fight with Grant Larson. Things become less playful and more sexual as the duo becomes a trio when Sean Davis walks in and joins them. Jensen ends up being skewered at both ends by big fat cocks.

In the last scene of **Summer Fever**, Randall Maxxon goes from the moist heat of the steam room to the steamy heat of a sexual memory involving Christian Fox and Max Grand. All in all there is plenty of sucking and fucking to satisfy the vanilla in all of us.

**Night Watch** on the other hand is quite a bit more of what most leather men want (at least a couple of scenes qualify). This 90-minute video stars Tony Hampton, Donny Russo, Zak Spears, Dallas Taylor, Johnny Rey, Greg Ross, Dexter Crews, Jason Broderick and Tony Styles.

**Scandal Magazine** publisher Dallas Taylor wants to run an expose that will close the local sex club. He sends reporter Greg Ross there to find the dirt. What he sees is leather clad Zak Spears shoving a five-foot chain up Dexter Crews'

asshole, Donny Russo poking blond Johnny Rey's butt, and Tony Styles double sucking a fat cock and huge dildo. As Ross wanders the club he beats a wet load from his thick dick at every turn, he finds his hypocritical boss getting rimmed and readied for a savage fucking. After Ross plows his cock into his more than willing boss, he convinces Taylor to keep his magazine out of the scandal of shutting the club down.

For ordering inquiries write: Falcon Studios, PO Box 420750, San Francisco, CA 94142-0750 or call toll free: 1-800-227-3717. In California call: (415) 431-7722 Monday through Friday, 8:30 am to 5:00 pm, Pacific Time.

### Russo, Russo and More Russo Again

Bob Jones Productions continues to crank out video after video. The three latest titles **Sgt. Russo's Private Files**, **Sex Clubs of San Francisco** and **Torture Alley** are all directed and edited by Rick Bolton, written by Bob Jones, videotaped by DANE with original (demonic) music by PSYCHO. Oh yeah, once again they all star Donny Russo, amongst others.

In **Sgt. Russo's Private Files**, Russo spies on Max Grand getting sucked off by Philip Anderson. Bearded Brody gets caught pulling his pud as he looks through a copy of our own **Tough Customers** magazine. Russo wrestles him down and makes him beg for the privileges of sucking the Sgt.'s dick, sniffing and licking his raunchy ass, and licking and humping his boots.

When I mention glory holes, web slings and lots of cock what is brought to mind? If you said sex clubs, then you're on track for the set-up in **Sex Clubs of San Francisco**. I have always thought it a great turn-on to

# Media

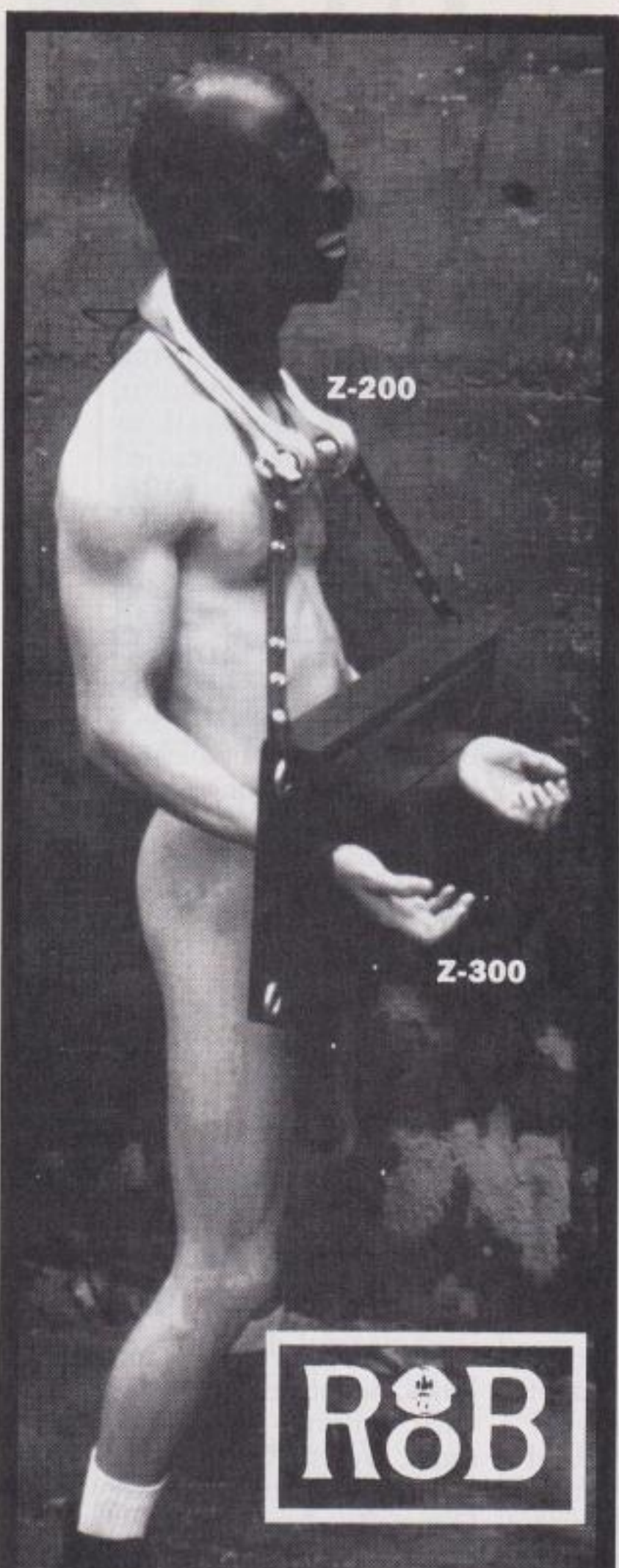
One of my favorite scenes was of the wheelbarrow games on the boxing ring mat. The whole set up reminded me of high school gymnastics - hot, young muscular bodies, lots of derisive language, and even more raging hormones.

About half way through the video, Marky Dukane (Zeus model of the year) comes knocking at the

in a good formula and great technical productions. Their latest releases **Summer Fever** (Falcon Video Pac 91) and **Night Watch** (Mustang Video Pac 32) actually push the limits from what you may have come to expect from Falcon.

The repeating theme throughout the **Summer Fever** is how the sweltering sun is making all these hot





### Z-300 Karmody Wooden Wrist Stocks

Sliding stock which securely locks around a slave's wrist. Superb Craftsmanship. Mahogany Finish.....\$199.

### Z-200 Adashi Chrome Collar

4lb. Collar which fits like a yoke around a slave's neck. Perfect for stringing wrists, nipples, and balls too.....\$175.

Include \$8. S&H to: **RoB Gallery**  
22 Shotwell St.  
S.F. CA 94103



fuck through a glory hole. And then there is the butt plug and dildo action in the web sling which almost made me cum without touching my cock like it did the actor Devon Rexman fucking himself with a dildo. Other actors include Dylan and Harry Crews (and of course it wouldn't be a Bob Jones video if it didn't include Donny Russo!)

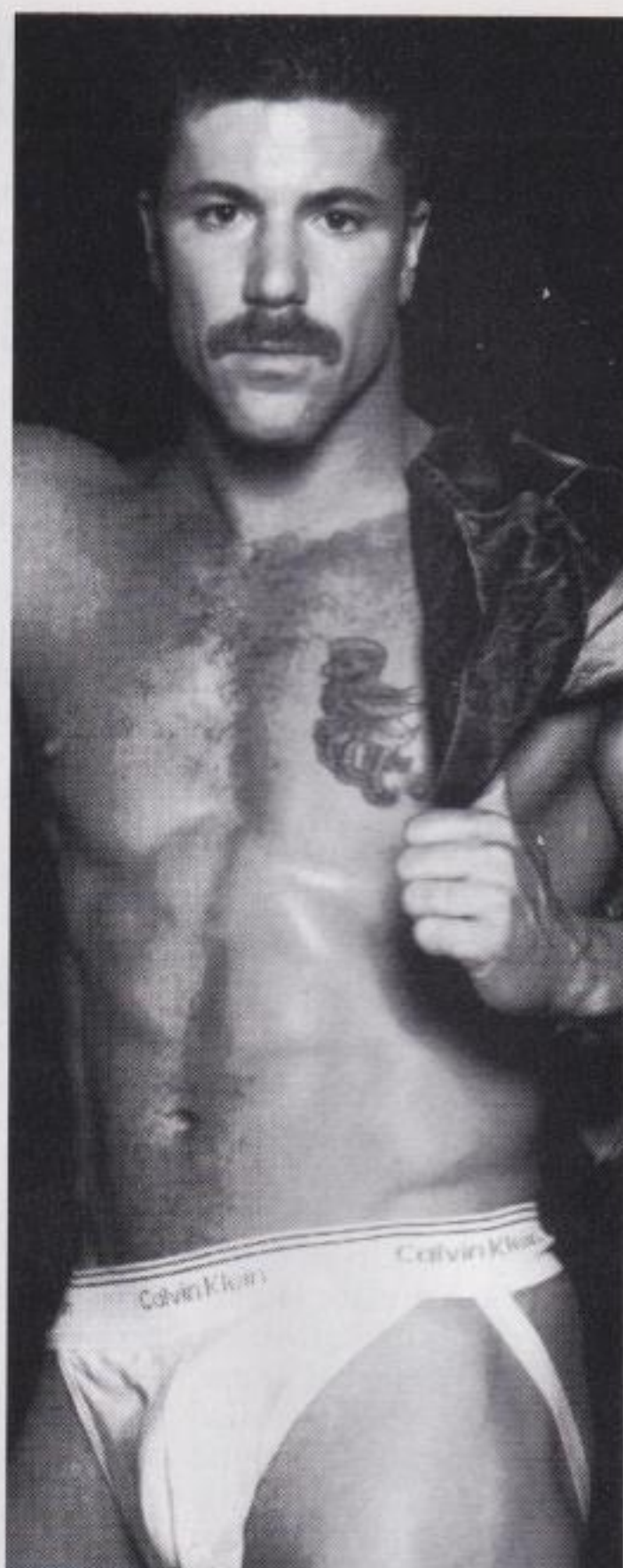
It is my own personal opinion that torture is small punishment for people caught defacing property. Apparently Russo and his cohort, Dylan, agree in *Torture Alley*. Two graffiti poets are caught red-handed and they are tortured in a mild sort of way (to some the torture will seem mere hazing). The struggling and wrestling seem very realistic and brings out the true nature of rough guy actor Dylan - he is one tough motherfucker. Grunge Boy and Devon Rexman are spray painted, whipped, flogged, gagged, spit upon and then the torture starts. Rocks are put in their underwear, grass in their mouths, cigarette smoke blown in their faces, and dog food force fed down their throats.

Bob Jones teamed up with Daddy L Productions to bring us *Uncut Pig Master*, *Trucker's Sex Dog* and *Muddy Pig Sex*. The direction, videography and music are done by Bob Jones' regular crew.

*Uncut Pig Master* stars Max Grand, Harry Crews and Philip Anderson in a rather tame menage a trois. The best parts of this video include Grand's grand cock and the Prince Albert and guiche piercings on Crews.

A flowing garden hose and a bad lawn set the stage for *Muddy Pig Sex*, starring Brody, Devon Rexman and Brian Lane. These are hot men; not overly pretty or perfect. One even has facial hair! I'm not sure what Rexman did to deserve the mud treatment he gets, but I was especially envious of the loofah-like application of the head of cabbage to his ass (maybe they were trying to shove it up his ass). When they sprayed him down to clean him off I wanted the lighting to be better so I could get a better shot of his butt hole.

*Trucker's Sex Dog* was by far my favorite of all six of these videos. There is some excellent camera angles and close-ups of the fucking. Michael Monroe and Kurt Adams are two workers being ordered about by boyish Philip Anderson. That doesn't last long when Monroe and Adams accidentally spill the contents of a trunk



**DONNY RUSSO KEEPS ON "BUSTING HIS BUTT" AND EVERYONE ELSE'S IN THREE NEW BOB JONES VIDEOS, AS WELL AS VIDEOS BY ZEUS & FALCON.**

uncovering the foreman's leather toys. They end up tying Anderson to the truck and use a riding crop and flogger on him while he sucks on a nice big cock. They smack his butt to a nice rosy color while they shove all kinds of things up his hungry hole. I want one of those ponytail butt plugs! That's when they started making him bark and fetch toys with his mouth. Here boy!

To order any video, send \$39 for one video, \$69 for two or \$89 for three videos plus \$4 per video for shipping to Bob Jones Productions, PO Box 9851, Washington DC 20016 or call 1-800-829-9708 seven days a week, 24 hours a day. Make sure to specify which video or videos you want. ■



# LEATHER TRAVEL IN THE

COMPILED BY  
PAT CALIFIA  
FROM  
INFORMATION  
SUPPLIED BY  
JACQUES  
HAPPE AND  
CAIN  
BERLINGER



**A**msterdam is still Europe's most tolerant and liberal city. There has been a strong gay-rights movement here since the '60s and Amsterdam has the oldest leather scene in Europe. The first leather hotel and bar, The



ARGOS, opened here in 1957. The bar is still in business. So for 37 years, Amsterdam has had a lot to offer to travelers who are part of the leather, SM, or fetish scene. Rubbermen especially might want to consider a trip to this friendly and sex-positive city since latex is much more a part of the SM scene here than it is in the U.S.

The city is ancient, founded over 720 years ago to serve as this country's principal harbor. The Dutch have been traders for centuries. The early city fathers created walls and canals to protect their citizens from encroaching swamps and from the forces of competitive nations. The first canal was called Singel. Sailors, traders, and streetwalkers took their pleasure along the walls, and this part of the city is still full of sex action today. This neighborhood, known as the "Wallen," is where you'll find most of the leather bars.



Every time the city grew bigger, the inhabitants of Amsterdam dug a new canal and named it after a prestigious class. There's the Herengracht (Gentlemen's Canal), Keizersgracht (Emperor's Canal),

SCANDINAVIAN  
HERLANDS



and the Prinsengracht (Prince's Canal). The much wider Stadhouderskade (Cityholder's Canal) circles all of these. Within this area, you can still find a few dozen side canals, although many of these were filled in to become proper streets in the last century. It's no wonder Amsterdam is known as the Venice of the North.

The horseshoe shape of the city and its many canals can make it difficult to follow a map, but most of the city's residents speak English and are happy to give directions to dazed tourists.

We've divided the information below into sections to make it easier for you to find what you're looking for. If you see *Trash in the Streets*, pick it up. This free gay paper is SM-positive and will give you updated information about the local hot spots.

Like any major city, Amsterdam has its problems with petty theft. Even a native New Yorker will be impressed with the local pickpockets' skill. So don't carry your passport, return plane ticket, or all your cash or traveler's checks with you, especially in the saunas or back room bars. Photocopy the front page of your passport and keep that with you in case you need identification. It will suffice for most purposes.

## Leather, Latex, and SM Gear

Make sure you allocate a big chunk of your travel budget for acquiring new gear. You're going to be doing a lot of cruising here, so make sure you look your roughest and toughest before you head out to the leather bars or the saunas.

Making a walk from the "Rembrandtsplein" (the rembrandtssquare) along one of Amsterdam's nicest canal's, the "Reguliersgracht" brings you to RoB Amsterdam (Weteringschans 253, tel. 6254686). Founded in 1974 by Rob Meijer, a gifted leather craftsman who packaged brilliantly designed, high quality leather in an art gallery devoted to male erotic art. This erotic atmosphere gave the shop legendary status and became a focus for leatherfolk from all over the world. Early in 1994, readers from Amsterdam-based gay paper, *Trash in the Streets*, voted the RoB shop "best gay shop in Amsterdam" with the friendliest staff.

RoB still prides itself in being one

of the best leather tailors and if you'd like to have something custom made, be sure to visit them at the beginning of your trip. But apart from custom leather, custom latex, custom boots, custom whatever-you-want, the shop is packed with what is probably Europe's most extensive line of latex and leather goodies. RoB is also the European distributor for Zeus and Close Up videos and in addition to that, has a large collection of European made SM videos. Don't forget that located at RoB is Desmodus, Inc.'s European headquarters. Questions about our magazines, advertising, etc. may be directed here. You will be able to buy the latest copy of

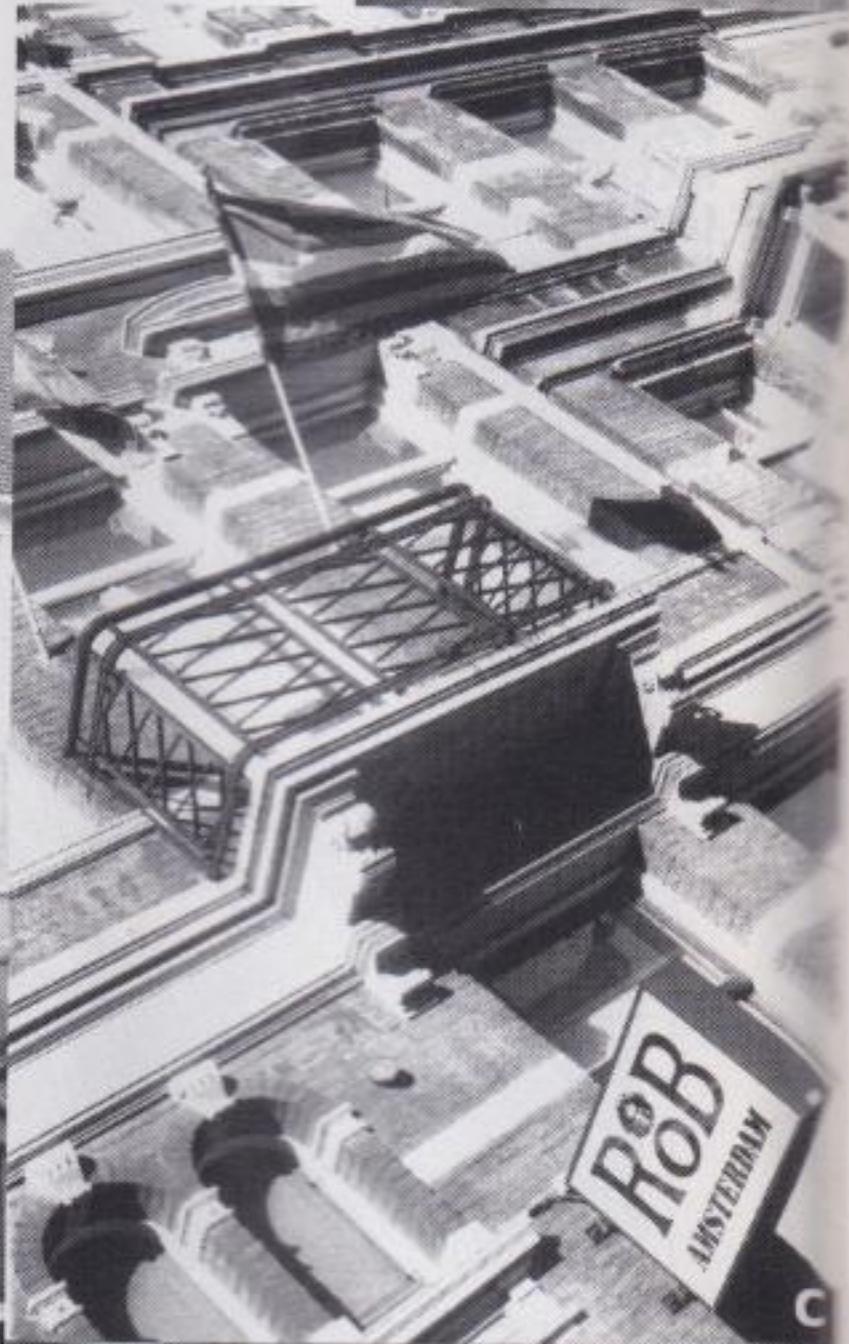
**DRUMMER** at RoB as well as a great number of other magazines published in Europe and the USA.

Do not worry if you do not want to buy right there and then: The famous RoB catalogue is available to take home and to browse through. If your trip is going to involve a stop-over in London, you can visit the RoB London store there at 24 Wells Street (tel. 071 735 7893), off Oxford Street. RoB's vast selection of latex clothing and other items are also manufactured at this location.

If you're into heavier sex and SM, you should go to RoB AMSTERDAM.

Master Leathers (Warmoesstraat 32, tel. 6245573) used to be the Dutch branch of the London shop Expectations, before Tony Star and Bryan Derbyshire took over in 1992 and changed the name. The hotel and bar are now known as the Stablemaster, and the shop became Master Leathers. They are currently being supplied by

- A) The Web
- B) Master Leathers
- C) RoB Amsterdam
- D) The Eagle
- E) Club Jacques



the Clone Zone of Manchester and others.

DEMASK (Zeedijk 64, tel. 6205603) focuses on the straight fetish market, but is worth a look for items that you won't find Stateside. If you'd like to snag yourself a cherry straight boy, it's a good place to find out about



the pansexual sex parties that take place regularly.

ROBIN AND RIK (Runstraat 30, tel. 6278924) are two friends who make custom items for a clientele which includes straight bikers as well as leathermen. Their corner of the Prinsengracht is a nice area in Amsterdam for a stroll. One of Amsterdam's newest businesses is a small company called SM TOOLS (Humberweg 12, tel. 6146745). This is a private factory owned by Bert Box. Box handcrafts ingenious bondage furniture like pillories, chairs, benches, and tables. He says, "Some people want their bondage equipment to be convertible, and others have it as a multi-functional SM tool or just as living room furniture. I consider my work to be art. It's not just made out of some boards slapped together and painted black, with some hooks and nails thrown in. The tools I make are special."

## Biker Shops and Motorcycle Clubs

RIJNSPORT (Rijnstraat 44, tel. 6799485) or DE LEERTENT (Sarphatistraat 61, tel. 6278090) are the shops for bikers. Rijnsport apparently knows how their customers feel about their gear, because they have a curtained alcove at the back of their shop. De Leertent carries Harley Davidson and other highly popular brand names, while Rijnsport just offers quality stuff for protection on the road.

Amsterdam's representative club of the ECMC is the MOTOR SPORTCLUB AMSTERDAM (MSA). The first Sunday of every month, they have a social gathering in cafe West Indië (De Ruyterkade 110). They also organize bike runs. You don't necessarily need to have your own bike to fit in. MSA is the only biker social club in Amsterdam and all are welcome to visit.

## Sex Shops and Saunas

Unlike most American cities, Amsterdam is still full of opportunities for backroom sex. Most of the porn shops also have cubicles for sex (called cabins here), and there are many gay saunas.

THE BRONX (Kerkstraat 55) has been around for many years. They sell

# THINGS TO KNOW



## TRANSPORTATION

Most of you will arrive in Holland by plane. The cheapest way to get to the city center from Schipol airport is to take the train. It costs about 6 guilders and 50 cents, and the trip takes about 20 minutes. Make sure you take one of the trains that goes to Amsterdam CS (CS means Central Station). It costs 25 guilders to take the KLM shuttle bus to the city center, and a taxi will cost you about 55 guilders.

This is a lovely city to walk around in, and most neighborhoods are quite safe. You can rent a bicycle, take a water taxi or a canal boat, or paddle around the canals in a canalbike.

For those in more of a hurry, the tram is ideal for getting around the city, especially on rainy afternoons and nights when you don't want to walk. Lines 1, 2, 4, 5, 9, 11, 13, 16, 17, 24, and 25 all start from CS and will eventually return to this square. Lines 3, 6, 7, 10, 12, and 14 cross the city from east to west. Inspectors regularly go through the trams to check for valid tickets. Some people try to beat the system, but our advice is to pay at all times. You can buy tickets from the conductor in the back of the tram, the driver, or at a vending machine in front of CS. Tickets are called *Strippenkaarten*. Get the one that has 15 *strippen*. Amsterdam is divided into zones. The center and quite a bit of the city beyond it is one zone.

The buses and the metro (from CS to Amsterdam Southeast, also known as Bijlmer) use the same *Strippenkaarten*.



## CONDOMS

Amsterdam's *laissez-faire* attitude toward sex has allowed a network of public dungeons and darkrooms to flourish. You normally won't get free condoms here. You can buy rubbers in some of the bars. Try the Safe Sex Kits. You get one condom and a small packet of lubricant for a guilder and seventy-five cents. Pharmacies may not carry the brand or size you're looking for, so it's a good idea to pack plenty of your favorite lube and latex so you'll be well-prepared for the hedonistic nightlife.

Because many of the play areas are not well-lit, be alert. Don't assume that your partner(s) will use condoms. Fortunately, in Amsterdam it's easy to wave goodbye to somebody who refuses to take precautions. Because you're sure to find somebody else just as hot in another five minutes.



## MONUMENTS, MUSEUMS, AND OTHER TOURIST ATTRACTIONS

Amsterdam is an old and rich city. The *grachtenpanden* (canal houses) and bridges across the canals are absolutely beautiful. At night, the most frequently visited parts of the canals (plus the Amstel River) are illuminated. It's a picture beautiful enough to bring tears to your eyes. So don't restrict yourself to the leather district. There's a lot to do here while you replenish your fluids for the evening's exertions.

The National Monument at Damsquare may remind you of something familiar. On the other side of this square you can find the Royal Palace, originally built in the 1600's as Amsterdam's first City Hall (where the queen apparently sleeps only one night a year) and in the corner, the New Church. Behind the palace is a new department store called MAGNA PLAZA. On the top floor is a coffee shop that serves the best *sachertorten* in the world.

TUSCHINSKI, a six-screen movie theater renowned for its art deco beauty, is located in the Reguliersbreestraat.

A little further on is Holland's most majestic hotel, the AMSTEL. Another old-fashioned and luxurious hotel is THE GRAND, which was rebuilt from the second City Hall. Unfortunately, this one is situated in the middle of a neighborhood frequented by hookers and junkies.

At the Amstel you can find the NEW CITY HALL (City Hall #3) with the AMSTERDAM OPERA HOUSE. Behind the BLAUWE BRUG is the CARRE THEATER, a former circus theater, now Holland's most prestigious center for the performing arts.

Other beautiful buildings are the CENTRAL STATION, THE BEURS, and THE RIJKSMUSEUM. Rembrandt's famous painting *The Nightwatch* is housed there. This city is also the home of the JEWISH HISTORICAL MUSEUM, the archeological ALLARD PIERSON MUSEUM, the VAN GOGH MUSEUM, the HISTORISCH MUSEUM, and the STEDELIJK MUSEUM displaying modern art.

As an SM tourist, you might be more interested in the TORTURE MUSEUM in the Leidschestraat. This grim collection includes torture implements from all parts of Europe. Graphic drawings and signs in six languages explain how they were used.

The city also has many lovely parks. The biggest and busiest is the VONDELPARK. Further away, between the city and Schipol, is the DE NIEUWE MEER. This last area is very popular among gay men. Other interesting parks are SARPHATI-, OOSTER-, REMBRANDT-, and WESTER PARK, and the park at the WETERING CIRCUIT opposite the world famous HEINEKEN BREWERY.

This was the first city to erect a monument to the gay men and lesbians who died in Nazi concentration camps during World War II. You can't afford to miss the HOMOMONUMENT (Keizersgracht at the Westermarkt, down the Westerkerk, very near to ANNE FRANK'S HOUSE). The second week of September, gay people gather at this monument during the GALA Festival. Also, this year Amsterdam will be hosting EUROPRIDE beginning June 15 and extending through June 25. This 10 day celebration brings in gays from all over Europe and other parts of the world. DRUMMER will have further coverage in an up-coming issue.

If you'd like to get a clearer picture of gay culture in Europe, you should know that Amsterdam has two great gay book shops, BOEKHANDEL VROLIJK (Paleisstraat 135) and INTERMALE (Spuistraat 251) both have enough volumes to keep you strolling around them for hours. Intermales has a great leather/SM section, and Hans would love to help you find it.



magazines, postcards, porn videos, sex toys, and some leather accessories. They have a cinema on the premises and a few private booths in which you can watch the porn star of your dreams or put on a private performance.

Other interesting sex shops with a touch of leather are ALFA BLUE (Nieuwendijk 26), LE SALON (Nieuwendijk 20-22), and DRAKES (Damrak 61). Drakes has an upstairs cinema, and there are also private booths on the same floor. So does Le Salon, which has been trying to get a leather night going on Fridays. If you like some celluloid accompaniment to your sex, you should also check out B1 (Reguliersbreestraat 4), which has two cinemas and an incredibly cruisy dark-room on the top floor; MANTOMAN (Spuistraat 21), and ADONIS (Warmoesstraat 92, opposite The Argos). For 11 guilders, you can come and go at Adonis until midnight, as long as you keep your ticket for proof of payment. Rush hours for cinemas are during lunch hour (12-2 p.m.) and at night between 5-8 p.m.

If you still haven't gotten enough, more daytime sauna sex is available at THERMOS (Raamstraat 33; daytime). They also have an excellent restaurant.

## Coffee Shops

The bars don't open here until two in the afternoon, but the coffee shops are open if you need a buzz. Many of these businesses sell refreshments which are not available over the counter in this country. Ask for a menu. It will list brand names and prices per gram. There are two great places on the same street, DOWNTOWN (Reguliersdwaarsstraat 31) and THE OTHERSIDE (Reguliersdwaarsstraat 6). Downtown is famous for their apple pie and their spacious summer terrace. THE SEVENTH HEAVEN (Spuis-straat 7) is also recommended.

MANDATE coffee shop (Prinsengracht 715) also sells porn videos and has a small gallery. It is part of Amsterdam's only strictly gay gym.

## Food

In between bouts of sex and shopping, don't forget to refuel. LE MONDE (Rembrandtplein 6) and FRESKO'S (Rembrandtplein 12) offer good food and pleasant terraces to dine upon. The food at Fresko's is

especially delicious. It opens at 8 a.m. during the spring and summer and does not close until 1 a.m.

MR. COCO'S (Nieuwendijk 11) advertises lousy food and warm beer, but the ribs are hot and the beer is cold and delicious. The crowd includes college students, straight English tourists, and just about everybody else.

While you're in Holland, make a point to sample Indonesian *rijstafel*. This dish is actually a meal with several exotic courses. It's an ethnic favorite here, and not easy to find State-side.

## Leather Bars

If you're champing at the bit, SPIJKERBAR (Kerkstraat 4) opens one hour before the other leather bars. This popular establishment has a pool table, pinball machines, and seems to be the home bar for the English-speaking gay community here. The upstairs dark-room is always busy. One of the two television screens above the bar shows erotic videos; the other features cartoons. Happy hour is between 5 and 7 p.m.

THE WEB (St. Jacobsstraat 6) and CUCKOO'S NEST (Nieuwe Zijds Kolk 6) are more or less neighbors. Both are great places to visit, especially in the late afternoons. The Web is a little more heavy-duty. Its upstairs backroom is *very* dark. There are two sling rooms, four cabins, and a big leather mattress room for impromptu orgies. They serve snacks in the late afternoon and host a tea dance on Sundays with a buffet. The Cuckoo's Nest is even more cruisy, perhaps because it's easier to see what (and who) you're doing. In fact, you hardly ever see people at the bar because they're all hanging out downstairs, in the aptly-named CELLAR. They frequently host cellar parties. Every Wednesday night, they have a lottery with prizes from the Alfa Blue sex shop.

The MONOPOLE (Amstel 60, opens at 4 p.m.) and the COMPANY (Amstel 106) used to be more leather-focused. Nowadays, they attract a more diverse, but still butch, crowd. The Company has a well-manned dark-room upstairs. The booths are arranged in a square and connected by glory holes. But there's still one day in the year when every leatherman in Amsterdam hangs out in this particular part of the Amstel. That's Queensday (April 30), so named not

## LEATHER/SM GEAR

- 1 **DEMASK**  
Zeedijk 64, tel. 6205603
- 2 **MASTER LEATHERS**  
Warmoesstraat 32, tel. 6245573
- 3 **RoB AMSTERDAM**  
Weteringschans 253, tel. 6254686
- 4 **ROBIN AND RIK**  
Runstraat 30, tel. 6278924
- 5 **SM TOOLS**  
Humberweg 12, tel. 6146745

## BIKE SHOPS

- 6 **RIJNSPORT**  
Rijnstraat 44, tel. 6799485
- 7 **DE LEERTENT**  
Sarphatistraat 61, tel. 6278090

## CLUBS

- 8 **MOTOR SPORTCLUB**  
AMSTERDAM (MSA) -  
Cafe West Indië (1st Sunday of mnth.)

## SEX SHOPS/SAUNAS

- 9 **ADONIS**  
Warmoesstraat 92
- 10 **ALFA BLUE**  
Nieuwendijk 26
- 11 **B1**  
Reguliersbreestraat 4
- 12 **THE BRONX**  
Kerkstraat 55
- 13 **DRAKES**  
Damrak 61
- 14 **LE SALON**  
Nieuwendijk 20-22
- 15 **MAN TO MAN**  
Spuistraat 21
- 16 **THERMOS** (day)  
Raamstraat 33
- 17 **THERMOS** (night)  
Kerkstraat 58

## COFFEE SHOPS

- 18 **DOWNTOWN**  
Reguliersdwaarsstraat 31
- 19 **MANDATE COFFEE SHOP**  
Prinsengracht 715
- 20 **THE OTHERSIDE**  
Reguliersdwaarsstraat 6
- 21 **THE SEVENTH HEAVEN**  
Spuistraat 7



## FOOD

- 22 FRESKO'S**  
Rembrandtplein 12
- 23 LE MONDE**  
Rembrandtplein 6
- 24 MR. COCO'S**  
Nieuwendijk 11

## LEATHER BARS/DARKROOMS

- 25 ANCO HOTEL BAR -**  
Oude Zijds Voorburgwal 55, tel. 6205275
- 26 ARGOS**  
Warmoesstraat 95
- 27 CASA MARIA**  
Warmoesstraat 57
- 28 CLUB JAEQUES**  
Warmoesstraat 93
- 29 COCKRING**  
Warmoesstraat 96
- 30 THE COMPANY**  
Amstel 106
- 31 CUCKOO'S NEST**  
Nieuwe Zijds Kolk 6
- 32 EAGLE**  
Warmoesstraat 86
- 33 THE MONOPOLE**  
Amstel 60
- 34 SPIJKERBAR**  
Kerkstraat 4
- 35 STABLEMASTER HOTEL BAR**  
Warmoesstraat 23, tel. 6250148
- 36 THE WEB**  
St. Jacobsstraat 6

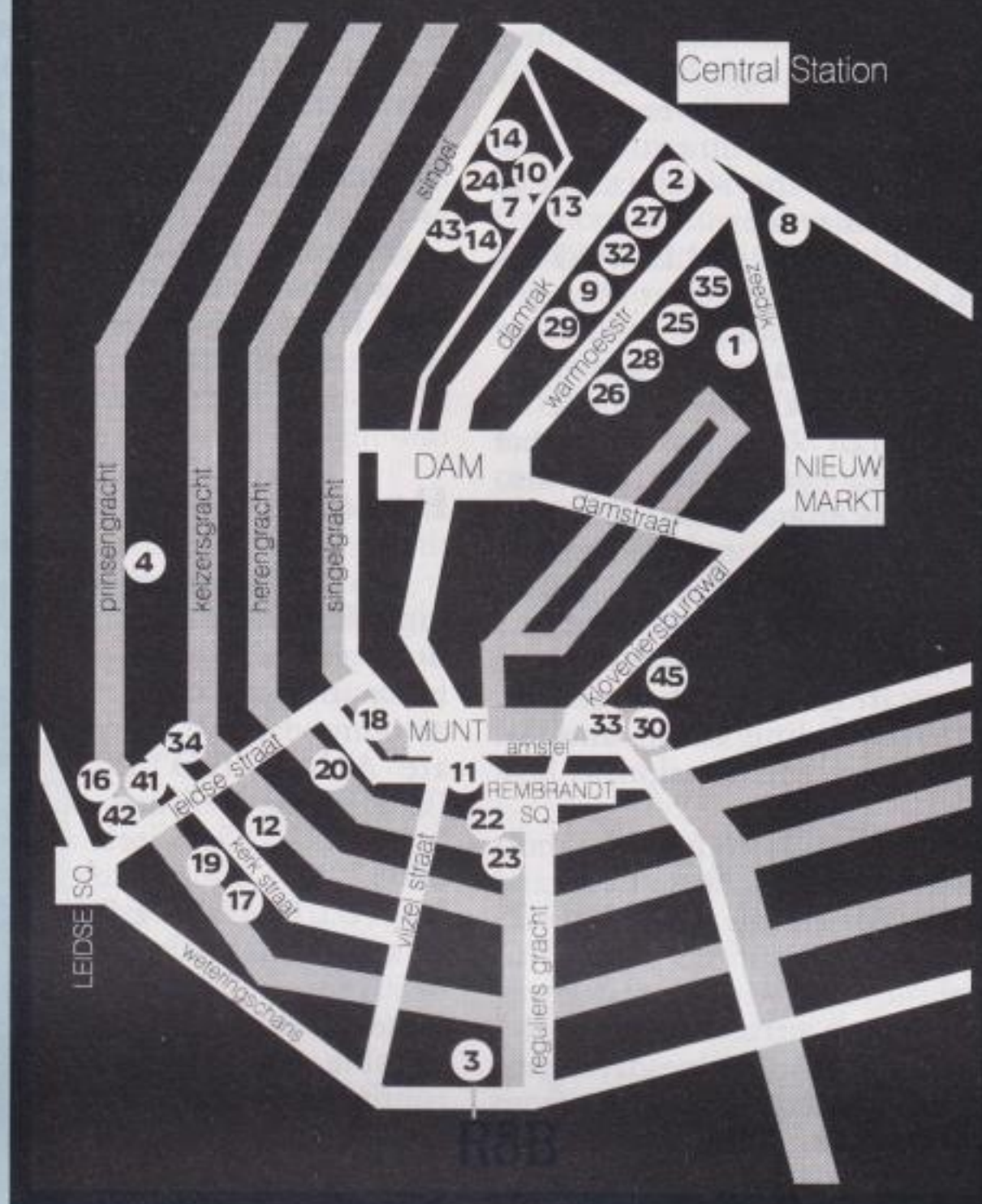
## HOTELS

- 37 AERO HOTEL**  
Kerkstraat 49, tel. 6227728
- 25 ANCO HOTEL**  
Oude Zijds Voorburgwal 55, tel. 6205275
- 39 ORFEO HOTEL**  
Leidsekruisstraat 14, tel. 6231347
- 35 STABLEMASTER HOTEL**  
Warmoesstraat 23, tel. 6250148
- 41 UNIQUE**  
Kerkstraat 37, tel. 6244785
- 42 WEST END**  
Kerkstraat 42, tel. 6248074

## BODY MODIFICATION

- 43 BODY MANIPULATIONS**  
Stromarkt 11, tel. 6233442
- 44 HASU**  
tel. 6425401

# AMSTERDAM



- 45 MR. RONALD**  
Kloveniersburgwal 135, tel. 6257812
- 3 RoB AMSTERDAM**  
Weteringschans 253, tel. 6254686
- 47 THEO HARTKAMP**  
tel. 6946981

## ELSEWHERE IN HOLLAND



Rotterdam has THE SHAFT (Schiedamsesingel 137), a leather bar that's often very full of handsome men. HET HOK/DE BAK (Schiedamsevest 146) is a relatively new place you might want to check out. In Eindhoven, HET VAGEVUUR (Hemelrijken 18) can put some fire in your balls, and in Den Haag THE BOSS (Rijswijkseweg 536) will do the same. The Motorsportsclub Limburg (south of Holland) resides in Roermond at SJIJNDERHANNES (Swalmerstraat 42). In Utrecht you can live your fantasies in THE CELLAR (Oudegracht 64).



because it's a gay pride day, but because the Dutch commemorate their royal family. Although Amsterdam is the capital city, strangely enough, it's not where the government is based, nor is it where the royal family of Queen Beatrix resides.

Part of the STABLEMASTER HOTEL (Warmoesstraat 23, tel. 6250148, open 8 p.m.) is an intimate bar. They host large JO parties on Saturday nights. CLUB JAEQUES (Warmoesstraat 93, across the street from Adonis, open 8 p.m.) is also known for its erotic action. On Sunday afternoons, you can find people playing Horse and Knight, Castagiato, or SM. The patrons are open and very friendly, especially on the second floor. Playrooms are located on the first floor. They have a sling room and St. Andrew's cross, and occasionally host parties.

Next to Club Jaecques is the most popular leather bar in Amsterdam, and maybe in all of Europe, THE ARGOS (Warmoesstraat 95, open 9 p.m.). This huge split-level bar with its great downstairs darkroom attracts a large crowd eager for action. On Wednesday nights, they hold a lottery with prizes from RoB Amsterdam, and RoB is planning to open up their counter in the bar.

Across the street is the EAGLE (Warmoesstraat 86, open 9 p.m.). The Eagle is more popular among rubber lovers and has two darkrooms, one at the back of the bar (where you will find a sign that says, "Attention! Pickpockets!"), and one upstairs that includes toilets for watersports. As we go to press, CLUB EAGLE is getting ready to open next door. This will be Amsterdam's first leather dance club.

The owners of the COCKRING (Warmoesstraat 96) don't like to classify their club as a leather bar, but since there hasn't been a fetish-oriented dance club, leathermen who want to move to the beat are more or less forced to hang out in this popular club. There's great music downstairs. However, the Cockring has something most bars in this town do not—a coat check! There's a big rush at closing time to get into the Cockring, since they stay open after hours.

The famous ANCO HOTEL (Oude Zijds Voorburgwal 55, tel. 6205275) just recently reopened their fabulous darkroom during the day.

You can share a drink with a mixed bag of locals at CASA MARIA (Warmoesstraat 57). The clientele ranges from perfumed fluffs to leather

guys hanging around looking for new faces. This is the most strategically located bar in the Warmoesstraat. You can sit in the window and get a great image of what Amsterdam really looks like in the daytime. Kansas was never like this!

If closing time comes around and you still haven't met Mr. Right Away, don't forget you can head for the night sauna also called THERMOS (Kerkstraat 58).

## Hotels

Two of Amsterdam's gay hotels cater almost exclusively to leathermen. Book well in advance to make sure you can get accommodations! They are ANCO HOTEL (Oudezijds Voorburgwal 55, tel. 6205275) and the STABLEMASTER HOTEL (Warmoesstraat 23, tel. 6250148). The Anco Hotel is clean and comfortable, and offers a continental breakfast for a reasonable price. They also have a very low dorm rate. There's a small, very friendly bar in the Stablemaster lobby.

The Stablemaster hosts JO parties every Saturday night with only a small entrance fee.

More mixed, but still gay, hotels are AERO HOTEL (Kerkstraat 49, tel. 6227728), ORFEO HOTEL (Leidsekruisstraat 14, tel. 6231347), UNIQUE (Kerkstraat 37, tel. 6244785), and WESTEND (Kerkstraat 42, tel. 6248074).

Most hotels serve breakfast between 9 a.m. and noon. Call to check your hotel's schedule.

## Body Modification

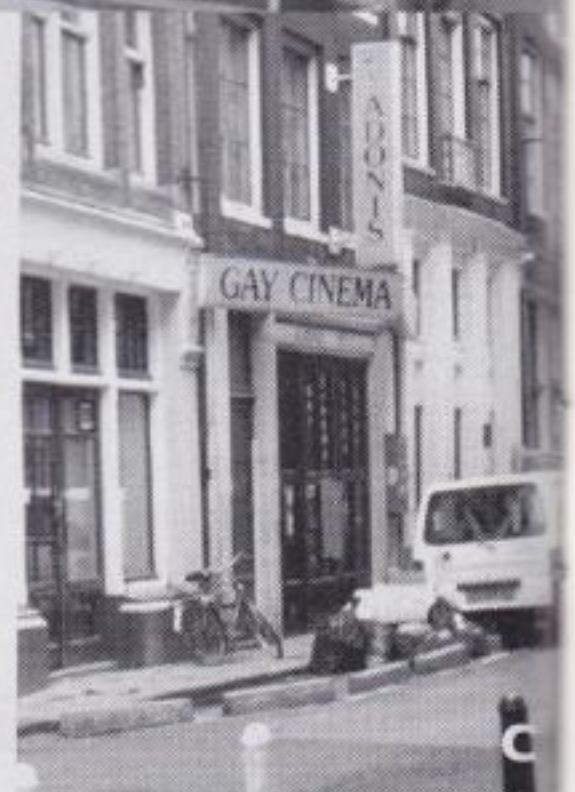
If you won't already have enough trouble getting through the metal detector at Schipol on your way home, you can certainly get yourself a set of tit rings or a Prince Albert here. BODY MANIPULATIONS (Stromarkt 11, tel. 6233442) offers piercing, branding, and scarification. MR. RONALD (Kloveniersburgwal 135, tel. 6257812) does tattooing and piercing. HASU



A) Anco Hotel

B) Stablemaster Hotel

C) Adonis Cinema



(tel. 6425401) and THEO HARTKAMP (tel. 6946981) are other sources for piercing. RoB Amsterdam (listed above under Leather, Latex, and SM Gear) also offers these services, so check with them as well. ■



## Fiction, Fantasy, & Fact

### ROUGH STUFF

BY JACK RINELLA

"Farm Hands" is an unfinished novel in my computer's hard drive. It's a story about this guy with an SM ranch in the mountains outside of Cincinnati. I think it's pretty good jerk off material, but since I wrote it while I was jerking off, that sentiment is to be expected.

I wrote it in the days when leather sex was a rare event for me, except of course that I could think about it anytime I wanted. It was the fantasy of it all that propelled my orgasms, the fiction that for me was real, at least in the moment between me and the paragraph I was writing.

Fiction is often the entrance way into the leather scene. God knows there's a lot of good stuff out there these days. Books like John Preston's *Mr. Benson* or Robert Payne's *The Exchange* are powerful fuel for our fantasy lives. I'd like to get an invite to a slave auction just to own one of the characters in the novel *In Search of a Master*.

Many of my first leather experiences were played out in my mind, amply fed by hot stories in *Drummer Magazine*. Likewise, my idea of what real leather men looked like was formed by drawings like those done by Tom of Finland or Etienne.

Where else could I find fodder for my dreams? Where else could I give form to the desire for my own boy, one who would serve me sexually at any moment, ever ready to obey my every command? I still search for that perfect slave. I still wish that I really could own that ranch in the hills.

Because I read, it's easy for me to recognize the importance of the written word in our culture. What I have read has been formative in my development as a person, as a teacher, as a writer, and of course, as a leather man.

Fiction is more than fiction. Good fiction is good because it portrays the truth. It strikes a cord within, exciting and informing. The characters of fiction become real within our minds and that reality makes an impact.

Non-fiction has the same effect:

through the written word our fantasy life grows. What isn't becomes what we wish would be. Fantasies are wishes. As such they are the life stuff of our dreams.

But they can be more than that. As thinking, feeling, and acting men we have it in our power to transform fantasy into reality. Jules Verne's fantasy of travel to the moon was fiction in his day, reality in ours. It still amazes me that his novel placed the launch pad in Florida. Did he have some insight into the future of Cape Canaveral?

I've studied enough metaphysics to know that creation begins with thought. Manifestation, as they say, is the result of idea and emotion, thought and energy. "Whatever the mind can conceive, man can achieve," is an old premise, still true.

The classified ads in the back of this magazine are a telling list of leather men's fantasies. Dreams of dominance and submission, of fucking and owning, of fisting and pissing, of hot daddies and compliant boys take form in three or four lines followed by an address, a mail box code, or a phone number.

I've answered my share of ads over the years. I can't knock their utility. Met my good friend Gary in a *Drummer* ad over 10 years ago. Honestly though, the fantasy of his ad and my answer never really came true.

We had a great time the weekend he came to visit me. By the time his stay was over we were friends. He had arrived with the pseudonym of Mark, a fantasy really. By the time he left I knew the real Gary. Our friendship has long evolved into something much better, much deeper, and far more valuable, than the "puppy dog" of Mark's (sic) fantasy. I like Gary a lot more than I could ever like that Mark of his invention.

And so my column moves from fiction to fact. It seems like a big leap doesn't it? Who ever jerks off to real-

ity? Who'd ever buy a novel that depicted the real life of a Master and slave?

I've more than enough experience to know that the truth is much more complex, much more demanding, and far more boring than the fantasies we dream. I can wish for the full-time live-in slave, but who pays his doctors bills, his rent, his allowance?

You never read about income taxes or exhaustion in those stroke books, but both are possible, probable, and prevalent. Tales of all-night orgies get me going, but who wants to read about cleaning the house the next day?

My friend Lynn and I have spent more than a year comparing notes in our search for slaves. We're both pretty well set in what each of us wants, our fantasies are very much alike. I guess

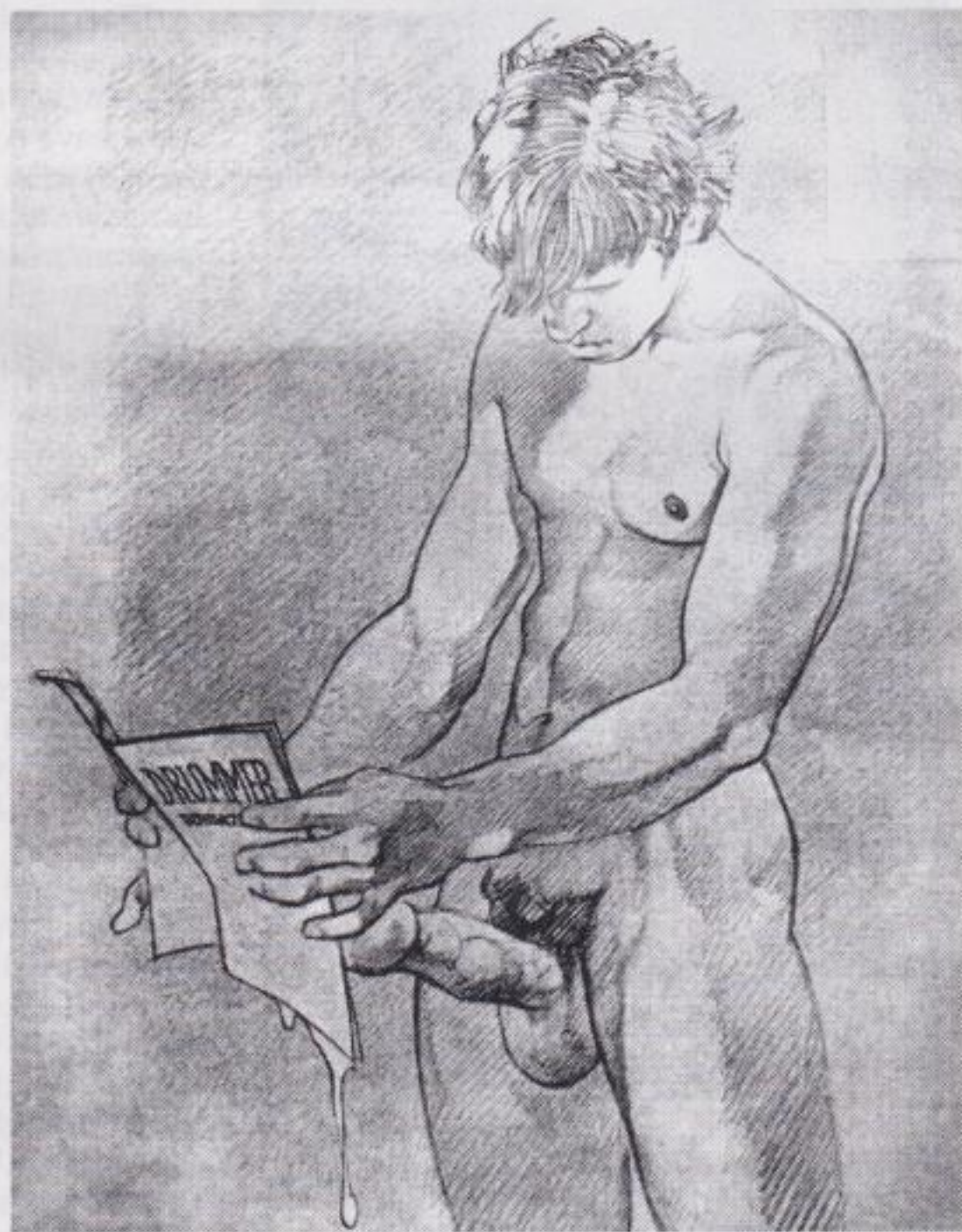


Illustration by Harry Bush

I'm not quite as picky as he, since he tends to look a bit more for the right body type, while I'm more inclined to look for the right attitude.

Yet, it's all fantasy. Real Mastery is more than giving orders over the phone. Real slavery doesn't happen until the boy makes a commitment to showing up at your doorstep.

Even then, slavery is more than

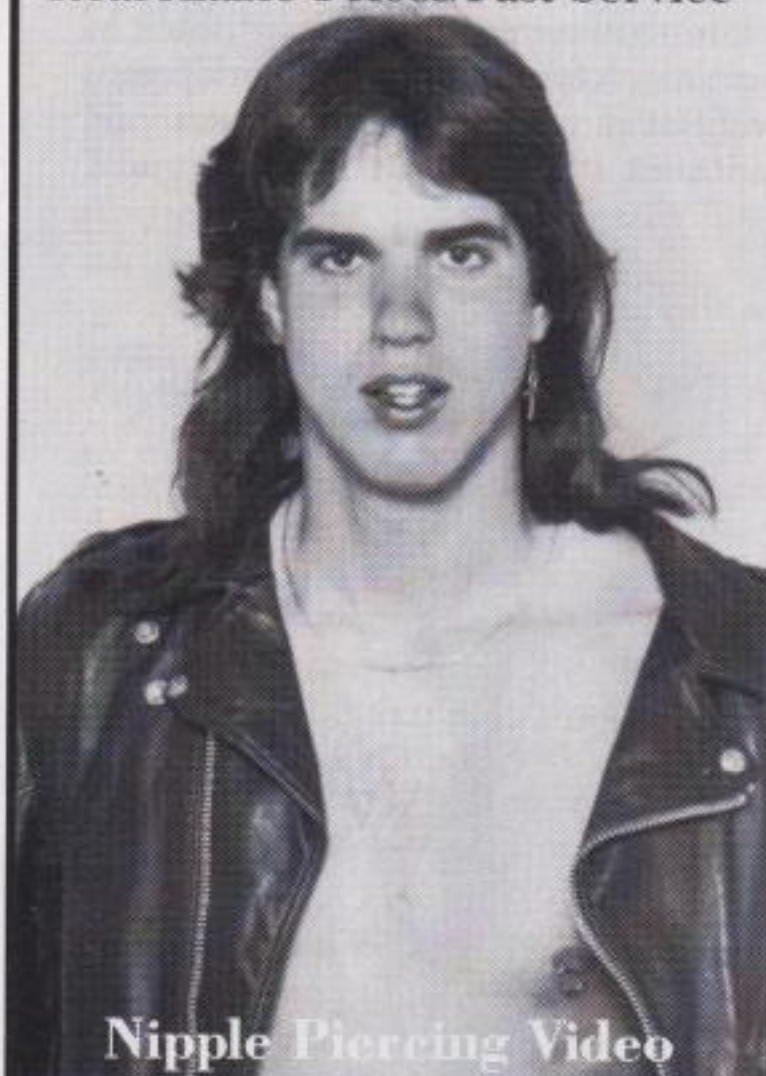


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showing up. One night or one weekend doesn't create the lifestyle of which fantasies are made. There are many other forgotten factors as we stroke our cocks with a lubed fist and read about the fisting party in the attic.

That's not to say that I don't keep trying. I know what I want and will search and work for it until I get it. It also means that I've added more than a bit of reality to my desire.

Since I desire to have a man as my own, the fantasy obviously involves two people. In fact, it includes the fantasy of a leather family but that was a column a couple of months ago, so I won't continue that idea here. It's the involvement of the other, the one who will do the submitting, get the beating, and be on the receiving end of the fucking that has to be added to my fantasy to make it real.

Therein lies the difficulty. It takes courage to take the risk and submit. It takes energy to manifest the idea. Lynn and I have corresponded with no less than 20 men over the last 12 months. Each wrote and called with words of eager submission.

They all said the same kind of things: "Looking for a Man to take control," or "Eager slave with no limits will serve Your every command."

We keep our correspondence separate but in comparing notes we often find the same sentiments. Occasionally we'll even hear from the same guy. Invariably though, the letter-writing and the phone calls become fewer and further apart. When push comes to shove, when you ask him when is he going to arrive, there's an excuse.

Now I admit that they are good excuses: no money to travel; a sick mother; bad weather; can't get time off from work. More improbable though are the positive responses that go unfulfilled. I once got a postcard from a guy with whom I had been talking. I hadn't heard from him in a while, thought he had dropped out of the "process," so I called him to let him know I was still interested.

He was so glad to hear from me. Yes, he surely wanted to be my slave. A few days later the postcard arrived. "Thanks for calling. I'll call you soon," he wrote. And that was the last I've heard of him.

I can understand that it's not easy to make the commitment of time and finances needed to enter into a relationship as deep as the one about which

I dream. But even the small easy things go undone. More than once I've seen myself, or Lynn, or hundreds of other leather men tell me that they were stood up. Waiting around for that "boy" to show is no fun.

It's a two way street, of course. I recently chatted on the phone with an applicant from Seattle. He lamented that he had spent hours on the phone with a guy in New York who was to be his Master. When he packed up and went to New York, all he found was a man into phone sex. End of dream, end of fantasy.

Reality can seem like a brick wall, ready to bloody our foreheads for trying to reach our goals. But what if reality is just as much illusion as illusion? Is the good life, the one worth living, no more than a stroke book? Are the only sex farms the ones in pulp novels and computer hard drives?

Sorry, guys, I think not. The idealist, the flower-child, the leather man in me knows that this lifestyle can be and is for real.

Yes, it takes some getting used to. It takes a lot of learning. As my grandmother used to say, "Roma wasn't built at the once." What is that getting used to? It's clarity, negotiation, commitment, and trust.

What do you want? I spent an afternoon recently with a guy who bemoaned the fact that he was single. Then he went on to say how he loved his privacy and really didn't want to let down his defenses, since he was afraid of being hurt. Did he want what he said he wanted? I think not. I think rather that he was very content to stay as he was.

You want to be a full-time Master? Are you ready to take that much control, have that much responsibility, lose that much privacy, give that much direction and support? And you slaves-to-be, can you pay that much attention to one person, let him take that much control, give him everything for his pleasure?

Negotiation paves the way so we know what we need to make the commitment needed to bring the fantasy to reality.

Commitment is the word that seems to scare everyone off. It ought not to do so. When I asked my last slave applicant to come back for a second visit and to stay for 10 days, it was so that each of us could see what it would be like to live with each other



on a day to day basis.

I wasn't being unreasonable. The man was unemployed, staying at a friend's apartment. I have volumes of letters from him, telling me how right I am to be his Master, how much he needs to have someone to control his life, "give it structure" he politely calls it.

Our last conversation ended the process. He would rather stay in his current state than take the risk of 10 day's commitment. Sadly we cling to the status quo. Most fantasies are un-lived, untried, unrealized.

I watch the faces of the men and women who walk down the street and I see sadness. I wonder if it's only my interpretation, only my rose colored glasses that taints my perceptions. Is the world so full of unhappy people?

I know unhappiness. I spent years plagued with depression. Outwardly I had the trappings of success: a beautiful and creative wife, two lovely, well-behaved children, a good job, nice salary, home in the suburbs, friends who loved to party within reasonable and comfortable limits.

But at night, when the house was quiet, wife and daughters lost in their own dream-filled sleep, I would pull my copy of *Drummer* from its hiding place behind the fireplace and stroke my fantasies into reality.

As the months turned to years and the depression deepened, I sought therapy and through it became aware that I was Gay and wanted to live that way. Then I had to choose myself and my dreams or continue the deadening state of repression.

Yes, the wife and children held much security for me. Yes, I loved them (and still do) but love of myself was important as well. Respect for the real me, the one wishing all the time for a man to sleep with, a boy to discipline, a buddy to fuck, had to happen. "To thine own self be true."

And so I made the first steps to finding the life I was meant to live. I had to trust that I could do it, that within myself there would be the strength and the wisdom to know how to survive in this strange "Gay" world. I had to learn a new language, a new lifestyle.

It didn't seem all that easy, but looking back it wasn't all that hard. Oh, walking into Jewels in New Orleans or the Mineshaft in New York held a certain amount of trepidation,

but the fear was only a shadow.

Be reasonable and take those steps one at a time. Don't throw out the baby with the bath water. Don't burn your bridges behind you.

But do move forward. Test the path, take little steps. Be honest with yourself and open with those with whom you're talking. If you won't move to Kalamazoo, say so right away. If you need to know details, ask for them now.

Masters and slaves are a dime a dozen in the stories and stroke books, but few and far between otherwise.

That's OK. You need not wish for 10 year's incarceration at the hands of the Viet Cong in order to be a real leather man. What you want in life is important to you and that is how it should be. Place your priorities first, even if that means your first priority is to another. Take pride in your fantasy and find ways to explore it, to see it, to feel it.

By doing so you test it, purify it, make it true, sustainable, to shape it into a dream that can take form on this planet. Likewise it will shape you, change you so that you will have the power and the clarity to live it, to give it day to day sustenance, to make it real, whatever the hell reality is.

This hardly reads like copy for an issue of *Drummer*. I'm not beating off and you probably aren't either.

There is more to successful leather, the kind we live and do, than fantasy. The excitement of a heavy scene, the endurance of rough play, the sight of a hot man is more than fiction come true. It is the result of work, of faith, of sweat and love.

I know the world of fictional sex and imagined man-gods. I've been there in my thoughts. I go there in my reverie.

More precious though are the real men in leather.

Oh, they're never as good-looking as the air-brushed centerfolds or the phone sex ads. The scenes never last a lifetime nor do the orgasms shoot a quart of jism seven feet. But like Lynn and Gary, they are the warmth, the vitality, the squeezable, feelable, fuckable reality of leather.

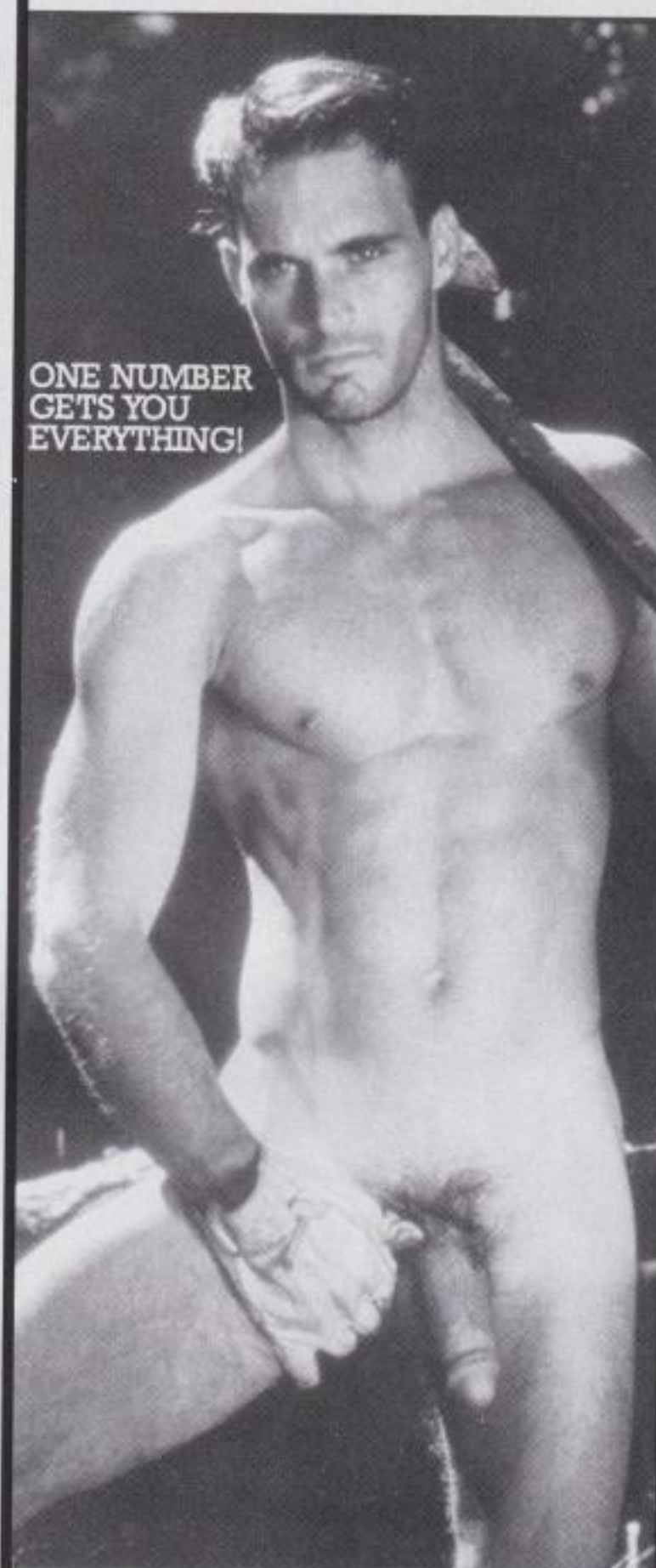
In fact it is men like them, men like you that give birth to the fiction in these pages. For fiction comes from truth and brings us back to reality. Have a great month dreaming and creating.

Jack ■

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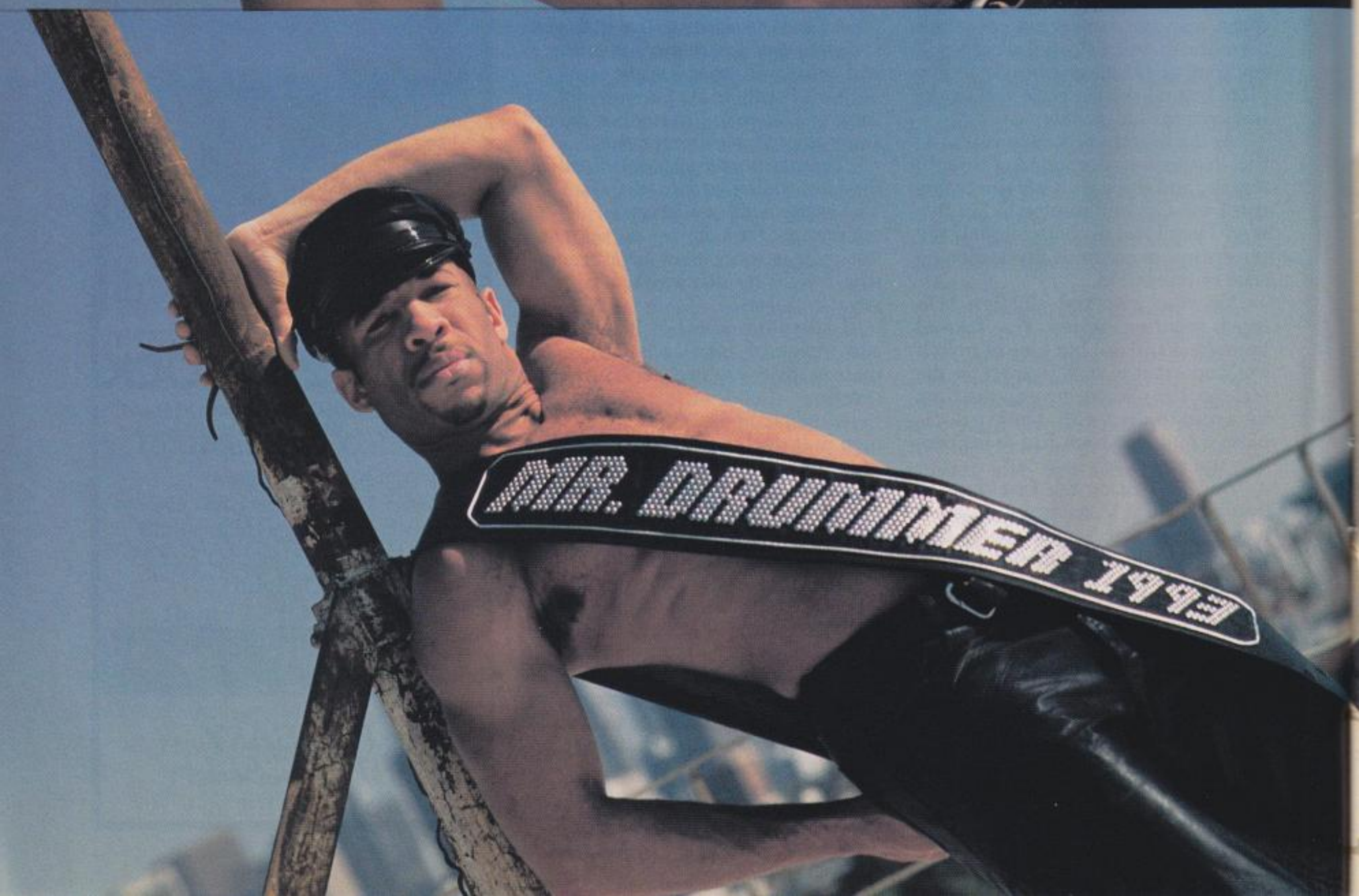
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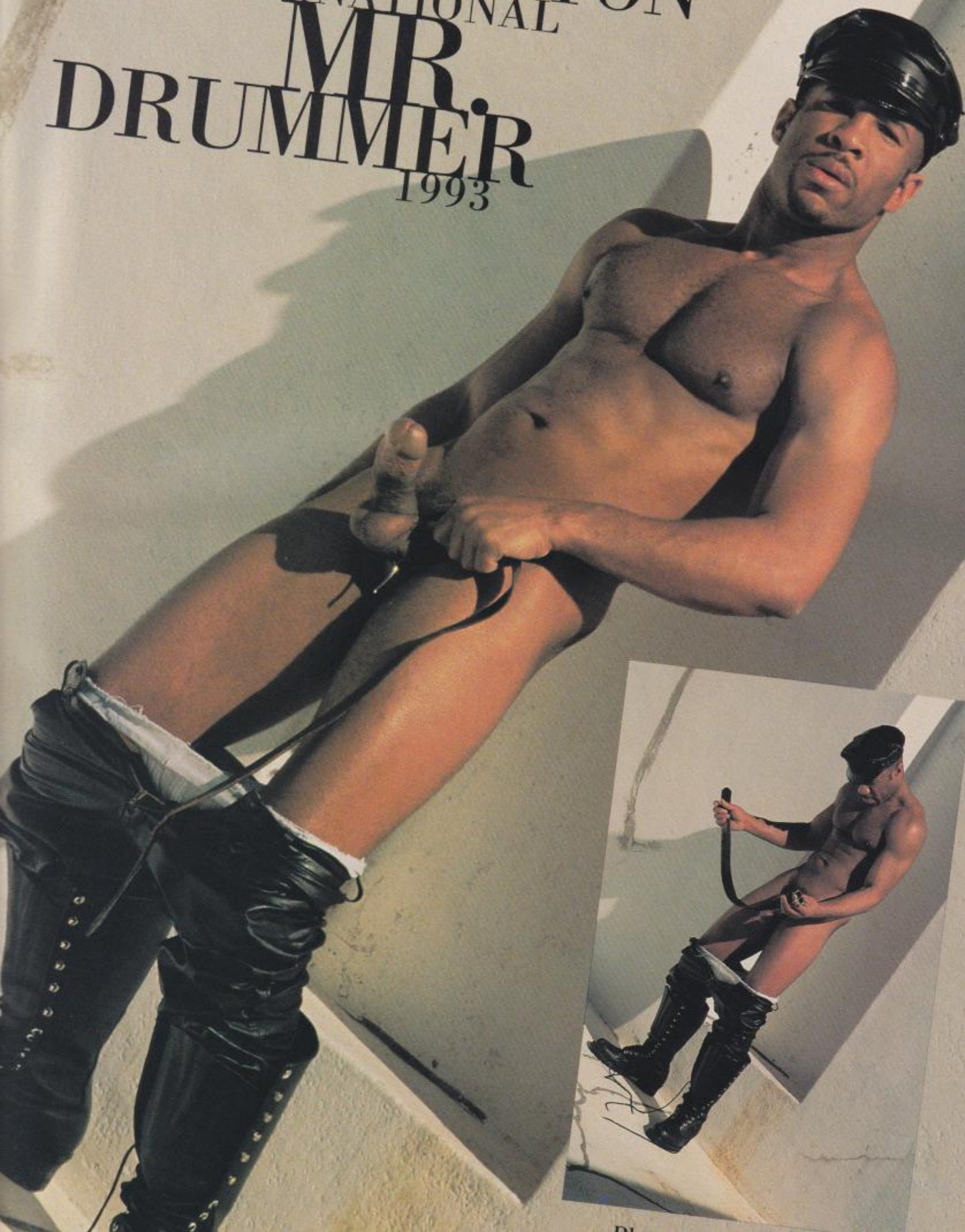
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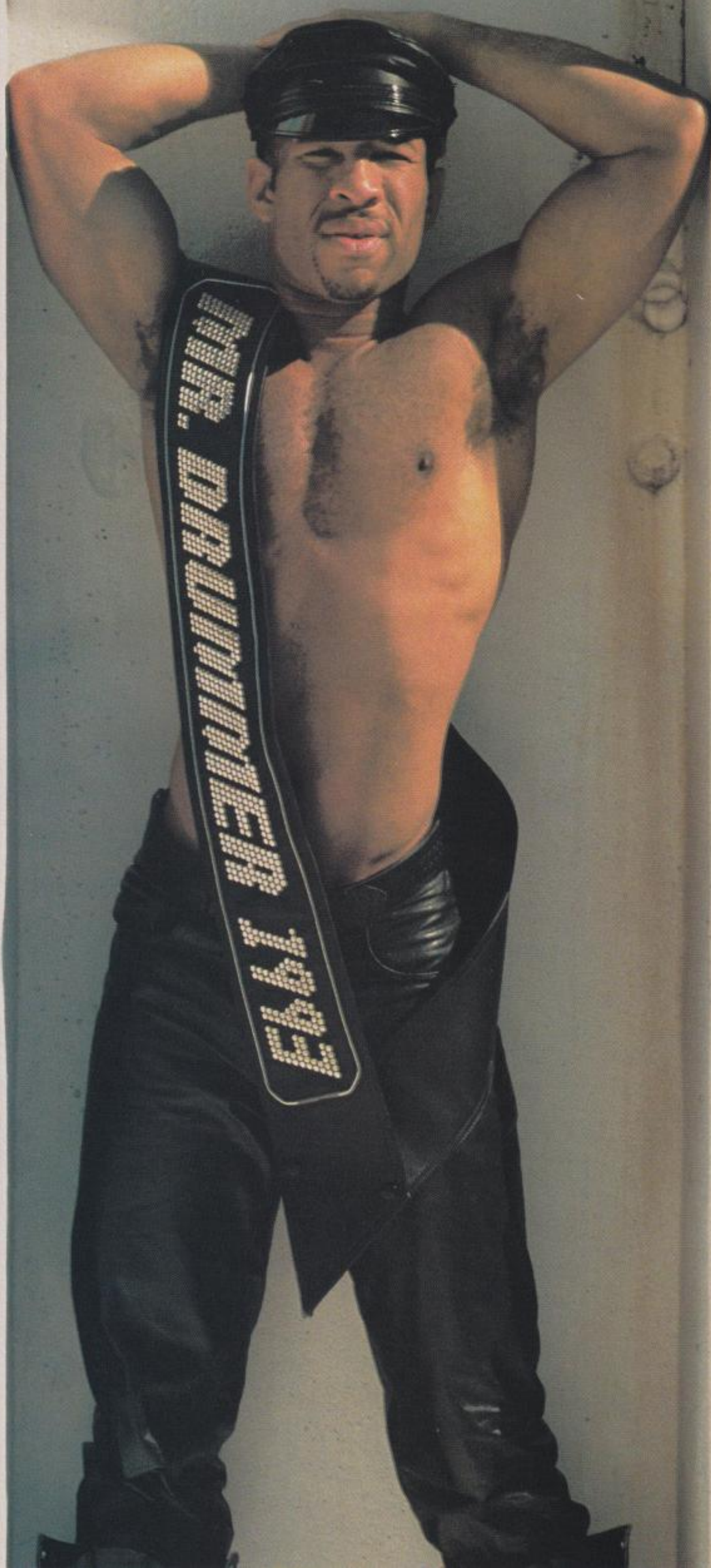




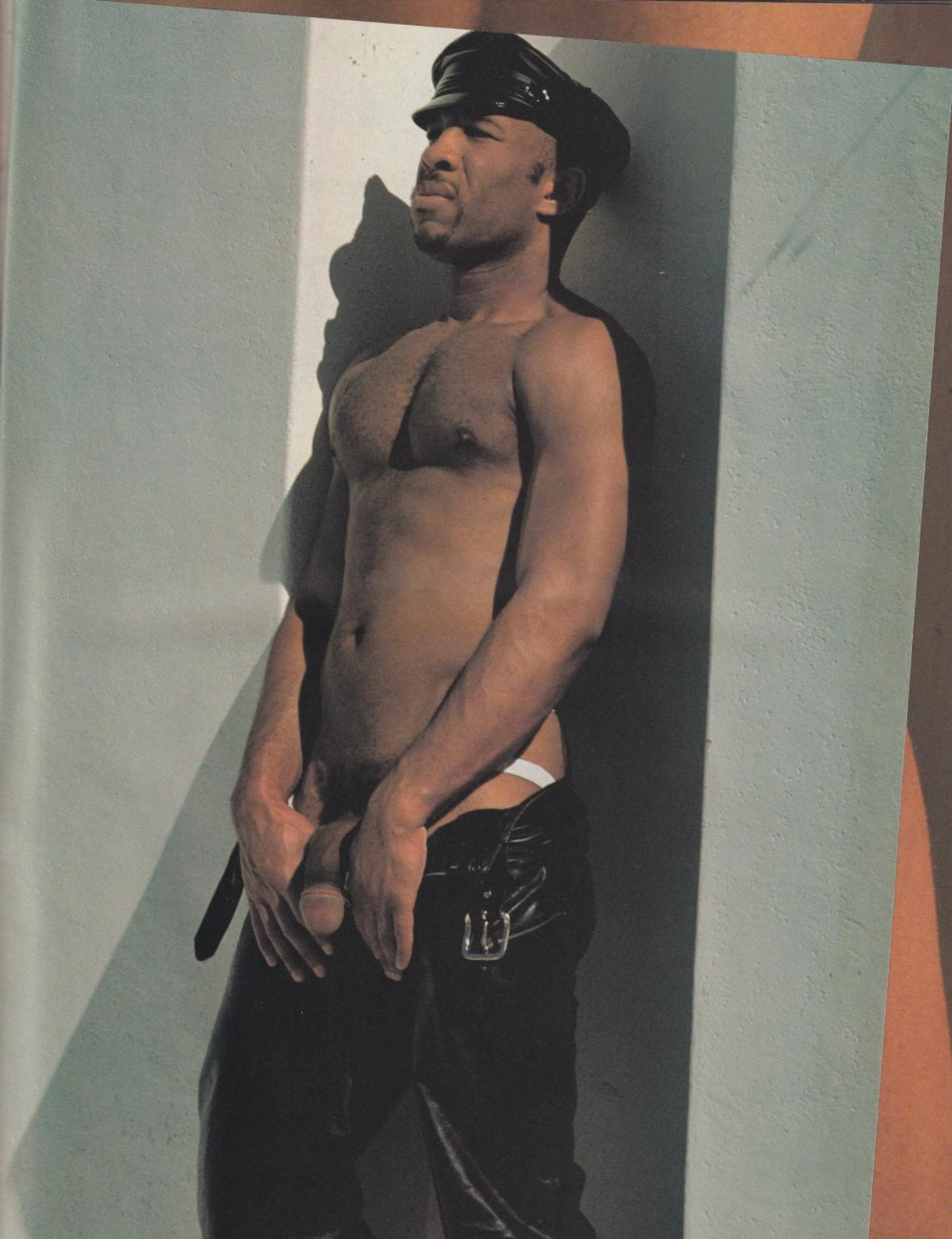
# GRAYLIN THORNTON INTERNATIONAL MR. DRUMMER 1993







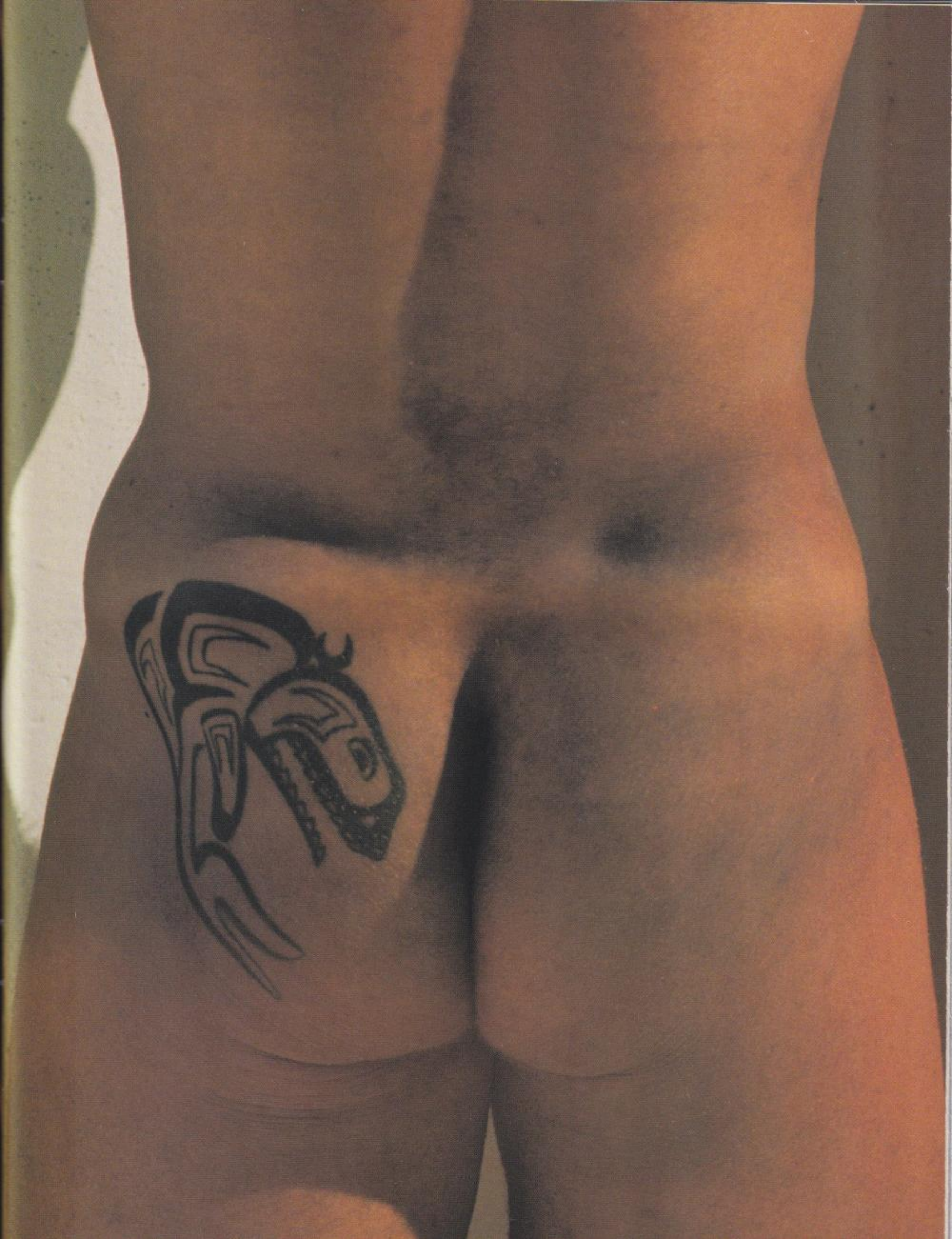






















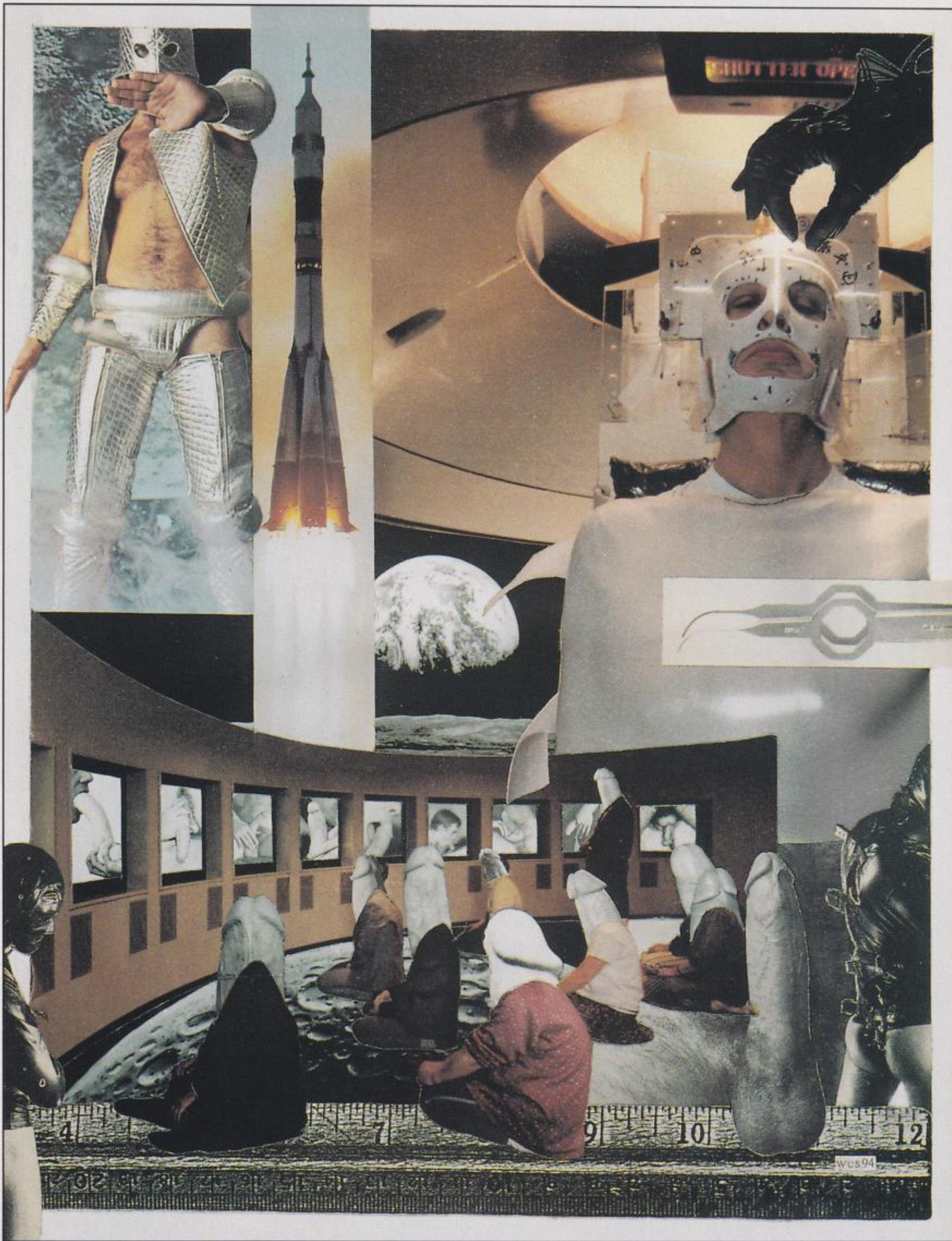


Illustration by Grey Wolf



**M**ickey and I vowed partnership on my 23rd birthday. For our honeymoon, we requested the four weeks of shore leave — the full allowance for partnership celebrations. Instead of going to one of the Terran colonies closer to the station, we came here, to Habilay. We didn't want to share our happy occasion with the bustle of the New Century Festivals.

Our hotel suite in Sarie was lavish, and the legendary Habilayan hospitality we received exceeded our inflated expectations. Even so, we didn't spend much time in the room. The mountains and coastline are fabled for their beauty, and the Habilayans have taken great care of their world. Between our rented hoverjet and Sarie's excellent public transportation system, we saw plenty of the surrounding sights.

On the west end of the city are the

of square, faceless, black buildings in the style Habilayans seem always to have preferred. In small climate-controlled cages at the front there are all sorts of strange beasts from Habilay itself: a creature with the body of a gorilla but the teeth and claws of a lion, an amphibious fish with poisonous barbed fins, a broad-backed invertebrate that dissolves the flesh and bone of its prey.

After a few minutes, I noticed that the animals had in common their great savagery. We saw nothing, in fact, that could be considered cuddly, or cute, or endearing: only predators with snaggle-teeth and sharp claws seemed to interest the gentle Habilayans.

Past the first building or so we came to the exhibits of animals from other worlds. Many were on loan from their home worlds. Others were

"Greek Philosopher and Student." "Priest and Altarboy." "Pirate Captain and Cabin Boy."

Mouths open, Mick and I watched the cellies. They were accoutered as modern-day convicts, wearing nothing but shackles. Thin metal restraints glittered like jewelry around their wrists, ankles, and necks. Their bodies were completely hairless from head to toe.

The cell was authentic, if I could trust what I saw on the daily news broadcasts. The ceiling was high, the walls smooth and bare. The edges of the door were invisible, flush with the surface of the wall. On the left, the lower bunk was open. Only the small blue button that opened it marked where the upper rack would be.

Smoking a clovestick, the "stud" sat on the bunk with his back against the wall. His "bitch" knelt on the floor, sucking the stud's cock. The cables running from the back of the bitch's collar to his bracelets had been shortened so that his hands were drawn high up his back.

The stud was an inch or so above average height — 6 foot 8 or 6 foot 9 at most — but his build was considerably better than normal. His shoulders were broad, his belly rippled with muscle, his thighs heavy enough to crush stone. His cock, too, was above average: at 11 inches or so, it was a good match for his frame. In its straining, throbbing hardness, it was a deep shade of purple.

The bitch was only about six feet, making it clear how he'd become the stud's sexual slave. His body was slim and lean, and without hair he seemed boyish. His cock — shorter than the stud's by half — was circumcised, an unusual feature almost certainly associated with his bitch status.

Finishing his stick, the stud leaned forward and put it out on the bitch's ass. There were hundreds of burns where he'd done the same thing before. The bitch knew better than to protest.

Standing, the stud motioned for the bitch to climb onto the bunk. Without question or hesitation, the bitch obeyed. Touching a button at the back of the bitch's collar, the stud shortened his cellie's cabling even more, drawing the smaller man's arms and legs into a painful-looking knot.

The stud flipped his cellie over. The bitch's body arched steeply over his own arms and legs; his hard cock rose like a tower above his bare crotch.

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# A T A M E ANIMAL

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**BY MATTHEW WALKER**

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public gardens. High walls of smooth bluestone screen out the noise of the city. Constant breezes from Mount Kiyamor keep the gardens cool and pleasant even on the hottest days. Among the vast triangular beds of Brokenroses, the sweeping curved patches of open faces, and the sparkling blue-water fountains, we felt we were in the garden of an ancient king.

Rising against the foot of the mountain at the far end of the gardens is a kind of zoo or museum of natural history (the Habilayan word for it includes a sense of each). Mick and I stumbled upon it by accident in the third week of our visit.

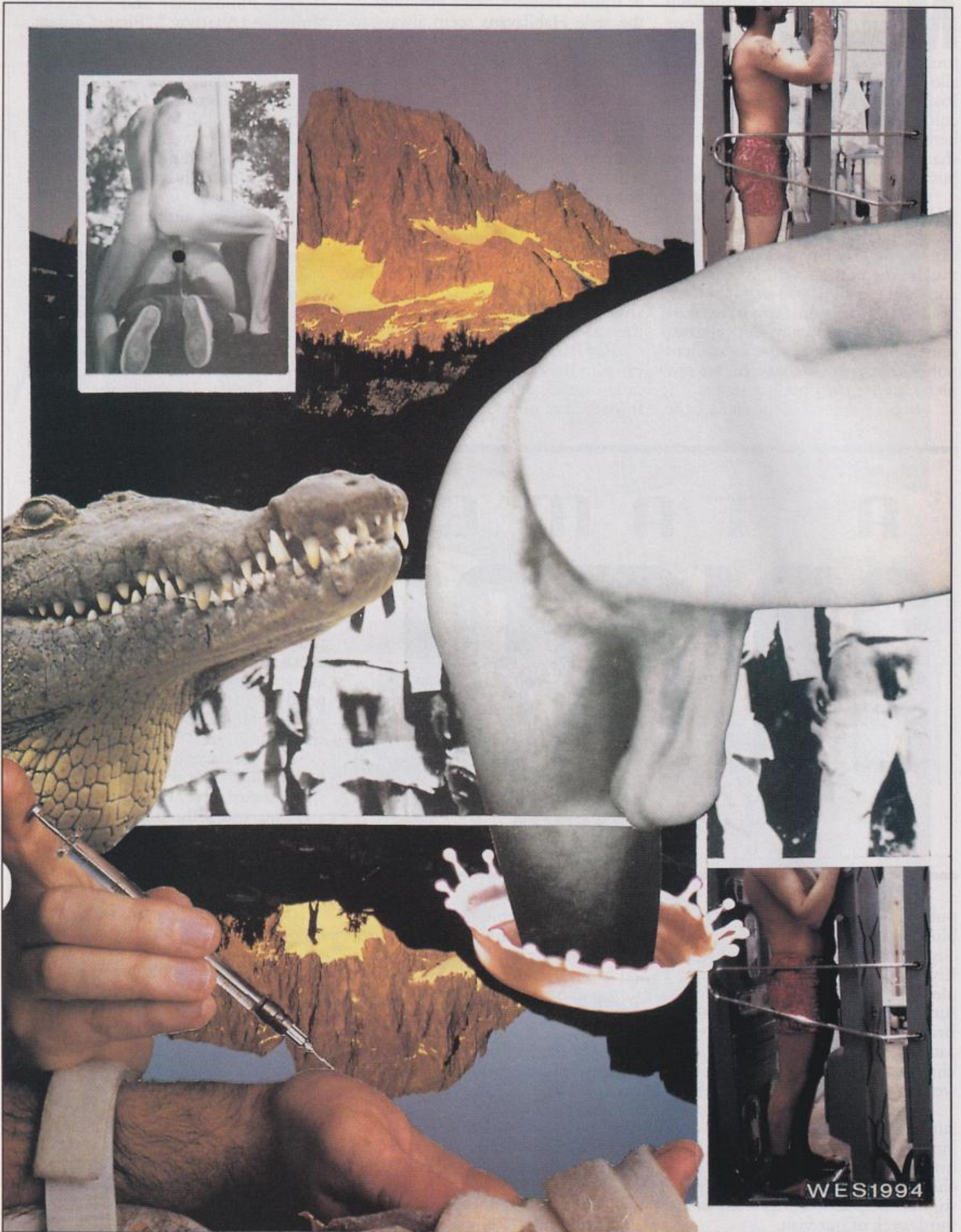
The museum is housed in a jumble

captured by intrepid Habilayan hunters. Holographic imaging gave visitors an idea of every animal's natural habitat. More importantly, to the dumb animal the holographic world was infinite, giving it the illusion of freedom.

Near the end of our wanderings, Mickey and I saw a sign that made us break into cold sweat: "The Homo Sapiens Building," it said. Inside, in cages no bigger than those given to the Arcturan orangutans, men were exhibited in pairs.

My pocket translator helped me with the placards underneath the exhibit windows: "Cellmates," one said. "Cowboy and Indian," said another.





WES1994

Illustration by Grey Wolf



Extending his own cabling to its limit, the stud wrapped it around his bitch's genitals. Even at its full span, the length of the cable did not allow much creativity, but two or three turns were all he needed. The bitch's cock flushed a shade darker.

With his victim's cock and balls trapped, the stud slapped, poked, beat, and jabbed at them. Always the stiff pole came back for more. The bitch moaned.

Dancing like an ancient boxer in a primitive arena, the stud pulled his bitch's goods this way and that. The thin cable sawed mercilessly at the base of the moaning slave's cock and balls. The stud jabbed hard at the bitch's glistening-tight ballsac. Helpless to avoid the blows, the bitch groaned and shook. His cock never wavered in its hardness.

The stud unwrapped his bitch's balls. The cable slipped away, revealing a thin ragged cut alongside the slave's cock.

Just then, Mickey pulled me from the window. I'd been so busy watching the cellmates and rubbing my own crotch that I hadn't noticed that he'd wandered away.

"You have to see this," he said, breathless. His hand was sweaty and warm on my bare forearm as he led me toward the back of the building.

He'd found one of the masterpieces of the whole museum. Open to view on three sides, the exhibit depicted a town square in the infamous Folsom Colony, a Terran colony in the Dionysian system where, for the last half of the 23rd Century, sexual slavery was legal.

For 58 short years it lasted, before it was destroyed. Terrans were scandalized. Heteros briefly took to calling their partnerships "marriages." Politicos made speeches on the Council floor begging for a return to simpler times. A few small provinces in Africa and Southwest Asia tried to set precedents by passing local forced reproduction ordinances.

But all of that had passed by the time Mick and I were born. During our separate childhoods — his on the moon and mine in East California — we read everything we could about the colony's history. It was a dream come true. It was Eden!

At the Academy, our mutual interest in the colony brought us together. We bought each other books about it and spent free weekends living out the fantasies we'd built around it. We

grew wistful as we spoke of the freedom it represented, sullen as we thought of its demise.

The colony's photographic records had been destroyed, but by some miracle the Habilayans had prepared an exhibit that exactly matched my mental picture of the place.

Across the front stood a dozen pillories. Rough-hewn from goldenwood trees, they glistened in Dionysus's powerful light. Each pillory held a naked slave sentenced to public punishment. Welts and bruises over most of their tan bodies bore witness to the severity of their ordeal, but none were being punished at the moment.

Behind them, the dusty square buzzed with activity. Men in jerkins and boots of black leather led their naked, collared, shackled slaves on the day's business. Merchants in adobe huts specialized in the equipment of torture and bondage; many of the Masters were having their slaves fitted for chastity devices, anal inserts, gags, and restraints. Nearly a hundred men were involved in the exhibit, all of them mouth-watering examples of the male form.

We didn't have long to wait to see more urgent action. A Master and slave approached the pillory on the end nearest Mickey and me. The slave in the pillory was hairless, no doubt having been shaved as part of his punishment. His slim, muscular body was deeply tanned. The head of his stiff cock bore the angry blush of sunburn. As the men's shadows fell over him, the pilloried slave grew still, then began shivering with either fear or desire.

The Master's slave could not have been more than 16 years old. His young body was fully — almost ridiculously — packed with bulging muscle that dwarfed both his cock and his face. His Master had allowed him to keep the hair on his head, but his crotch and chest and limbs were bare.

The Master pushed his slave to his knees. Needing no further direction, the Master's slave knelt on the base of the pillory and buried his face in the older slave's ass, feasting on the hairless hole. The Master, drawing a strap from his belt, began whipping both his slave's ass and the pilloried slave's back.

In a nervous rush of New English, the pilloried slave thanked the Master for each stroke: "Un, Mas, tank, Mas. Toe, Mas, tank, Mas. Tary, Mas, tank,

Mas..."

Beyond them, another Master had found his slave fondling another slave. Exploding in anger, the Master drew a cat-o'-nine-tails from his belt and ordered both slaves onto the ground. Trembling, the slaves obeyed. A crowd gathered instantly.

Almost in unison, the slaves begged for mercy: "Mas, us dint min...Pulse, Mas, us dint...Dunt, pulse, Mas, dunt."

Unmoved, the Master brought the whip down on their asses. The knotted strands of the cat drew blood from the first stroke, cruelly tearing the skin on the slaves' backs, asses, and legs. Still, among their gasps, groans, and screams, we heard their breathless cries of "Pulse, Mas, pulse, dunt, Mas, pulse."

Some of the Masters in the crowd made their own slaves watch the punishment as an object lesson. Others were too aroused for that; they unbuttoned their codpieces and forcibly took their slaves' mouths.

Mickey and I have trouble controlling our urges under the most stifling of situations; as we watched this sudden orgy, we were swept away with lust. Falling to my knees, I fought with his trousers and pulled his hard piece through the open fly.

His throbbing pole slipped easily down my gullet: it knew the way very well. Mick held my ears and bucked hard against my face. The smell and taste of him filled my head until all I could think of was getting his hot juice down my throat. While he drilled my mouth, I slicked him with my tongue.

With an angry shout he pushed hard into me one last time. Dumping into me, he held me against him. He pressed his booted foot into my crotch, trying like hell to hurt me. He did, but not nearly enough.

With some embarrassment, we noticed that we weren't alone. As Mick hastily buttoned up, a Habilayan approached from the corner where it had been watching. The iridescent skin across her — its — chest and belly glittered in stripes of blue and dark green, an unusual combination.

Reaching for my translator, I grasped for the Habilayan for "sorry" or "excuse me." The open display of sex or genitalia is universally supposed to be a major social gaffe on Habilay.

To my relief, the Habilayan spoke the Terran Common Language perfectly: "I hope you enjoyed yourselves," it said. Its face beamed with cordiality.



Mickey smiled. "Yes, yes, we did. This is quite an exhibit, isn't it?"

"Thank you," the Habilayan said, "I designed it. I'm the Homo Sapiens Curator."

"I have to ask," I said, wiping Mick's scum off my chin. "These aren't really people, are they?"

"No, no, of course not. These are mechanical representations of Terrans programmed with very complex artificial intelligence routines."

Mick nodded; artificial intelligence was his field. They talked shop while I pretended to be interested. The Habilayan bragged that the "mechani-



**H**is cock, too, was above average: at 11 inches or so, it was a good match for his frame. In its straining, throbbing hardness, it was a deep shade of purple.

cal representations" never duplicated routines.

"I'm a little ashamed to admit it," it said, "but we find your sexual habits extremely fascinating. This is the most popular building in the — zoo, is it? Museum? — and our guests would be very disappointed if they saw the same show each time."

The curator walked us out. I noticed as we passed the cellmates that the cuts around the bitch's cock and balls had disappeared. He lay on the floor, his arms and legs spread, while the stud repeatedly kicked his crotch. The bitch gasped and moaned but did not protest or call out.

"There are also male-female and female-female exhibits," the Habilayan

said at the door to the Homo Sapiens Building. "You must come back and see them."

Mick thanked the curator and promised we'd be back.

Squinting in the brilliant sun, Mick and I took our time and walked back to the hotel. Midday in the streets of Sarie can be a beautiful sight — thousands of Habilayans take to the streets, and their jeweled skins glitter in the sun's pure white light — but it is also disorienting.

It's impossible for a person of gender to understand — really understand — the Habilayan's sexlessness. Whatever reproductive organs they have are clearly internal, eliminating the need for modesty and, for most, clothing. But their entire reproductive system is a mystery; they will privilege no one outside their species with knowledge of it.

I could not help thinking of the Habilayans as being female, since they are nearly a foot shorter than Terran men on average, their features are delicate, and their voices are mostly in the alto range. It was a constant battle to remember that they were neither male nor female.

Terrans automatically look to facial features as the symbol of individuality and a means of recognition, but Habilayans' facial features are not distinctive. Instead, they recognize each other by the unique patterns of jeweled skin across their bellies, chests, and backs. The jeweled skin is mostly inelastic and tough — squamous, really — and it apparently serves to protect the tender internal organs.

The curator had admitted to the Habilayans' fascination with our sexual habits, which did nothing to help me keep their sexlessness in mind. As a child on Terra, I'd heard tales of the Habilayans, the strange creatures who were exceedingly kind to humans, but railed at the mention of our bestial sexual habits. If they were so offended by our sexuality, why did they build a monument to it?

I discovered that I'd been thinking aloud when Mick answered my question with a question: "Why are Terrans so fascinated with the repressive culture of the early 21st century? It's partly a sick feeling of pleasure you get from looking at something and knowing that nature must have taken leave of her senses that day, but it's mostly plain old curiosity. We wonder how someone could live with constant intrusion on private life, the denial of

basic medical procedures, the rhetoric about who should and shouldn't have rights. We hope we'll figure out how it could happen just from looking at it long enough."

I nodded; he was right, as usual. I made a mental note to reward him when we got back to the hotel.

On the eve of our last day, Mickey and I went back to the museum. In our shock and excitement, we'd missed most of the Terran exhibits the first time. Now we wanted to see the rest.

Through some misunderstanding of the Habilayan clock, we arrived just before closing. We had barely enough time to begin drooling over the Cowboy and Indian before the Habilayan curator came around to usher us to the exit. She — it — recognized us.

"Good evening," it said. "I expected you much sooner than this."

Smiling, Mickey said, "Your city has so much to offer. We couldn't spare the time until now."

The curator allowed a small grin. "The zoo is about to close, but there is a new exhibit under development. If you'd like to see it, I'll show it to you in a few minutes."

We nodded, rubbing our crotches.

"Wait here," the curator said with a broad smile. It hurried away.

While we watched, the exhibits went dark. The carefully constructed holographic worlds disappeared without ceremony. Rough hands pulled the mechanical actors from their cages. The building grew still.

The curator returned on silent feet, startling us as it drew near. "This way, please," it said.

Following the Habilayan, we ducked through a low doorway and into a narrow room. The walls were bare, revealing the building's dull gray bones. In the distance I could see two of the Folsom Colony figures being carried away. The curator led us in the opposite direction.

Along the wall to our right were the doors into the holographic cages. Small square placards above them bore Habilayan inscriptions to match the spiky script of the exhibit placards. I guessed from my visits on the other side of the wall that we passed the Cowboy and Indian, the Priest and Altarboy, and the Twin Brothers. I pulled out my translator, but we were moving too quickly; I couldn't type in the characters quickly enough.

The curator stopped at a door that resembled all the others and pressed a button to open it. I pocketed the



translator and dropped my jacket to the floor. My hand in Mickey's and my heart in my throat, I stepped through...

...and the compartment was steamy with our breath and the heat of our bodies as we fell together. His mouth was on my mouth, taking me. He fucked my mouth roughly with his hard tongue. His hands found my ass, his fingers gripped and squeezed me, sizing me up. In the moist heat of my skivvies — all I was wearing — my asshole clenched, ready for him, hungry for him.

But he had something else in mind first. He stepped away from me and crouched in front of the duffel bag he'd brought with him. Without the support of his body, I grew dizzy from the rolling of the ship.

Sneering at me over his shoulder, he said, "Something wrong, Private?"

"N-no, Sir." But something was wrong. I vaguely felt that I'd forgotten something, something very important. I looked around the compartment. Thinking slowly and calmly, I reminded myself that I was aboard the *Corcoran*. That the Lieutenant had brought me here, to the weight room, on some flimsy excuse — I couldn't remember it now. And that I'd known all along what he really wanted.

So here we were, alone together in the weight room. My cock was hard and tenting my skivvies. The Lieutenant's ass was round and firm and made my mouth water. The bulge in his trousers proved that his cock was as ready as mine.

All was as it should be, yet something was missing. A door — what the fuck was it about a door?

The Lieutenant turned; he'd been rigging a couple of lead fishing weights to a loop of cord. They dangled from his spread hand, twisting in the air.

"Are jarheads tough, Private?"

"Aye aye, Sir. Jarheads are the toughest fuckin' men on the planet, Sir."

He frowned, as if he'd expected a different answer, but he said, "Knew you'd say that. Drop 'em, soldier."

I hastily obeyed. I stripped off my skivvies and tossed them onto the pile in the corner with the rest of my uniform — or meant to, at least, until I saw that there was no such pile.

The Lieutenant squatted in front of me. He grabbed my balls, none too gently, and slipped the loop of cord around them. My piece, spoiling for a fight, smacked him in the chin. My

balls tentatively took the weight.

He stepped over the pile of my clothing in the corner and picked up my boots. He tossed them to me, and when I leaned to catch them, the weights pulled hard on my 'nads.

"Hold these, Private. Arms out."

"Aye aye, Sir." I obeyed, stretching my arms to the sides in a classic planton.

He was behind me. He kicked my feet apart. "Spread 'em nice and wide. That's it."

Wait. Back up. I stared at the heap of olive drab in the corner. Hadn't I looked there a minute ago? Hadn't the corner been bare?

"I'm waiting, Private," he said.

"Sir, I'm sorry, Sir. I didn't hear you."

He moved closer and spoke directly into my ear. "Swing the weights, asswipe. Now."

"Aye aye, Sir." I wagged my ass for him, letting the weights pull my nuts in a wide back-to-front arc. Almost immediately I felt the stretch and pull deep in my belly.

My arms were already growing weak. "Keep those arms up." His belt sang as he yanked it out of the loops.

"Aye aye, Sir."

The first stroke fell across both ass cheeks and stung like hell. Without thinking, I cried out and stopped swinging the weights. The second stroke made the first seem like a caress.

"Don't think about the belt. Think about the weights and the boots. I won't tell you again."

"Aye aye, Sir."

He whipped my back and ass and legs without mercy. The belt seemed to fall harder each time. My balls ached to the roots, and my arms quivered on the verge of dropping. Vaguely, I heard myself begging for him to stop. I swore I'd do anything.

"I'll stop," he said. "Do you want me to stop?"

"Yes, Sir, please, Sir, yes, Sir, please, Sir."

"I'll stop if you tell me what a jarhead pussy you are."

"Aye aye, Sir," I said, blubbing. "I'm a jarhead pussy, good for nothing but fuckin' up the ass, Sir. I'm a fuckin' jarhead pussy asshole, Sir."

"And tell me why you have a mouth, Private."

"I have a mouth so I can suck cock, Sir. So I can make real men happy, Sir. So I can give pleasure to the real men who would never let a cock in their mouths, Sir."

He was still beating me, but his voice was smooth. "And why should I feed my healthy, clean, straight babymaker to the filthy queer likes of you?"

"Because I live for cock in my mouth, Sir, and I'll give it every ounce of strength I've got, Sir."

"Good enough." He gave me one more, a real killer that rattled my bones. "Suck me, soldier, but don't you dare drop those boots."

"Aye aye, Sir."

I turned to face him. His cock poked from the front of his dungarees. It was a real monster, a handful longer



**T**he Master, drawing a strap from his belt, began whipping both his slave's ass and the pilloried slave's back.

than my own. The thick round knob was already slick with precome. I sank to my knees, careful not to let my arms fall. To my dismay, the weights did not reach the floor and relieve my balls of their burden.

Smacking my lips, I snaked my tongue into the folds of foreskin around the shiny pink head of his tool. He was clean, which surprised and disappointed me: I'd been hoping for a salty lick of cheese. Slowly, I worked him inside of me. He fit neatly into the back of my throat, and I swallowed him with pleasure.

He groaned and, lacing his fingers together at the back of my head, he took over. Endlessly and savagely he bucked into me, until my head spun with the pleasure of his thrusts and,



without regret, I dropped the boots. He did not seem to mind, and when I put my hands on his round ass to whet his ferocity he did not accuse me of insubordination.

At last he shuddered against me and slammed home one last time. I braced myself, waiting for a deluge of squid juice, but none came. Panting, grimacing, grunting, he resumed his



**M**ick's sweat drenched me as his thick pole split my ass. Seeing the young Folsom slave in front of me freshened my desire...

hump. He fucked so hard that I choked on him, but still no spunk...

...from nowhere — from everywhere — a soft alto voice: "That's enough."

The Lieutenant let go of my head. There, where there had once been an ordinary bulkhead, was the door.

"Oh, that door," I thought, and the world disappeared — the mysterious uniform piled in the corner, the rolling of the ship, the weight on my balls — all replaced by the clear glass of the cage and the dark exhibit hall beyond.

"They'll do nicely," said the curator. "Take them."

Two Habilayans — the burliest I'd yet seen and the first I could think of as male — yanked us from the cage and dropped us at their feet. While Mick and I lay drained and helpless on

the floor, the curator dressed them down. He — it — spoke in the Terran Common Language, presumably for our benefit.

"More gas next time. I want this exhibit to be marked by great brutality. And change the routines. The bigger one" — Mick — "should be the jarhead."

It — the curator smiled cruelly, mocking us — "He has the better body. Besides, who will believe a sailor could be forceful enough to handle a Marine like that?" Another mockery, no doubt; Mick and I were only sailors of a sort, but we were certainly not Marines.

The curator said something else in Habilayan, speaking bitterly and with great wrath. I understood one often repeated word, "farh," meaning clothing, and guessed that the curator was not happy about the missing pile of jarhead uniform.

My jacket lay where I'd dropped it, easily within my reach. At the mention of clothing, I clutched at it. I hoped against all reason that I'd brought along some kind of weapon. I believed I'd found it when my fingers brushed a smooth, plastic surface in the left pocket, but it was only the translator. Making sure the curator and his goons didn't see me, I palmed it.

Abashed by their superior's angry words, the curator's brawny assistants lifted us roughly over their shoulders and carried us to a large holding cell.

We've been here ever since, fucking all day for public entertainment in the Jarhead and Squid exhibit, sleeping and eating at night with the other meat puppets in the cell.

Later that night, we learned what the curator meant by "more gas." They pump it into the cages to increase sexual potency and speed the body's healing processes. It's also hallucinogenic, making the virtual world of the cage seem all the more real. When the gas wore off, our balls felt as though they were being smashed to bits with a mallet.

For most of us the gas wipes out big stretches of memory at random. I'm one of the unlucky ones. I can remember everything. I have to look into my partner's eyes every day and see that he has no idea who I am. And worse, I know that, to him, I'm just some pussy squid who needs a good fucking to put him right.

Once, while Mick was trying to fuck some sense into my worthless

squid butt, one of the bulkheads faded slightly, and I suddenly found myself straddling the two worlds: 20th century Terra aboard the *Corcoran* and 25th century Habilay inside the zoo.

In the darkened exhibit hall two Habilayans moved swiftly, binding a Terran — the young, muscled slave we'd seen in the Folsom Colony pillory on that first day — to a kind of slab suspended between two slender columns. The slab pivoted on its supports; the Habilayans raised him so that he was nearly vertical.

The Terran slave tested the leather cuffs that held him spreadeagled. As he settled into the helplessness of his bondage, his cock throbbed to its fullest length and girth.

Mick's sweat drenched me as his thick pole split my ass. Seeing the young Folsom slave in front of me freshened my desire; I snuggled my ass against Mick's belly, urging him deeper.

As if obeying my sense of curiosity, the bulkhead faded further. One of the Habilayans was the curator, I saw now. Its companion was younger — judging by the splendor of its jeweled skin — and much larger. Their colors shone as if lit from deep inside their bodies. Glints of orange and red and blue dazzled me.

Leaning over my back, Mick began crooning obscenities into my ear. He was approaching his climax with grim zeal, forgetting that it was hopelessly blocked by the gas, that he would not have his release.

The curator's companion wheeled a small cart alongside the slab. The Terran, staring at the cart, panicked. He struggled against his bonds, to no avail.

Mick slammed into me one last time, bellowing in rage. I slumped underneath him, broken. I missed feeling his sweet liquid flood my ass, missed the passion and tenderness in his touch that was meant for me and not some cherry sailor boy he barely knew.

Mick tangled his fingers in my hair, pulling it like reins as he mindlessly fucked me, forcing me to face the action in the exhibit hall.

The curator brandished a knife with a very thin blade — a scalpel. He — it — let the light glint off its shining surface, blinding me. I knew then that the bulkhead had not disappeared because of a malfunction, or because of the force of my will, or for any other reason but this: The curator wanted



me to see what happened next. Knowing by now that I had kept my memory, it had prepared this as some kind of warning to me.

With great care, the curator lifted the slave's balls away from his body. Though the boy trembled and sweltered under the weight of his naked terror, his cock only grew harder.

The curator made a single long cut from one side of the scrotum to the other. At first I thought the cut had missed its mark somehow, or that the scalpel was dull, or that the curator had faked the cut to confuse me. But then a film of blood washed the slave's legs — the flow matching the pulse of the slave's softening cock — and the testes dangled in the curator's hand.

The Terran slave passed out, and the Habilayans paid him no further attention. He would bleed to death, but he would go peacefully.

The curator neatly severed the cords and tubes and muscles that held the testes in place. In its small hand the naked, blood-slicked orbs appeared freakishly large.

Mickey grabbed my nipples, twisting them sharply while he rammed me. I barely felt him.

Dropping the scalpel, the curator beckoned its companion, who came as called and then knelt. The curator dropped the larger of the slave's testicles into the younger Habilayan's mouth. Closing its eyes, it chewed slowly. A small grimace passed over its face, but then it smiled and rose to its feet.

The curator ate the other testicle, licking the blood off it for my benefit, rolling it around on its tongue, savoring every bite of it.

Facing each other, the two Habilayans linked hands. While I watched them in profile, the smooth, blank skin in the forks of their legs began to swell and pulse. Soon I realized what was happening: they were growing penises. The two members rose, bumped heads, and crossed.

Bare of foreskin, showing no veins, lacking a clearly defined glans, the columns were formidably long and thick, but rather more plain-looking than their Terran equivalents. Instead of hair at the base, the jeweled skins cowed in a kind of wrinkled cushion. Sacs of tight, smooth skin drawn close to their bodies apparently held their balls or some equivalent organ.

At last — now that I could not possibly care — I knew the secret of the Habilayans' reproductive system.

It was the simplest and most commonly offered explanation: they were not sexless at all. Each was potentially male or female, and developed genitals appropriate to the role it was about to take. The infusion of hormones from the Folsom slave's gonads rapidly caused these two to become males.

And, when they were both fully and impressively male, they set out to mock me with their sport-fucking. Surprisingly, the curator was not the dominant partner. He knelt before his companion and opened his mouth wide to accept the younger man's broad member.

He licked the underside sweetly and gently, in a way that made me hungry for the old familiar tenderness between Mickey and me. The younger man allowed the gentleness for only a moment, then slammed home in a single smooth stroke.

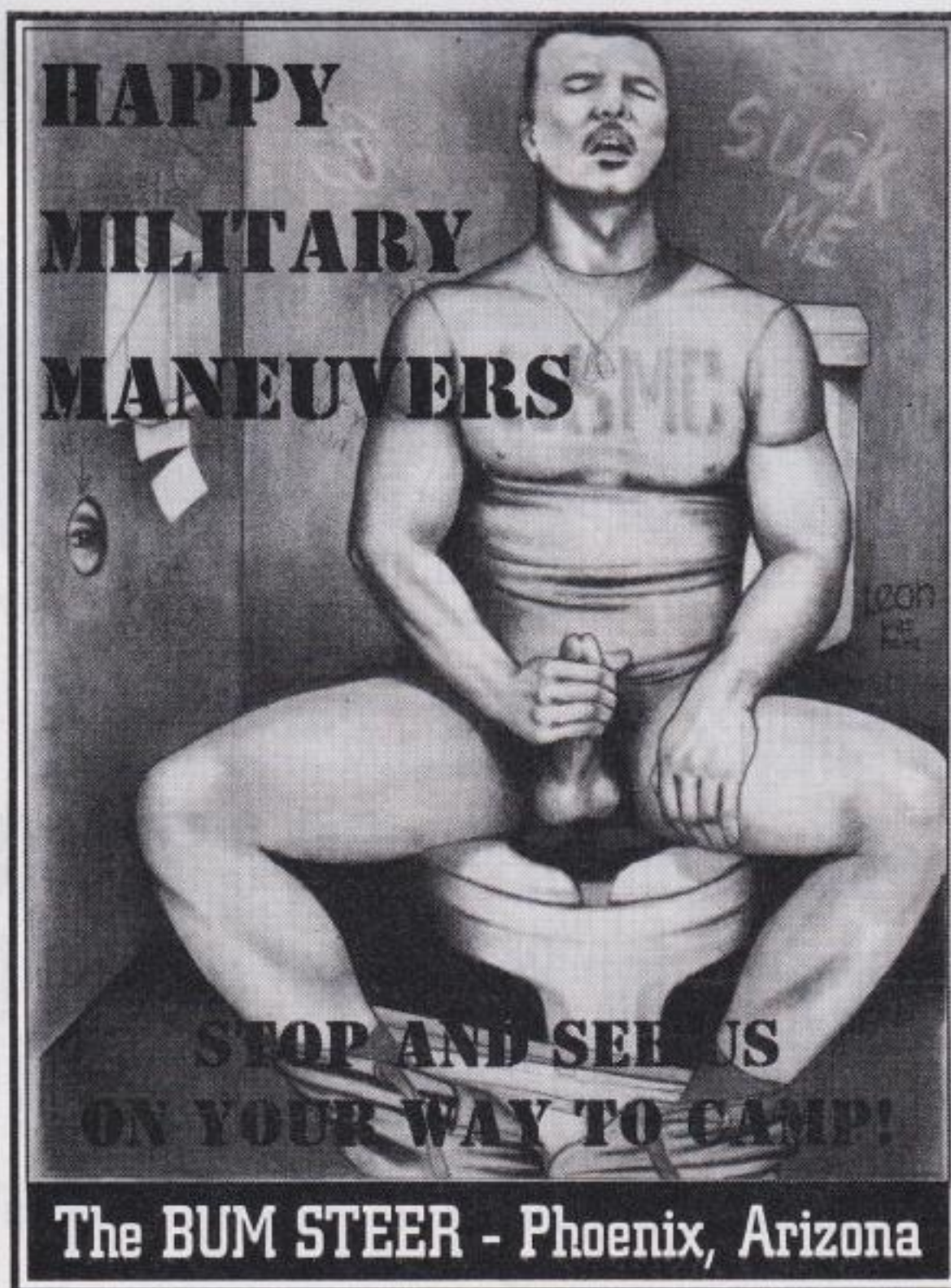
As if following their lead, Mick rammed his cock soundly up my bunghole and held it there — pretending, perhaps, that he was coming. My bawling allowed him to boast of his own prowess.

The curator's companion had little patience for fellatio. He soon arranged the curator on his belly and, searching with his blunt pole for the tiny, hidden anus, rammed home. Their fucking was animal, as savage as the feeding of the tigers and bears on exhibit in the zoo. They scratched and howled and bit. They shook and roared and fought.

They came and came and came.

It took me several days of reprogramming and several weeks of typing, but I've stored this text on my pocket translator's microchip. I only have a little more space left. If you've found the chip and broken the code, you are probably Terran. Please forward it to the Terran diplomatic liaison.

I am almost certainly dead by now. No one is coming to rescue me, I know, and even if someone were, this is the last place anyone would look. Escape is even less likely, and after more than a month of daily exposure to the gas, it's not even a good idea. A tame animal isn't capable of surviving outside of captivity. ■





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A black and white photograph of a woman's face and upper torso. She is wearing a dark collar with metal rings and handcuffs attached to the sides. The text is overlaid on the image.

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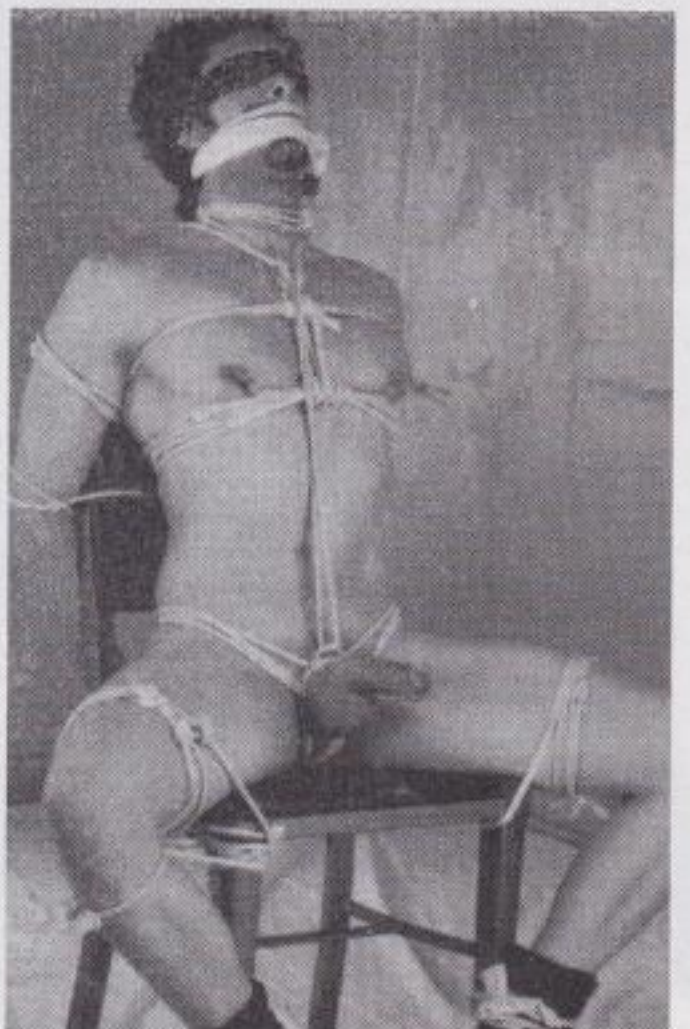
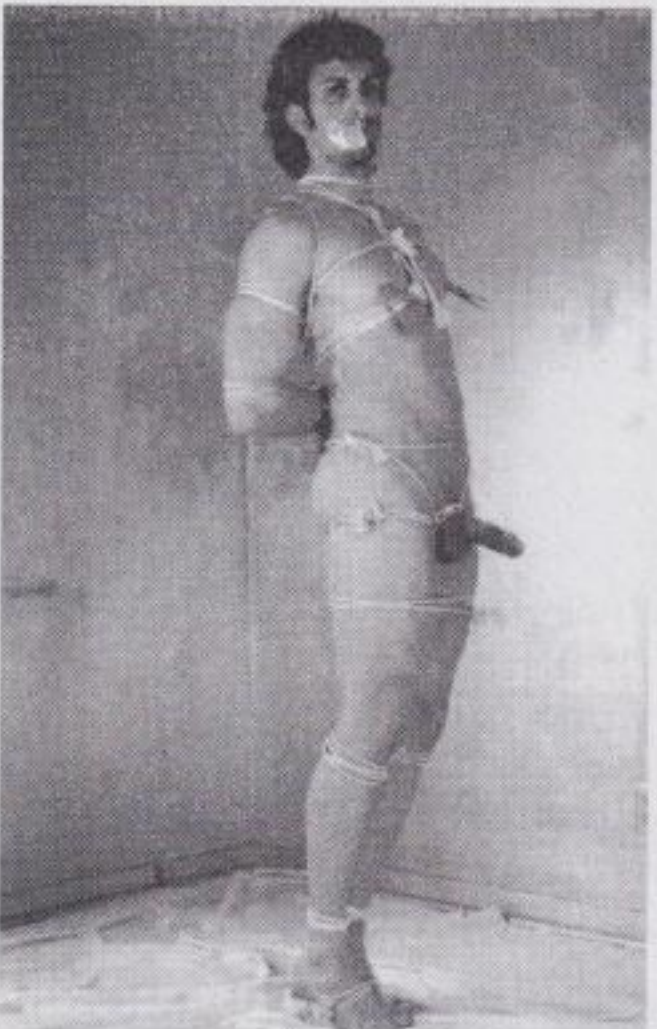
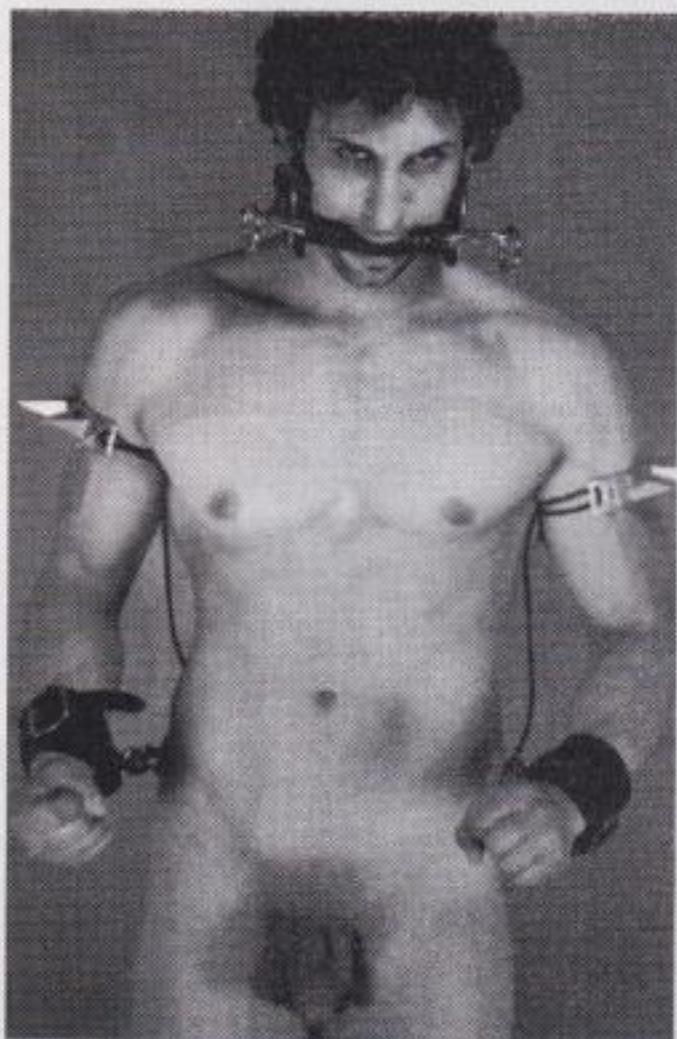
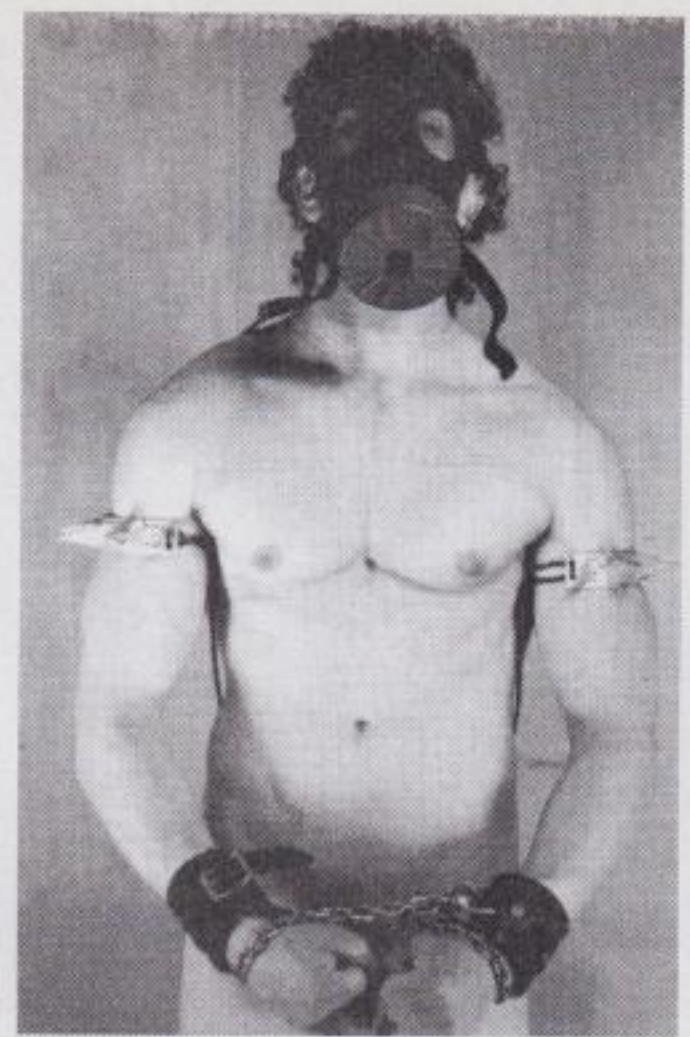
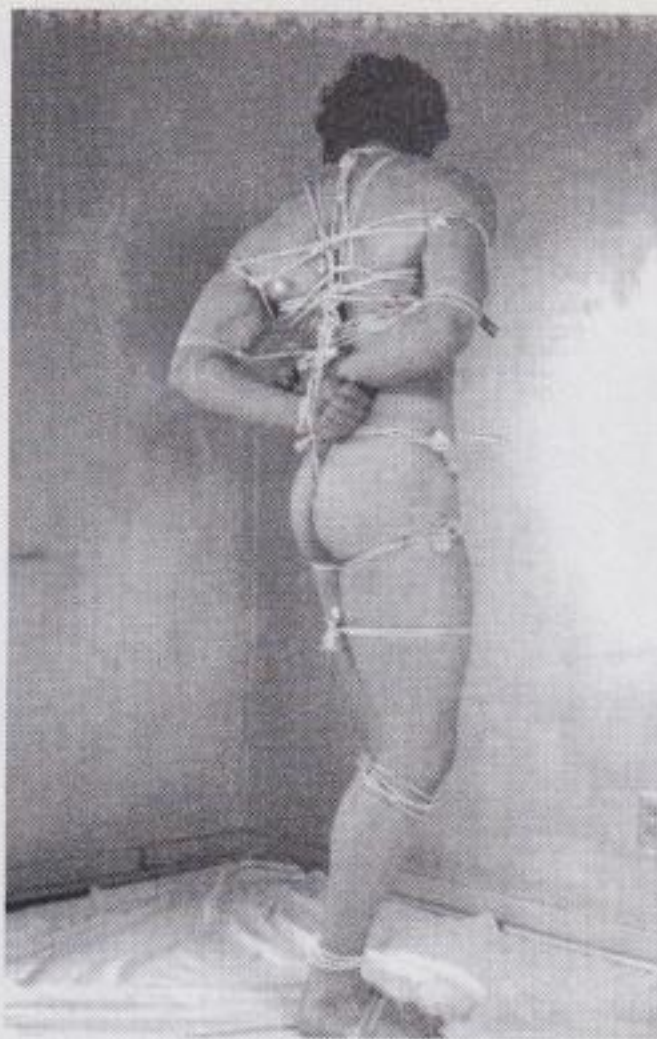
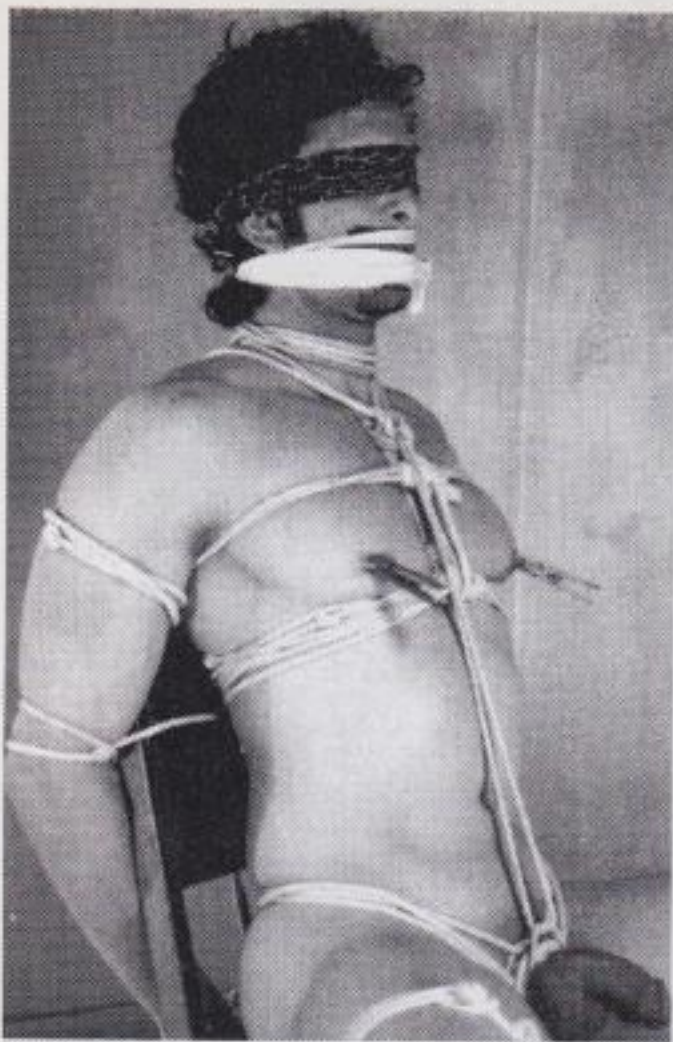
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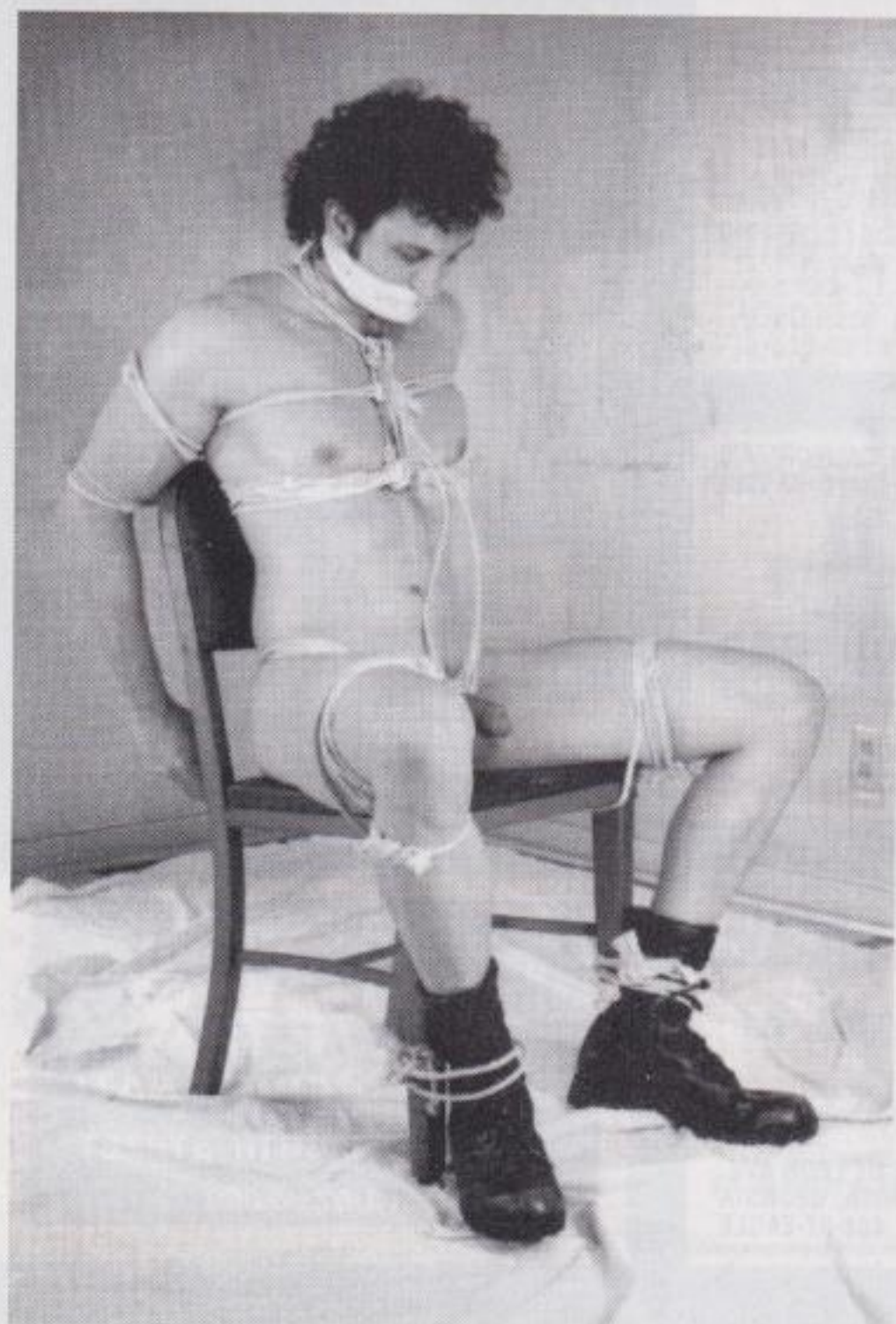
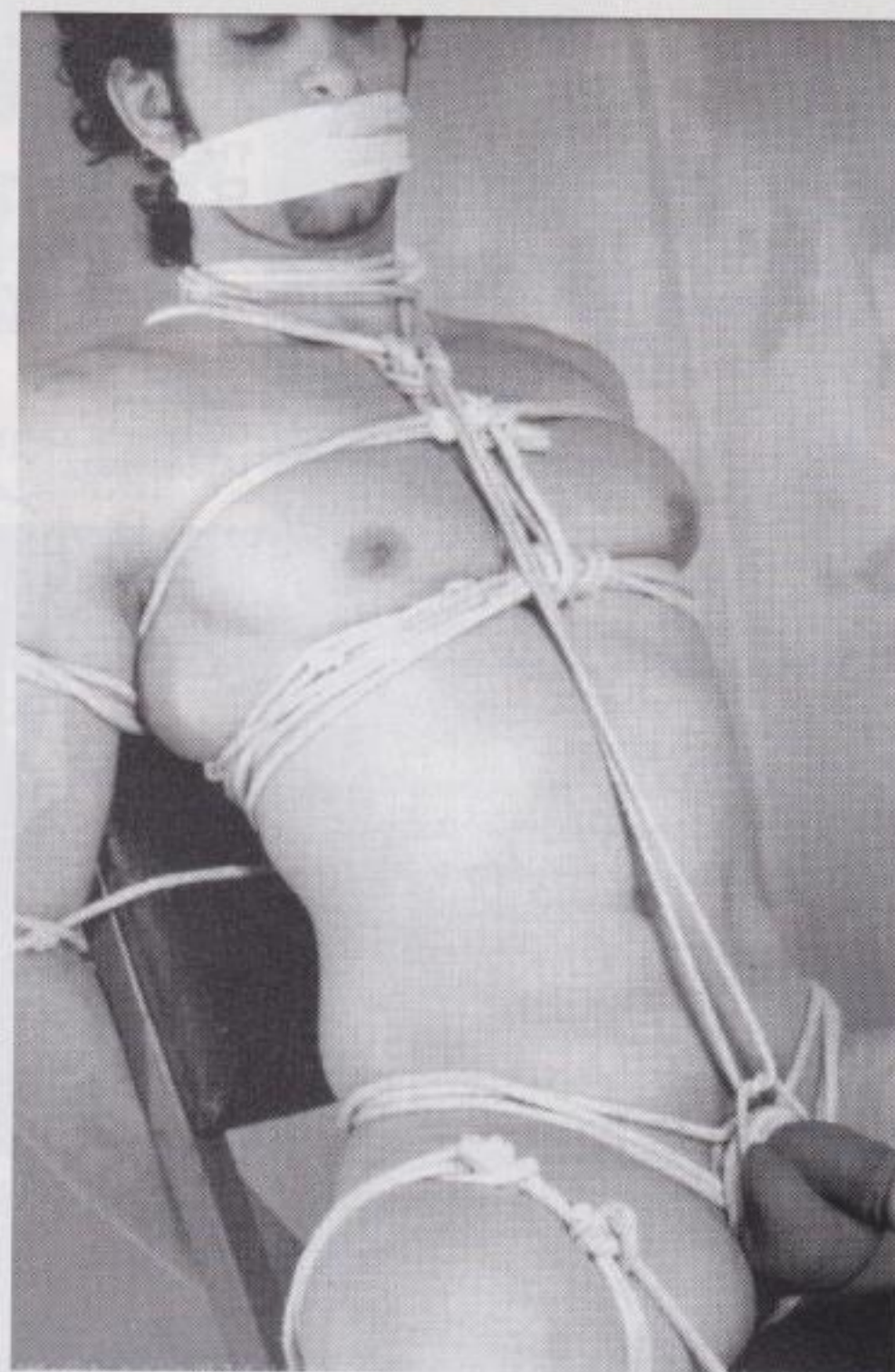












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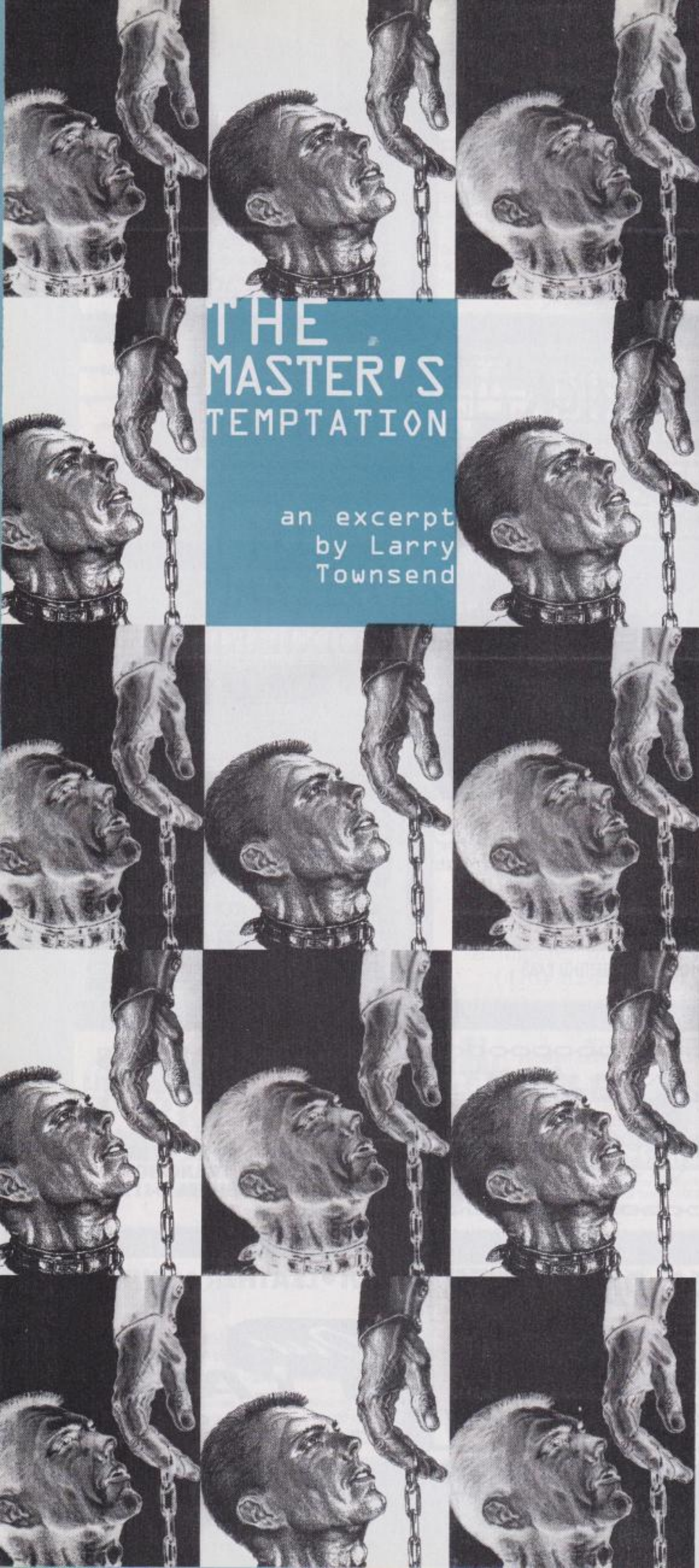
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*Saturday night,  
March 7, 1992*

# THE MASTER'S TEMPTATION

an excerpt  
by Larry  
Townsend

He was waiting when Lance arrived, exactly as he'd been told to do. The door from the garage was unlocked; the stereo played a soft classical guitar arrangement; the lights were turned down until the only illumination was a deep red, so muted it seemed almost tangible. In the center of this stood Carlos, naked except for the hood over his head, and the bands of metal and leather that secured his wrists behind his back, his ankles in a wide-spread stance, and his balls in a deep, leather-clad distention.

Lance moved quietly, knowing his presence had not yet been discerned. He had arrived late — not by very much, just enough that Carlos had to be concerned, wondering if his Master might fail to appear, fearful that no one might discover him in his self-effected bondage before his strength gave out and his body became suspended from the steel chains looped around his neck and fastened to eye bolts in the ceiling.

Lance closed on him, seizing both his nipples with leather-gloved fingers. He gripped them hard, deliberately causing his subject pain as the flesh twisted within his grip. He could hear the prisoner sigh and suck a deep breath inside his hood. He wore the old leather head covering Lance had given him, with a snap-on gag and blindfold. Both were in place, again in keeping with the Master's instructions. Carlos could neither speak nor see; and there was padding at the sides, over his ears, to restrict his ability to hear. With the gag pressing down his tongue and the leather odors filling his nostrils, the only totally remaining sense was tactile. Which meant he could sense the warmth of Lance's body as the leather-clad Master stood close to him, or the touch of kidskin gauntlets upon his flesh...or the pain that might be inflicted with any of the numerous straps, scourges and whips which hung along the wall behind his naked being.

Lance grasped the hood with both hands, scraping leather across leather to make the rasping sounds echo, magnified in his captive's brain. "Hey, how's my favorite Chicano cocksucker," he whispered against the hood, knowing it would aggravate his captive. Carlos was South American, not Mexican, and hated to be mistaken for the latter. "I hope your tight little home-boy ass is ready for me, Esse," Lance taunted him.

The rigidly bound figure tried to answer, a muffled "Yes, Sir," probably. A nod of his leather-covered head. He could manage no more than this, and the insult served only to heighten his sense of humiliation — hence his arousal.



Lance ran his hands over warm, naked skin, testing the firmness, although he knew it well, and knew, too, that he would find no patch of fat, no sagging flesh anywhere on this body. Carlos had been a regular for over a year, a confirmed bottom who nonetheless refused to bond with anyone he didn't know — or who had not been a referral from someone he trusted. Born in northern Colombia, he had come to the United States as a child when the cartels drove his family from their extensive holdings in the area of Serrania de San Jeronimo. But he was now as American as anyone Lance knew, although he still retained a certain quality that sometimes made him seem almost European — a proper man with the ethnic beauty of his ancestral, Castilian homeland: dark auburn hair that appeared black under the restricted lighting conditions of his dungeon. Of course, that was covered now, except for the curly patch above his ample genitals. Likewise, his startlingly light green eyes were concealed beneath the hood.

He was not tall, the top of his head coming barely level with the center of his companion's face as Lance stood before him, pulling his captive's velvety warmth against the leather chaps that covered the Master's legs, against the rising lust protruding from both their loins. Lance felt the contours of Carlos's muscular being through the tightly fitted shield of leather that covered his own lower body. Above this, the Top wore only a vest, cut so that most of his chest was exposed. This allowed him the powerfully intimate contact that almost mistook itself for a greater emotion, nearly melted his lust to deliver the punishment he knew the other man desired.

Lance did love him; and while he had never admitted this aloud, he felt almost protective toward this intelligent, handsome being who so desperately craved an increasingly heavier abuse. Carlos was a true, uninhibited masochist. He loved to receive pain, and he took enormous pride in his ability to bear whatever his Master might demand of him — pride as well in the subsequent display of his lash marks and bruises. He would probably not have been happy to receive some permanent scar or injury, but he knew Lance would not subject him to these.

For his part, Lance forced the more restrictive thoughts from his consciousness, and gave the supplicant his due — reassured by the response to every blow: a groan or sigh, always more of pleasure than any expression of distress. Nothing he could do to him — at least nothing he would do to him — was likely to produce a different response. And this was the crux of it, really. Carlos was comfortable

with Lance, knowing exactly how far it might go — and Lance with him, because he knew, in turn, exactly how much punishment his subject could take. Only now he had to work himself into it, had to feel the lust building in his balls before he could give the bound and helpless figure the full measure of his cravings.

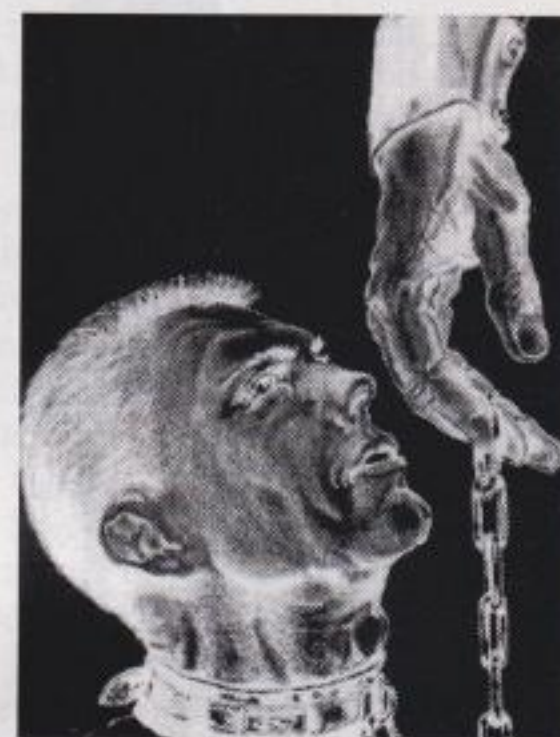
Then the fluids were flooding through Lance's lower body. The harsh desires were taking possession of him, and he reveled in the high of power and control as he lashed his partner's unprotected back and buttocks. He was using a rubber cat, a scourge that caused only moderate pain, but which left longer-lasting marks upon his slave's milk white skin. He could see the tracks only dimly, than gradually darkening until they appeared almost black under the deep red glow. Tomorrow they would stand out stark and angry in the sunlight when Carlos lay beside the pool; and his guests would whisper among themselves. He would do this, even if the chill of early spring still hung in the air — strip off his shirt and parade himself in the sunlight to display his "battle scars." Carlos regularly hosted a Sunday brunch — every second week — even if he was kept busy and awake all the previous night. In the bright light of day he was a celebrated man, known and respected for his business skills and stock market wisdom — and his wealth. But tonight, in the darkness of his dungeon, he belonged to another, his body given willingly to this one man who had earned his total trust.

Lance took him down and repositioned him on a flat medical table that served as a rack. Various appliances had been attached to adjoining walls and to the floor, enabling the Top to secure his subject in any of several positions and to use many different types of devices on his body. Once he had the lithe, slender form strapped down, arms and legs extending over either end of the table, the Top stood back to admire the results of his efforts. He watched the heavy cock begin its gradual enlargement, recovering from its lethargy during the several minutes it had taken Lance to reposition his subject. Now, desire was flooding back and the powerful tool was filling out to stretch in seeking demand across the firm, flat midsection. Lance smiled to himself, remembering how different it had been the first time they had worked together. That was over a year ago, and Carlos had come to him in a state of frantic desire, heavily tinged with fear. His experience with SM and bondage had been largely fantasy. His only actual exchange had been with other youngsters during his last year of high school, with none of them knowing exactly what to do, or how to do it. When

Lance had stripped him down, admiring the perfection of tightly displayed muscles, he had not been immediately impressed with the cock, which had shriveled so completely as to all but disappear into the auburn pubes. But Lance had applied a simple rope bondage, securing his subject to a narrow cot — smaller than the one that now served as a bondage table. When he looped the cords about the base of the tightly contracted genitals, the cock had given a sudden spasm, and as the bondage tightened around the base, it had continued to swell until the hooded crown reached to within a hair's breadth of the navel. Then it had lifted and fallen under its own power, as if responding to some stimulus beyond the understanding or reach of either participant. And after a few moments of this, it had suddenly erupted, shooting a cascade of creamy jism all across the tightly restricted flesh, casting a sodden line up the center of the chest, puddling in the depression below the neck and even striking the chin.

But there would be no premature ejaculation tonight. After a year of mutual exchange, the two men were so well mated, the timing of their interaction was no longer a problem that needed much planning. Everything happened exactly as it should, with neither having consciously to concern himself about the other's responses. That, at least, was the overt perception on the part of Carlos, who harbored no trace of anxiety over entrusting his body — and, in effect, his life — to his long-term Master. Lance might cause him pain beyond the elemental limits, especially in some moment of rapture. But there was no need for anxiety beyond this — or so the bottom believed. Nor did Lance doubt the parameters of his role. The harsher lusts lay buried, well concealed and all but forgotten — except that for some reason, his sessions with Carlos brought his darker thoughts into focus.

It was a secret fantasy that periodically



**LANCE CLOSED ON HIM, SEIZING BOTH HIS NIPPLES WITH LEATHER-GLOVED FINGERS. HE GRIPPED THEM HARD, DELIBERATELY CAUSING HIS SUBJECT PAIN AS THE FLESH TWISTED WITHIN HIS GRIP.**



haunted Lance Williamson. It was not exactly a recurring dream, because it was not repetitive. It was more like a mini-series, a dreadful, sweat-provoking, experience — each new installment an adventure built on the residue of the last. It came only seldom in Lance's slumbers, perhaps three or four times within a year; but memory of each session left him shaken and unable to return to sleep — afraid what might happen if he did. It all seemed so real, it sometimes left him wondering if he might really have committed these acts, and that his subconscious mind was acting as a shield, covering it up and removing it from his waking memory, sparing him the horror until the



**...AFTER BEING UNABLE TO EVOKE A PROPERLY PAINED RESPONSE, LANCE HAD THROWN HIM DOWN ON HIS BELLY, TIED HIM FIRMLY IN PLACE AND WHIPPED HIS ASS UNTIL THE LACERATIONS WERE DEEP AND THE SKIN WAS CUT IN CRISSCROSS PATTERNS...**

truth broke through, unbidden in his subconscious. He had dreamt the last installment only a couple of nights before, and it was still fresh in his mind.

It had started in the little house he used to lease in the San Fernando Valley, on a quiet side street in Van Nuys. According to his dream, he had brought a young man home from off the streets of Hollywood, and had worked him over after binding his hands behind

his back. But the kid had fought him, kicking at him and scratching Lance's chest with his toenails. An interesting interlude, a piece of something which had once really happened. But with the kid in the dream, Lance had subdued him with a heavy blow against the captive head.

The punk had then submitted, and Lance had used his body in more than just the usual games. The kid had challenged him in the beginning, then taunted him at every step, as if each successively heavy usage were no true test of the young man's endurance, and not worthy of a real Master's demonstrated talents. Finally, after being unable to evoke a properly pained response, Lance had thrown him down on his belly, tied him firmly in place and whipped his ass until the lacerations were deep and the skin was cut in

crisscross patterns — a far heavier usage than Lance had ever made of any real life bottom. Then he'd fucked him, a punishment fuck, hard and painful — again, a degree of abuse that he had never matched in reality.

All this might not have formed the basis for such a frightening series of dreams, but now the kid began to deride his Master's prowess, casting cynical aspersions about the size and strength of the cock that plowed his ass — certainly not a realistic assessment, and one that should in itself have disproved the validity of the dream. But in this dreadful recall, Lance responded in anger — more than anger, in a blind fury. He seized the punk's head and shoved it hard against the mattress, but the sneering laughter never stopped. He pulled back then, forcing the surly lips away from the bed and twisting the head hard to one side until the telling "snap" sent a bolt of fear into his frenzied brain, and in that moment he realized his partner was dead.

In a panic, he withdrew his cock and stared in disbelief at the silent form beneath him. He still felt angry, although fear and horror were rapidly replacing any other sensation. There was then a break, as if a transition in a dramatized film. He did not remember how he removed the body from the house, but he could recall driving with the bundled corpse beside him in the front seat of his four-wheel-drive. He went along the shore of a marshy pond — a place he could never recall ever visiting before or since. He bound the body inside a blanket, well wrapped in rope and weighted with heavy rocks taken from the periphery of the pond. Then he had shoved the body under the water and fled.

Strangely enough, he could never remember actually dreaming the initial sequence. But in the subsequent segments, he looked back on the experience as if it were a valid memory, and the succeeding events were dependent upon it. In one instance he was returning home, but saw the police ransacking his house and he knew the reason. He had been forced to flee and desperately contrived to survive as a fugitive until the near approach of his potential captors awakened him.

Another time, he had been compelled to return to the pond, to assure himself that the body had not been discovered. He had embarked in a glass-bottom boat, trying to locate the bound remains on the bottom of the lake, while pretending to the operator of the vessel that he was actually interested in the colorful fish that schooled beneath the surface. Finally, when he had been unable to find his quarry, the young, not unattractive boat operator, had come up behind and groped

him from between his legs, telling him that they'd found a body right in this spot more than a year ago, and no one knew who the victim had been, and now no one really cared. He'd continued to unbutton Lance's jeans, and the touch of his warm lips had awakened the dreamer.

There had been other moments of horror in this protracted series, and on awakening they had always seemed so real that each required a substantial session of thought and reassurance to convince Lance that he had indeed been dreaming. And in the end, two poignant truths penetrated his consciousness. First, he knew that he would never permit his own destruction at the price of another's survival. And secondly, he realized that the horror he felt in each of the episodes he experienced stemmed not so much from any qualms of conscience, but rather from his fears of retribution — be this from the law, or from the ghostly form of his victim seeking some eerie retribution.

Lance shrugged away the unwanted fantasy and returned his attention to the reality of the bound, naked man who lay before him. Yet the final vestige of recall remained, and he sensed a renewed perception of power, harbored the brief and fleeting knowledge that with a single twist of his arms he could snap the vertebrae in Carlos's neck just as easily as he had done in his dream. He possessed the power. He did not possess the right, and the very realization that the dreadful dream had intruded — even ever so slightly — into this reality made him shudder.

Lance arrived home in early daylight, having driven through nearly deserted streets and pulling into his driveway just as the sun burst in a blaze of golden orange over the horizon. In fact, the sudden explosion of light caught him when he passed the opening between houses, and left him blinking as he entered the relative darkness of his garage. He owned a small home in the hills above West Hollywood — in an area which had traditionally been close to city life when one wished to avail himself of its advantages, yet far enough removed to avoid the worst of the negatives. For this reason, Lance had not thought twice about leaving his garage door open when he'd left that evening. Now, as his dark green BMW glided to a halt, he noted the open door on the Range Rover — "The Jeep" as everyone called it.

Lance had bought the four-wheel-drive from a client who had inherited it from his lover, and who had been anxious to get rid of a vehicle that held so many ambivalent memories for him. For Lance, it had been a perfect opportunity to acquire something more appropriate than his Beamer when he went on one or



another of the cycle club runs. Now, however, he bolted out of his car to stare in silent fury at the Rover. Someone had smashed the window on the passenger side, opened the door, and stolen the new tape deck which Lance had bought only a couple of weeks before. Muttering to himself, he stepped outside and pulled down the overhead door. "Got to get an automatic opener," he told himself. "Been putting it off for months. Fuckin' bastard!"

Inside, he made a quick check of the premises to assure himself that the thief had not penetrated the house proper, then shucked his leathers as he poked the button on his answering machine. Rich's voice caused him to pause in his movements to listen.

"Lance, I'm calling you at a little after two o'clock, 'cause I know I won't wake you up. You told me you'd be out, but I'm hoping you'll get this first thing when you come back. I came straight home when I left you at the Sheriff's station, and I've been here ever since. Nicky's never come back, and he hasn't called. I'm frantic enough about that, but now I look through the window and there's some guy sitting out front in a car. I can't see him too well, but the car looks like a plainclothes cop car. Now I don't even know if it's safe to use the phone. Could they have bugged it? Please call me, baby — whenever you get back. I don't care how late. I won't be asleep anyway."

"Fuck! No rest for the weary." The big paralegal finished unzipping the skin-tight chaps, which had been tailored to be worn directly against his skin instead of over a pair of jeans. He dropped them on the floor beside his boots. Standing naked except for the leather vest, he finished running the messages from his machine — no voice, but at least a half-dozen hang-ups — then he punched Rich's code on the autodialer, leaving the receiver down as he lit a cigarette — feeling guilty as he did it. "Only the fourth today — no, new day. The first today."

Rich must have fallen asleep despite his doubts, and his own machine answered before he fumbled the phone off the hook. Lance heard his friend punch out the recorded voice as he settled into a leather easy chair beside his own instrument. He left it on "speaker" as Rich cleared his throat. "Lance, is that you?"

"It's me. What's happened?"

"Well, Nicky still hasn't come home, but the cop's gone. He drove off about a half hour after I called you."

"What makes you so sure he was a cop?"

"He was in a car with black-wall tires, and there was a little antenna sticking up in the middle of the trunk."

"Yeah, that sounds like a cop. If he

shows up again try to get a license number, so I can check it out."

"I'm more worried about Nicky — and the phone. Do you think it might be tapped?"

"Not unless you made them think you're in the rackets — or running dope," Lance replied lightly. His fingers traced the line on his thigh, where the chaps had left a narrow red trail. Must have put on a couple of pounds, he thought. Gotta watch the starches.

"Jesus, Lance, don't say something like that on the phone, even in play. What if they are tapping the line?"

"They're not," the paralegal assured him.

"But what if..."

"They're not," Lance repeated. "But I'm getting a little worried about Nicky, too. Have any idea where he might'a gone?"

"Not a clue." Rich's voice over the speaker phone sounded discouraged — and tired, more tired than his overt circumstances might have implied.

"Well, Rich, he's a big boy. He'll have to make his own decision on this. He's probably scared shitless — maybe even started to come home and spotted the cop...got scared and ran off. Give it a little more time. I'm sure you'll hear from him."

The big Top stood up, shrugging off his vest to stand naked in front of the desk where the small red glow showed on the phone panel. It was the only light in the room, except for a subtle aura of sunlight seeping in around the blackout curtains as he said good-bye to his friend and clicked the speaker off.

He absently stroked his dick, pulling the foreskin loose from the crown, feeling the renewal of lust in his balls. He'd cum before he left Carlos, of course, following his well-established pattern — the grand climax to which both of them habitually built. After working his captive's ass until it fairly glowed with radiated warmth, he'd held the supine figure down and slipped his well-lubricated dick inside — careful, of course, that he had a rubber securely in place. Then he'd fucked, forcing himself to slow whenever the fires of passion threatened to erupt, holding back just long enough to permit the critical moment to pass, then slamming himself again atop the round, firm curves. It had been a contest of control, the bridling of passions that both desired, yet both strove to prolong.

"Crazy. The longer I stretch it out in a scene, the hornier I am after I get home." He lifted his cock in the palm of his hand, felt it respond and lift free of its own volition. "Um, time for a shower — a hot shower." He started toward the bathroom when his phone rang. The digital

clock beside it on the desk read 6:35. He started to reach for the receiver, then stopped. Let the fucking machine get it. If it's someone I want to...

"Lance, it's Nicky. If you're there, please pick up the phone. I'm at the bottom of the hill. Is it all right if I come up?"

"Are you the one who kept calling and hanging up when the machine answered?"

"Uh...yeah, I'm sorry, man, but I really wanted to talk to you, and I didn't want to leave a message." His voice was plaintive, his tone almost pleading.

Lance really wanted nothing more than a quick shower and a few hours' sleep. In all the time Nicky had lived with Richie, he had never spoken more than a few words to Lance, and their outward relationship had never been more than casual toleration. The kid seemed to sense the bigger man's unease when they were thrown together. Yet, there was no disputing that Nicky was a real beauty, and the idea of being in the house alone with him created an unwelcome stir in Lance's groin. "Okay," he sighed. "Come on up. I'm going to take a shower, but I'll leave the side door unlocked." He had already hung up when he realized that Nicky had never been to the house, and had no idea what door he meant. Tough shit! If he wants it badly enough, he'll find it, and he padded off to the bathroom.

Standing under the hot water, watching it cascade across his smoothly muscled body, Lance felt a concomitant heat rising inside himself. His cock was already swelling into a heavy arch, so that a thick stream of water coursed its length and plunged off the hooded crown as if his bladder had suddenly voided itself of an impossible fullness. He stroked himself, bringing an instant erection and increased desire to unleash the remaining lusts of his body.

He smiled to himself, toying with the idea of allowing Nicky to find him naked, in the shower with a full, raging boner. That would be pretty tacky, and it wouldn't make Rich very happy, he thought, and I'd probably feel guilty as shit afterward. But the kid was a hunk and a half — and no longer underage. "That'd be a lousy trick," he told himself again, and finished his shower without doing anything else to arouse his passions. But this also left his lusts unrequited.

He dried himself with an oversized bath towel and slipped into a pair of gray workout pants — and nothing else. He gave his thick brown hair a quick comb, then went into the den to make himself a drink. He glanced at the clock over the bar. It had been twenty minutes since Nicky's call. He dropped a couple of ice cubes into his glass, wondering why it was taking the kid so long to arrive. Then it



dawned on him that Nicky was probably on foot. He certainly had no car of his own, and maybe not the fare for a cab. He was most likely walking up the hill. "Christ, it'll take him an hour!" But just as Lance muttered the unhappy thought, he heard the door open in the next room, and a moment later Nicky Trent was standing in front of him.

"I didn't think about your having to walk," Lance began. "Sorry you had that long haul up the hill."

"Oh, I got a ride about half way up. Guy wanted my body, but he backed off when I told him I was coming to see my Master." Nicky grinned — a thoroughly disarming expression that forced a chuckle from Lance, despite his fatigue and uneasiness over the kid's untimely visit.

"So, why didn't you go home?"

"I did. At least I tried to, but that fuckin' cop was sitting out front in an unmarked car and I was afraid he'd bust me again."

"He won't," Lance assured him. "The worst he'll do is try to scare you into making some statement detrimental to Rich, about you having sex with him before you were of age. But there's nothing he can do to you, now that you're over eighteen. You can tell him to go fuck himself."

"That's exactly what I did tell him." There was a decided note of pride in the young man's tone. "At the Sheriff's station," he added, "when the asshole was trying to make me admit like you said — that I'd been having sex with Richie."

"That's not exactly what I meant," Lance replied. "When you tell a cop to go get fucked, you shouldn't say it in just those words. It makes them want to get even with you. That may be why the shthead's sitting out in front of your house."

"It's not my house," Nicky replied unexpectedly.

"Well, it's certainly been your home for almost two years." Lance regarded his visitor quizzically, surprised by the kid's remark.

Nicky eyed the glass in Lance's hand, saying nothing, but moving toward one of the big upholstered chairs. Lance motioned him to sit down and asked if he'd like a drink.

"Just a Coke or something. I'm sorry, Lance. I know you and Richie have been friends for a long time, and I know you don't approve of me..."

"It's not that I don't approve of you," replied the paralegal. "I was just afraid that Rich would get into exactly the kind of trouble that happened yesterday — except I was afraid it might happen sooner, when he'd really have been in hot water."

"Yeah...well see, I didn't mean to cause the situation, but Richie and me, we had

something going that gave us both something we wanted...needed, really. I was a queer teenager with no place to live, and Richie was a guy with a good job who liked chicken. I was happy with the arrangement, and I know he was, too." The kid's voice trailed off, as he watched Lance with a pleading expression.

"You're telling me you want to break it off?"

Nicky nodded, and Lance noted a glint of moisture in the wide, gray-blue eyes. "Let me try to explain," he said earnestly, leaning forward in his seat, his gesturing fingers almost touching Lance's knee. "See, I guess I got a Daddy thing. Anyway, I like older guys. And I like Richie a lot. He's been real good to me, and we've had good sex 'an everything, except...well, it's not very exciting anymore — at least not for me, and so I'm not really giving Richie what he wants. He says it doesn't matter, that we're going through a "phase in our relationship" and that things will get better. Only I know they won't, because I don't feel that way about him anymore."

"You're saying that you've gotten everything you can from him, and..."

"No! That isn't what I mean!" There were now two rivulets of tears streaming down the youngster's cheeks. "I mean that I feel about Richie like I would someone in my family. I feel strongly about him, but I really don't want to have sex with him anymore. And...and maybe this wouldn't all have come up right now, and be such a problem like it is, except for all this horseshit with the cops, and that big cigar-chewing bastard who's waiting for me outside the house."

He was really sobbing, then, and Lance regretted the harshness of his attitude. But there was more than the obvious reason for that. He was attracted to the kid, had been since first meeting him, and in a way had envied Rich's courage in pursuing the relationship. He had also detected a reciprocal interest on the kid's part. But Lance was hesitant to take advantage of the situation. Rich was his friend, and he didn't want to betray him. Yet the atmosphere of the room was decidedly sexual. He knew that the kid would be in his arms if he gave the slightest encouragement, and much as he might have enjoyed the contact, he couldn't bring himself to initiate it.

"I want the kind of sex you're involved with," Nicky added unexpectedly. "The idea of being tied up and naked and having to do what the other guy wants me to do. That really turns me on!" He fixed Lance again with a penetrating gaze of those innocent light-hued eyes, and it was all the bigger man could do not to make a physical response — other than the involuntary one he could feel inside

the gray jersey joggers.

"So, what are you telling me?"

The youngster continued to stare at him for several more seconds. "I don't want to hurt Richie, either," he replied evasively. "But I'm bored with him — sexually, I mean. We haven't had really good sex for over six months — just him sucking me off once in a while. That's why I thought...maybe...since I can't go home, anyway..."

"Nicky, Rich and I have been friends for almost 12 years — close friends. No matter how much I might want you, I can't play that kind of game on him — especially not right now, when he's already so upset."

The kid sighed and leaned back in his chair, allowing his Levi's-clad legs to spread, revealing a quite respectable mound about the crotch. "Then I guess you'd better call Richie and tell him I came up here, because I saw the cop and was afraid to go home." He continued to stare at Lance with an unblinking gaze. "But once I work it out with Richie, I want to come back." It wasn't a question, or even a plea. Nor was it a statement in any way submissive, certainly not the way a prospective bottom should be talking to the man he wished to have as his Master.

"Yeah, sometime," Lance muttered, and he picked up the phone, intending to punch in Rich's code. But something stayed his hand. He looked again at the kid, and the unspoken message that passed between them caused him to replace the receiver. Then Nicky was on his knees in front of the bigger man. With barely a momentary hesitation his fingers fumbled for the drawstring on Lance's sweatpants. As the gray material fell away from the slender hips and onto the floor, the kid's lips closed about the half-risen shaft while he shrugged out of his shirt, began to work the belt loose from his own narrow waist.

Lance closed his eyes, allowing the incredible sensation to possess him, forcing his mind to ignore the implications of guilt and conscience. A prick has no conscience, he told himself, muttering the thought loud enough that the kid must have heard it, because he made a snorting sound deep in his throat as he abruptly forced himself fully onto Lance's now fully expanded cock, almost choking as he took it totally into himself. ■

*This story will be continued in Larry Townsend's latest "murder-mystery novel" entitled:*

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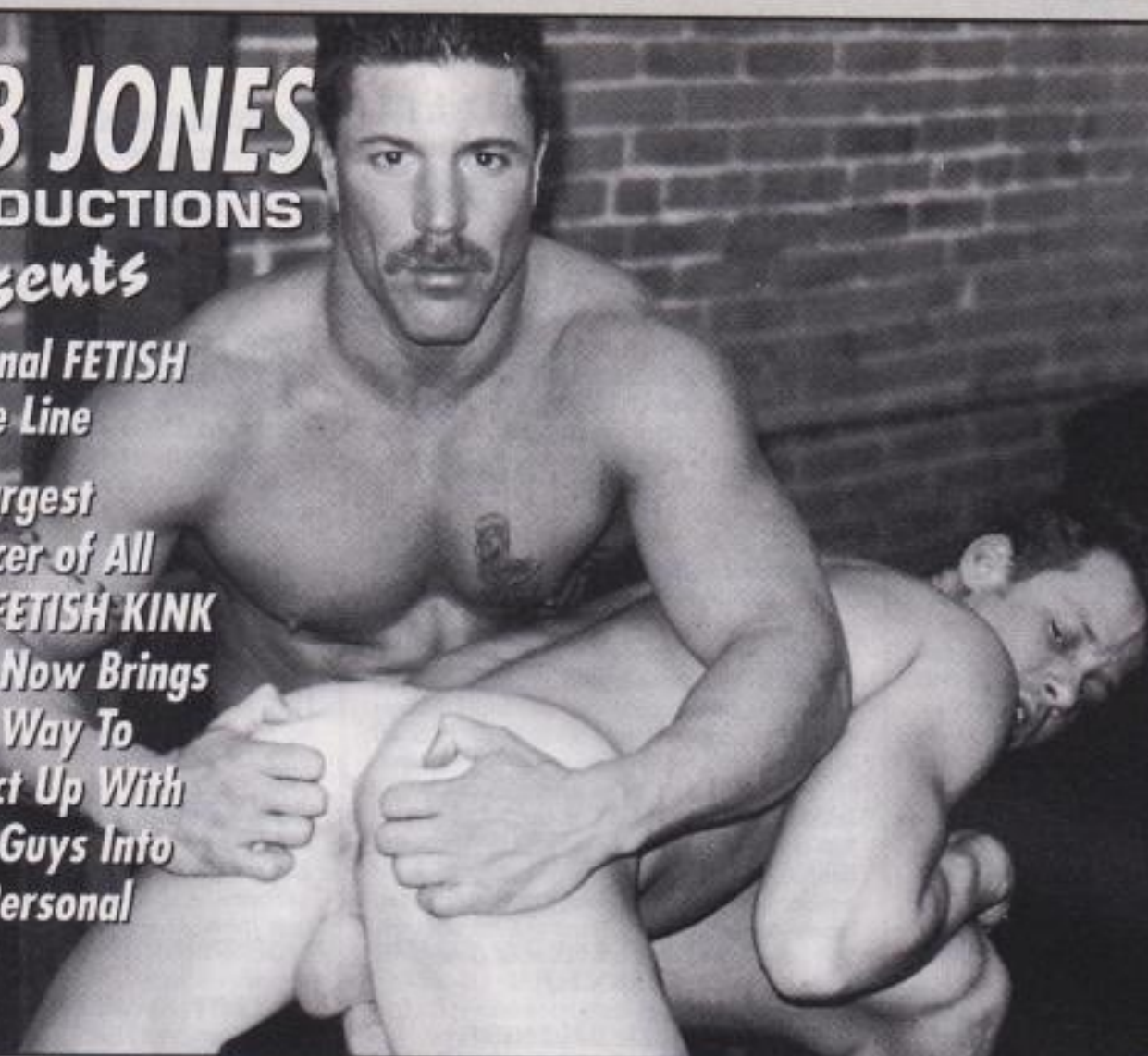


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Exhibitionistic, smooth, tight and hard wanted for wild, hot, bound, dungeon sex; then bound cuddling or at my feet. Live in leather, spandex and rubber, shackles and collar, in public and private. Me 20's, 150#, smooth and tight. I may look like an innocent boy, but I ride my boys hard. Photo/phone to Box 8852LF

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Once you earn it. Looking for a bad-ass captor with the facility/attitude to enforce 3+ days of harsh, no-options confinement. MH, 1530 Locust St. #22, Philadelphia, PA 19102. Call (215) 545-7615 before 11PM EST. No JO calls. Your place at your command. 5804LF

### A TOPMAN OF COLOR

needed by a kinky bottom, 35yo, 6', 160#, boyish Nordic looks. A desire to please and worship, cuddle to rough stuff. My wish is to submit, service and satisfy. Can travel east coast. Let me make your fantasy come true. Box 3650LF

### A SUCK SLAVE

Attractive WM, 34yo, 5'11", 190#, LG, bald, wants to be slave for group of men or 1 on 1. Into dog training, mouth fucking, whipping, hot wax, dildoes, etc. Pet owners, let me be your total slut! Send detailed letter with phone. Travel is no problem. 5876LF

### A BOY KNOWS WHO'S BOSS

and what boys are good for. Older, muscular, hung, uncut Top wants one outstanding submissive HIV+ boy who can learn to take orders, discipline & punishment and service a superior cock. The right boy dreams of being used/abused by Dad. This opportunity is real. 8940LF

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Sadistic. No limits. Jocks, cops, guards, military type for heavy bondage, suspension, whipping, flogging, medical & electric trips. No mercy. Heavy pain. Total control to an ultimate execution. All answered. Photo/phone optional. Can travel extensively. MRC, Box 340529, Tampa, FL 33694. 9278LF

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Wanted: Raw, Muscular, Untested Male, Physically imposing, mentally agile, sexually compliant & socially perverse. Object: Structured, probing, fulfilling association with widely respected, very experienced, nefarious, handsome & fit WM, 51, 6'1", 200#. Apply: PO Box 26335, San Diego, CA 92196-0335. 3696LF

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Hot, hairy, country Daddy, 52yo, 6'5", 225#, rancher, seeks younger, masculine, ranchhand/slave. Must enjoy outdoors, hard physical work, sex. Send photo, letter of application. Box 128, Dale, TX 78616. LF

### ASIAN MASTER

44, handsome, 5'7". 150#, muscular, tan, hung, prof., likes finer things in life. But also hot leather sex. Would like to meet my raunchy equal or hung, muscular slaves. Photo and letter to POB 37901, Honolulu, Hawaii 96837. I travel to Calif. often. 3562 LF

### ASIAN MASTER WANTED

WM, 5'6", 160#, into verbal abuse and humiliation from dominant Asian. Make me crawl, grovel and worship your cock, balls, feet and armpits. P.O. Box 426655, San Francisco, CA 94142.

### ASSTIGHT SLAVE WANNABE

Seeks right introductions into best Top society. 8' cut, beard, 5'10", 165#, goodlooking, late 40s, Neg., always traveling US/Can. Will submit totally to trim, endowed mentors likewise hungering for their meaning in sex. Ass worr., dogslove, worship. Photo to 9203LF

### AVAILABLE ON THE BEACH

NW FL, 38 yo, 6', 170#, Br/Br, hung & healthy, seeks man to man, leather uniform action; boots, piss, bondage, Top or bottom labels not important. What counts attitude, aptitude, & imagination. Your pic. gets mine. Write I'm waiting. 88335LF

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Strate Fuckin Master -- I'll kick your fuckin ass, Fag! 213-874-1859. Extra cruel.

### BARE ASS STRAPPING NEEDED

For stud w/hairless butt. Want stern strict man to tie me down in shed, barn, basement and really tan my wiseass. Like big, hairy or ugly Dads. Verbal abuse, 3-ways, truckers and blue collar types are pluses. Hot attitude a must. Letters to: PO Box 330135, San Francisco, CA 94133. 3519LF

### BASEBALL

WM, 5'9", 150#, 37yo, seeks strict Major or Minor League Player, coach, or MGR. I am very discreet and sincere. You and baseball are everything. (201) 691-5752. 3657LF

### BE MY GOOD SLAVEBOY

GWM, professional, 35yo, 6'1/2", 210#, BLK/BRN, attractive, seeks very goodlooking, well-built slaveboy/partner, age 20-30. Master is successful, loving man who wants to share life with good boy who is seeking service, serious regular bondage, discipline and control, enforced chastity. Serious only send letter of application, photo, phone to BoyCenter, PO Box 5840, Washington, DC 20016. 9156LF

### BIGFOOTED BOY TOY/PUP

Wanted! HIV- NS obedient 21-34. I'm gldlkg in charge type Texan 46, 5'10". Photo. B8351

### BLACK ARM-REST

Have I got a place for you to rest your arm - up my hot black asshole. This is for studs who are into assholes, not dicks, balls, - my asshole - B.E.C., POB 240, Jamaica, NYC, NY 11431. 9236

### BLACKMEN & TOILET SEX

WM, 34, 5-7, 160, good shape with bubble butt! To meet similar blackmen into hot leather, speedos, briefs, aromas, toys, role play & most freaky scenes etc.! Absolutely no fats or femmes! Call (313) 527-2965. B8353LF

### BLUE COLLAR DICK WANTED:

We're 28/42, hairy and horny, like to fuck and get fucked. Also into VA, Lite SM/BD. Daddy/boy looking for Masc. men to visit us or correspond. Fascial hair a must & no smokers. REM, PO Box 774, Buffalo, NY 14213. 3683LF

### BONDAGE TIT PLAY MASTER

This Milwaukee based 48yo, 280#, Master will use his experience to bring your tit pain/pleasure to new levels. Jewelry installed. SS, drug/alcohol free. Limits respected/expanded. Relationship or fun time play sessions. Write. 8687LF

### BOOT MASTER

Uniformed, leather/rubber, WM sadist, seeks bootlicker, inferior as my whipping/torture/bondage boy. boy will be used and abused while gagged, hooded, rubber encased, and forced to give service. Master will exersize total control over bootlicker. 5861LF

### BOOTLICKER NEEDS MASTER

mature GWM, 6', 175, wants younger Dad 30-50. Into leather, rubber, uniforms, boot worship, discipline, SM, WS, TT, whips, VA, sweaty armpits & crotches, cowboys, military types, cops welcome. Can travel photo appreciated. B8340LF

### BOY/SLAVE 1-416-603-9830

Hot boy/slave, 36, 5'6", 130#, long hair, beard, moustache, seeks handsome, masculine, experienced hung Master/Daddy with 9" plus, uncut and hairy a plus. WS, VA, all bodily fluids. Stretch my limits, wreck my holes. Travel/relocation, 1-416-603-9830. 3500LF

### BOY SEEKS AGGRESSIVE TOP

Horny GWM, 33, 5-6, 135#, HIV-, sks Top/Dad into CBT, shaving, WS, VA, Spanking, uniforms. Eager to please hot men. Photo gets mine. Live in Atlanta, travel the coast. B8337

### BOYTOY(S) WANTED

by leather Dads, 5-11, 185# bearded, and 54, 5-10, 190#, shaved head w/beard. Seek eager bottoms for BD, TT, CBT, spanking, shaving, suspension, etc. Have equipped playroom near NYC & Philadelphia. Photo/application a must. Box 3663LF

### CANADIAN LEATHER PIG 40

Wants Top/versatile studs into leather heavy ass play verbal boots rimming, WS raunch cigars tattoos toys also love to fist other hot pigs - sample this hot Canadian- will travel or entertain in Toronto - Punks, leathermen, Marine, cowboys, boytoys. 3701LF

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The thought get you hard? What about kidnap, heavy bondage, rape, torture? Cum-piss into mouth & ass then removal of both cock and balls? See yourself victim or Top? If your cock is hard & your jism is flowing, Let's talk! 3597LF

### CENTRAL CALIFORNIA COAST

Dog/pig/slave craves humiliating existence. Service & worship boots on or off your hot feet with accomplished mouth, tongue and hands. Want to be trained by arrogant, demanding, whipmaster in the ultimate of foot worship & service. Dig oiled loggers, construction, combat boots, raunchy socks & sweaty feet for down-to-it, no-nonsense, mental & physical discipline & humiliation & degradation. Box 3663LF

### CHOKE, PUNCH, BEAT ME UP!

GWM, 37 (look younger) 5'7", 187#, Avg looks, seeks younger guy to beat the shit out of me. Choke & fuck me as you brutally slap & punch my face. Not into role plays, just honest pain & sex. No limits except no WS or scat. Have you got the balls for this? Serious replies only to POB 85431, Seattle WA 98145-1431.

### CORRECTION NEEDED

by officers. Goodlooking Italian services white, black, hispanics in work clothes, uniforms, wrestlers, boxers, rubber, 3 piece suits, gut punch, enemas, cock & ball, HIV, can be Top for Master. (718) SM-80-408. Michael P., POB 150-634, Brooklyn, NY 11215-9997. No JO. 7823LF

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Dad (48, 5'10", 175#) seeks affectionate, cuddly, playful son 18+, needing his ass paddled. In bed, son should be passionate, adventuresome, butch, kinky Topman. Permanent relationship for caring, loyal son. Photo and letter to 7400 Abercorn St. #705-311, Savannah, Ga 31406. LF

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Who will torture, taunt, use/abuse, expand limits. Into leather, dirty jocks, rubber, spandex. Dad exists for son's sadistic, lustful, depraved pleasure and desires to totally worship, serve and obey him. Drag dad into hell, son! Write: AL, Box 1356, Mad. Sq. Sta., NY, NY 10159. 3629LF

## DEEP THROAT SERVICE

WM, 5'11", masculine, muscular, seeks position of service between legs of lean or well-built man who demands it and more. Atlanta and travel. 88349

## DOG BOY AT YOUR SERVICE

BM, 40yo, 6'1", husky build, mustache. My jewels/ass are in extreme need of being kicked by feet and boots. VA, cocksucking, J/O, water sports, spankings, humiliation, and foot worship. Superior, white males preferred but all will be answered. Shalom. 5882LF

## DUMP DOWN MY THROAT

Need to suck shit, cum, piss from clean, hairy, HIV-, GWM. Prefer bearded, stocky. I'm GWM, 34, 5'9", 180#, attractive. Like to feed straight from your asshole. Phone/photo gets response. 3567LF

## E. COAST HARLEY BIKER SEEKS

TOP for live-in biker lifestyle, must be straight looking/acting to fit into straight bike clubs. Long haired, bearded, tattooed types preferred. Dad heavy into FF, dildoes, piercing, burning, cigars, whipping, C&B torture, electricity. Long, all night scenes preferred. Please Sir, no call after 10pm eastern time. HIV+ OK. (703) 802-0404. 8466LF

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## EROTIC ASIAN MAN

I am hot, healthy, handsome, musc. & tan & early 40's. I want to meet men who can enjoy domination and raunchy sex with an Asian man. If you are hung & in good shape, send photo and letter to PO Box 37901, Honolulu, HI 96837. LF

## EUNUCH

Me: Castrated, hairless, athletic body. You: Castrated or genital modification/amputation. Photo gets mine. 3529LF

## EXTREMELY HVY BALL TORTURE

masochist, 28, with fat shaved balls, seeks Sadist into ball torture (with fist), rubber mallet, kicking, inserting needles directly into the balls, electro-shock, modification, castration, and other CBT. Photo and video action a plus. I travel any time to USA, visitors welcome. O. Lehmann, Potsdamer Str. 70, D-10785 Berlin, GERMANY.

## FF AND WS TOP WANTED

GWM, 30, 6'2", 210#, w/ 7", wants your dick, 8+ and your arm, big and hairy, to fill my body's needs. You: 30-50, hairy, stash a must - beard a + - Tattoos a big +! I am F/A/p, G/p, FF, WS, tattooed. Contact Wolf, 112 Woodward #3, Ypsilanti, MI 48197. No Bullshitters! 9191LF

## FIGHT YOUR DAD

Good looking Dad, 51, 6'1", 240#, enjoys rough play with tough son any size. Wrestle, fight, TT, foot play, domination, humiliation. Am a natural Top but also turns on to son who can handle me. Healthy, safe. Letter and photo to: ED. 3667LF

## FISTING DADDY WANTED

Tall, 6'2", 30yo son, needs tit-playing, face-sitting Top, have sling. Prefer Muscular, tall, GWM. Playroom a plus. I'm bored being Top. RU man enough? I can be a real pig! I love Mach 28 story on a farm. Can you make it happen? 5873

## GOOD COCKSUCKER

wants firm Top to make my hungry holes his. Hot bottom is 5'8", 155#, HIV-, goodlooking late 40's, in-shape, and wants dick up tight butt and down deep throat. I like rough fucks but also TLC. Groups OK. Your rules, Sir! I live in Oklahoma but fly USA on job. 3711LF

## GUT PUNCHING IN NYC

GWM, 29, 6', 200#, 88, handsome, seeks other hot, muscular men into gut punch/kicks, stomach scissors & other ab feats of strength. Boxers, wrestlers, Karate buffs, esp. welcome. I'm tough enuf, are U? Photo/phone to TOM, 150-30 Village RD, Jamaica, NY 11432 or (718) 591-2691. 8581LF

## HAIRCUTS & SPITSHINES

GWM, 6'1", 165#, free sharp USMC haircut: regulation whitewalls, high 'n' tight, bootcamp, clipper-cuts. Also boot-duty: training for inspection spitshines on military/police boots & low quarters. Learn to serve. PO Box 2144, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33303-2144. 3607LF

## HAIRY LITTLE LEATHER CUB

SM novice M/Future S! Can you grow? Cop, USMC and Dad fantasies? Of course you do! Increase my training -- TT, CBT, restraints, WTS. I'm young, 40, smart, HIV-, love hairy studs & travel often. Letter/pic to Cub, Box 9070LF

## WHATEVER YOU'RE INTO

just take a photo of it and send it in to us for our TOUGH CUSTOMERS #8 MAGAZINE. Details on page 81.

## HANDCUFFED & HOLDING IT IN

30, 5'9", 158#, masculine, healthy, smart, seeks young guy for humiliating detention & control, WS, safesex. PO Box 2831 Church St. Station, New York, NY 10008.

## HND SM X-USN DADDY HUNTING

6'1", 170#, fit, built, young 60yo, HIV+/healthy, stache, hairy & pierced. Aggressive-affectionate. Dominant-loving, ISO 30+, stable/secure, to share; explore; expand; commit; relocate. Play OK. P/P to: Cap, PO Box 989, Pine Valley, CA 91962. (800) 769-8418. I own my own place: San Diego Mountains. 3684LF

## HOT YOUNG BLONDE MASTER

GOODLOOKING, hot, Top boy wants a slave man to use & abuse. Swimmers build, 28" waist, 5'6", 125#. Smooth & demanding into BD, SM, service, cock and tit work. Apply with photo and detail letter, all answered. Needs to have a decent body and a submissive attitude. Write now, slave. 5863LF

## HOT SLAVEBOY

Will service one Master or group in Alabama, Georgia, or Tennessee area. Available most weekends; will do anything to please. The choice is up to you. i am small with a nice ass for fucking. i am a good cocksucker. i am ready, willing and available. You will be satisfied! 3695LF

## HOT TRUCKERS WANTED

or other Hot men who like the big riggs. Let's show them what we have as we drive down the highway where are the Hot spots & men POB 3576. Pompano Beach, FL. 33062. Midwest also let's ride the riggs and better yet let's ride the truckers.

## HOT HUNG TOILET MASTER

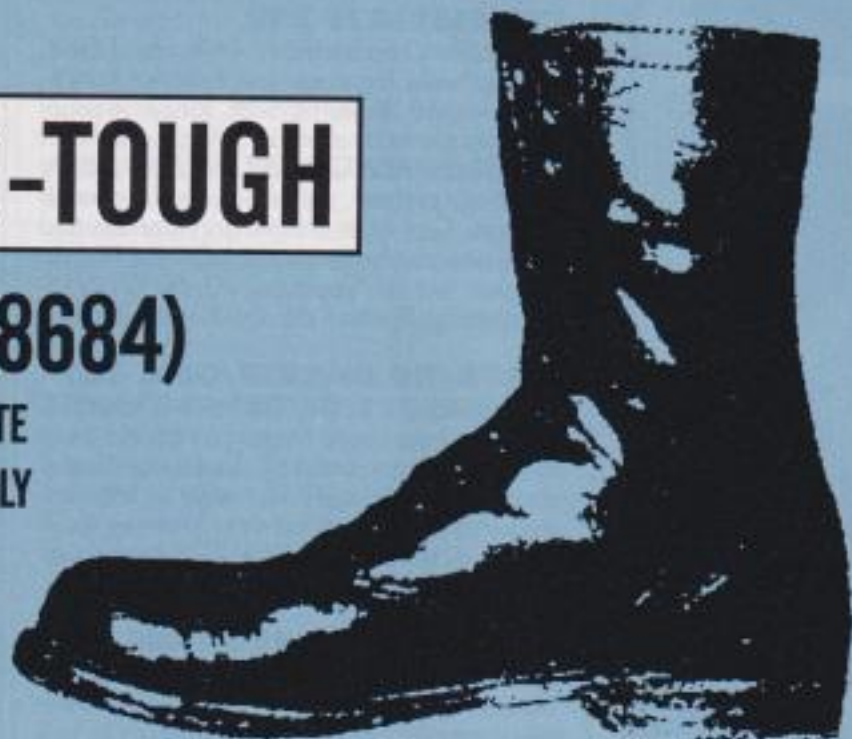
Suck on my 8" dick, ass, piss, shit. 35yo, 6'1", 185#. Travel often. See NY Ad #8775LF.

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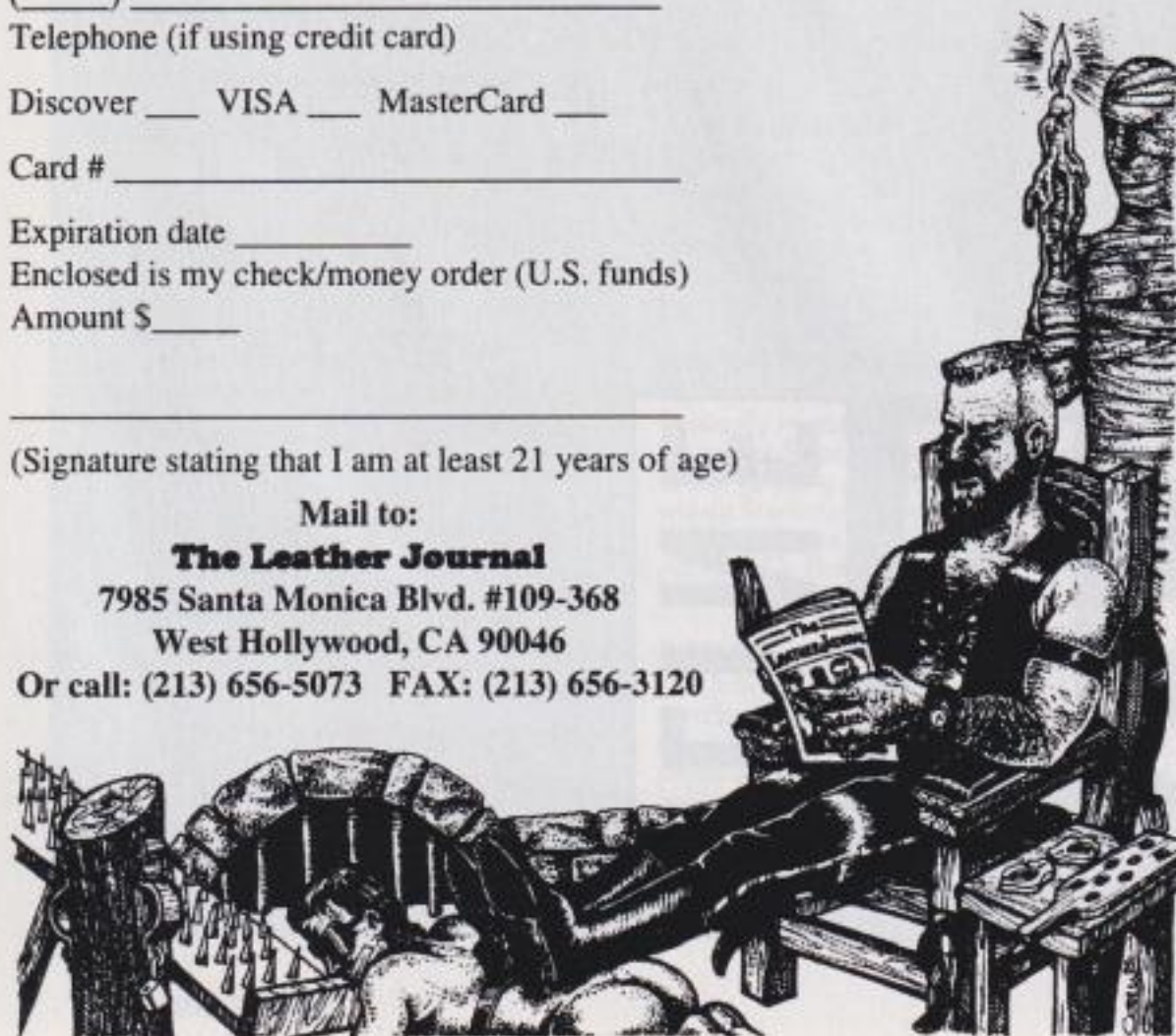
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## HOT HANDSOME GYM TONED WM

Master, 6ft, 165#, 29, lkg to make your fantasies come true! I travel! Pic, address. Beg boy, do it now!! B8348

## HUGE BEEFY BLOND SLUTBOY

seeks arrogant Top under 45yo to rape my hungry cunt. Me: 25yo, 6'3", 260 muscular, solid lbs. All American good looks and smooth shaven. You: good build, good looking, massively endowed, into verbal abuse, spanking, some WS, possibly FF. You love to eat, play with and fuck my big bubble butt. Into group scenes/gang rape too. Box 8458

## HUNG BLONDE SLUTBOY

GWM, 6'1", 187#, tan, hung 9x6 boycock. Insatiable hole, craves RAPE, GANG-RAPE, B&D, VA, public humiliation and nudity. Boy into studboy worship, rimming, trucker rape, cops, party-boy rape, wrestling/gym scenes. Boy travels (LA, STL-KC, MO-NY) POB 88789, LA, CA 90009. 3643LF

## I KNOW YOU NEED TO SUFFER

The world thinks you're a tough-guy but I see right through you. You need to be taken down a few pegs. No sex, just heavy pain & degradation. As you cry & writhe from my physical & verbal abuse, you'll thank me & beg for more. Do you Dare? NYC area/can travel. 3534LF

## I WANT TO BEAT YOU UP

5'10", 40, 170, hairy, hot, in stinking jock & boots, bad attitude, fists & dick up, & ready. Dungeon. Be serious... like to get punched, HIV-, because you're gonna get messy. Write & I'll see if I've got time to kick your butt. I'm in NYC. B8352

## I LIKE IT ROUGH

Ex Navy SP28, 6'3", 265, 52°C, 18"A, 34"W, into long/short, brig/stockade confinement with cuffs, shackles, straight jacket, etc. U be in shape under 30. Can switch, travel ok. Got the balls? Nude photo/phone, B.J. POB 151283, San Rafael CA 94915-1288.

## INDECENT PUBLIC EXPOSURE

Seek men who like to flash, streak, parade nude and JO in very public, risky scenes. Daylight, street scenes A+. Also want videos, photos of same. I can also do it. David, 110-64 Queens Blvd. #239, Forest Hills, NY 11375. Serious, very public enthusiasts only. 9267LF

## INSATIABLE FF TOP

Hot, Italian Leatherman, 44yo, 6', 160#, stache, hairy, big cock and talented hands, seeks expert bottoms with loose, hungry holes for gloved marathon fisting. Love depth and width. Also TT, CBT, VA, WS, cigar smoking, pierced, tattooed men a special turn on. Can host downtown Florence and travel extensively. No pic, no response. Nondo Brugion, via G. Capponi, 20, 50121, Florence (Italy). Phone (055) 24-22-86. 3670LF

## INXPD/ND.ONRSH/OPN. TO?

Attr./masc/27/5-11/190/HIV+/ ready & willing to relocate to Master(s) who can train this cockhungry bottom? To be his & pos. share w/his friend(s)? Currently in relationship. Am serious about this. Write w/pic & phone #. to M.R.S. POB 10225 Naples, FL 33941. B8336LF

## JOCK NEEDS CORRECTION

Hot muscular boytoy, 29, always fucking up. Needs Top who gets off on strict/heavy whipping/cane, VA, humiliation, raunch. NY, Philly, WDC tops ready for action write w/interests. Box 9200LF

## KARATE FIGHTER

28yo, TKD black belt, seeks others into hot, erotic martial arts combat. Give/take & good kickers A-plus. 5866

## KIDNAP A MUST

Brainwash, dog train, cages, abduction, WS, forced serv. You abduct i struggle, you overpower & punish i resist, you don't stop, you command. i am yours to train, keep, or sell. For information send orders to Box. B8337LF

## KINKY SAFE BONDAGE SEX

WM, 6', 165#, 36. I seek others into kinky sex. Would love to have a bondage slave to sleep with, not into SM, but love breath control. You should be very open minded. Would love to make love with a funeral director. Call 24 hours (516) 239-3321, late nite AOK. 9281LF

## LEATHER PIG BOTTOM/SLAVE

GWM, 35, 5'3", 140#, seeks to serve one (or more) hairy sadistic Leather Master/Top(s) into SM, BD, TT, whips, wax, rimming, maybe more! Biker(s), tattoos, uniforms, A+. Sir, tie me up spread eagle, I'm yours to use and abuse. Thank you, Sir, Massachusetts. 9264LF

## LEATHER BUDDY

GWM, 49, 5-8, 150#, br/bl, stache, looking for younger bro/son into leather. From affection to kink, must want to wear it all the time. Prefer slim, dark hair with beard & stache, but will respond to all. Photo please. Write: E.M., PO Box 463, Lahaska, PA 18931

## LEATHER, UNIFORM, B&D

Biker in full leather looking for cops, bikers, military who are into leather, uniforms, B&D. Must be safe, sane, clean, discreet. Midwest base, travel USA & Europe extensively. Replies from all over are welcome. Here's your chance. Get off your ass and write! 5870LF

## LEATHER SEEKS BIG MUSCLES

GWM, 43, new to the leather fraternity, but into leather and all it entails, BR/BR, 5'11", 190#, Balding. Into muscle bound, GWM, 35-50 yrs, more muscle the better. Would worship in anyway desired. Tattooed, pierced, PA, BD, light SM, CBT. I adore only you alone. Both of us HIV-. 9275LF

## LEATHER BREECHED CYCLECOP

totally dedicated to leather, M/C's, SM, bondage, cop uniforms and gear, guns, Nazi, satan, am bottom or mutual. Moderate to very heavy scenes. Cigar smoker. Smell, taste, feel creak of black leather. Toys from Fetters A+! Phone JO ok (504) 282-0729. Box 57161, New Orleans, LA 70157. 3579LF ☺

## LEATHER MASTER DEMANDS

Slave not lover, be open to physical, mental, sexual & spiritual growth. BD, TT, CBT, wax, piercing, FF, WS, cages, total domination and ownership. Send photo, letter & phone to Master A.J., 1202 E. Pike St #956 Seattle, WA 98122-3934. 8861LF

## LEVIS/WRESTLING/LEATHER

WM, 41, 6'4", BR/BR, clean shaven, levi/leather stud into street fights, SM, BD, ball work (kneeing, punching, etc). Rough, no-holds-barred action. You: 18-35, jock, punk, skinhead, BB, into same. 501's, boots, smoke, aroma, Tops, bottoms, groups, write to 7000 Boulevard E., Apt. #15-A, Guttenburg, NJ 07093. 3580LF ☺

## LITE TO HEAVY BALLPLAY

Mature, caring, experienced guy into mutual ballplay - stretching, squeezing, fondling, gentle to heavy, cuddling to kinky, including cath., sounds, enemas, prostrate massage, TT. Safe, mutual Top/bottom contact: POB 6069 JFK STN., Boston, MA 02114. 3549LF ☺

## LIVE-IN SLAVE WANTED

By hot, 6', muscular Master, 34yo. Your limits will be expanded until you are the ultimate slave. Total obedience will provide you with financial security and a life worth living for your Master's pleasure. Write with photo/phone to: Occupant, PO Box 3607, N. New Hyde Park, NY 11040.

## LIVE-IN SLAVE WANTED

by cowboy Master with well-equipped playroom. Master is 47, 6-3, 220#, blond, hazel, hung & experienced. Complete surrender required. Serving your Master will be your life. slave should be under 40. If you are not serious and ready to relocate to New England immediately, don't waste my time. Include photo and phone. Box 9279LF



## MAN-SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

Strong, aggressive, btm sks Sadistic Lthr Top. I'm Ital/Hispan 5-6, 160#, strong, masc, BL/Bm, flat-top, 44" chest, 32" waist, 30"s. Into SM, CBT, TT, BD, Gags, Hoods. Looking for a strong, tough Top to train me hard, abuse me. Over 6, hung, strong, stocky A+ plus. HIV-. Perm relationship wanted. Are you man enough to break and train me? Photo & Phone to Box 9226LF

## MAN-WORSHIP

Powerful, attractive, successful man, 47, blk/brn/moustache, hairy, seeks hot-looking and attractive, young, man/boy to use and nurture. Intense dominance/submission. Bob, PO Box 7291, Phoenix, AZ 85011-7291. 3619LF

## MANRIDER WANTS HORSE

6'-1 1/2", 205#, youthful 63, GWM, Daddy, Top, manrider wants any age big, strong, heavyset, son, bottom to horseplay, mutually workout, swim, watch videos, safe sex, etc. with me. J.L., POB 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160. 3565LF

## MASTER SEEKS MUSC. SLAVES

Master, 44yo, tall, well-built, hairy, clean-cut, successful, educated, seeks slave, 18-30yo, smooth, hard defined BB's needing Master to guide your life. Will train inexperienced with superior physique. HIV- only. Master, Suite 296, 105 Charles St., Boston, MA 02114. (617) 437-1821. 5304LF

## MASTER SEEKS SLAVEBOY/SON

Young, honest, obedient-into leather, spanking w/hand/strap/paddle. No experience Ok-will train. possible live-in. Me 45 yo, 5'11", 190, very masculine, strict, understanding, affectionate, healthy & safe. Seek long term. Write J. Spencer, Box 1455 Rocky Point, NY 11778. 3638LF

## MASTER OF DISPLAY

Straight-type redneck, 34yo, muscular & hot, seeks exhibitionist slave, any race, as permanent property. Heavy humiliation, exhibition, display, public exposure, BD, CBT, strict training, and control. Serious only. 3700LF

## MASTER/DAD ISO SLAVE/SON

Handsome, trim, healthy Dad, 6'2", 175, 48, seeks son for everything: Son/slave S&M, romance, lover, male wife, companion, friendship, love, caring, dominance, devotion, monogamy, commitment, son should be under 40, cute to handsome, trim and stable 8333LF

## MATURE BODY SLAVE WANTED

over 40, for monogamous relationship. You must need to serve, be into total submission, crave humiliation, and into licking my feet, sucking my cock, drinking my piss. I'm 60, 5'8", 145#, HIV-. Letter/photo to Box 1329, Sunset, CA 90742. 7728LF

## MATURE, INTELLIGENT BOY

needs playful Dad/Big Brother. WM, 33yo, 5'7", 142#, beard, handsome, loving, submissive. BD, TT, hoods, ass play, enemas, spanking, cuddling, companionship. Will try catheters, slings, strait jackets, more. You are masculine, mature, Dominant, attractive, hairy, caring, HIV-. Safe, drug free only. Letter, photo, and phone to PO Box 1102, Royal Oak, MI 48068. 3714LF

## MEAN AND NASTY NOVICE

WM, 45, 5'8", 170#, brn/grn/good shape, above average looks, HIV-, wants experienced buddy to show me the ropes(and more) I've got an intense, extremely vivid imagination and a sadistic streak a mile wide. Gut-punching, rape, wrestling and boxing scenes, verbal abuse, weapons-anything aggressive makes me hot, limited resume, but really eager to learn more! Chicago and surrounds. Photo a must. 3546LF

## MID-ATLANTIC SLAVES

If you're willing to submit, serve, be used and taken to your limits, then this 37yo Italian Master wants to hear from you. 5868

## WHATEVER YOU'RE INTO

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## MIDWEST DOG SLAVE - SPIKE

40 yo mutt, owned by 31 yo Daddy, used as urinal, cigar ashtray and total slave. Daddy wants to watch my bitch-hole mounted for real. Pain, degrading, kickass and scenes sought to amuse Daddy, abuse me. Travel possible, cigars A+. Spike, POB 2965, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. 3600LF

## MILITARY MAN IN GERMANY

Young German, 33yo, well built, heavy into uniforms, especially camouflage suits and heavy combat boots, looks for full uniformed and booted "SM friend" in the USA. Also gays into tight leather and heavy rubber is welcome. I would like to exchange letters (in English or German) with you, also I'm interested in mutual visits. 5901

## MILLIONARE DAD

Looking for slim, WM, butch, clean-cut, college student or serviceman into leather, SM, boots, and bondage. Dad will take good care of you and your needs. Travel USA. Dad: WM, 50yo, HIV-. Letter w/ phone/picture required. 5860LF

## MORE HOT CUM - OH YEAH!

GWM, cocksucker/fucker, 38, 5'9", br/br/, stache & hairy chest, HIV-, seeking hot jacks, hard hats, cops, truckers, bikers, & leather studs into mutual oral service, steamy WS & JO. Call Tom (908) 832-6121. 9199LF

## NAME THE GAME ALL SCENES

WM, 46yo, 5'9", 150#, Brown hair, beard, big nips, cut, low hangers, Kinky/bizarre. Top, bottom, mutual tits, hole stretching, pain, raunch, tattoos, piercings, uncuts, pumpers, weapons, shaving, satan, sloppy sex. Any race. Karl, 836 Wheeler, Woodstock, IL 60098. (815) 338-9137 AM's & Fri-Sat-Holidays. 3707LF

## NO GAMES REALITY

Permanent live-in slave position. Must have nonquestioning attitude; my pleasure/your desire. Into SM, BD, CBT, TT, WS, VA, toys, mind/body control & more. Me: 42, 6', 185#, BR/GR, beard, total Top & hung. You: 21-50, bottom. Send photo, phone & experiences to Box 8950LF

## NOOSE/COWBOYS/BOOTS/SOX

Hungstud Top seeks guys into hanging fantasies, SM, BD, and torture, autoerofica. Hot for cowboy boots, sweat socks and nice bare feet. Want execution and foot videos/photos. Reward for source info. Buy good cowboy boots 9 1/2 "B". I'm GWM, 5-10, 165#, 47, BR/BR. Write Jay, PO Box 951365, Lake Mary, FL 32795-1365. LF

## NORTHERN NE SLAVE WANTED

by experienced, stable, well-built Top(w/ nonSM lover), 5'7", 170#, 41yo, educated prof. You: 22-35, in-shape, healthy, eager. Seeking total mind/body control w/harsh punishment. Must be willing to relocate. Letter w/picture to Box 8836LF

## NOVICE SLAVE/SON NEEDS

MASTER/DAD. Novice boy/slave looking for Master/Dad to mold him to his needs. boy is 37, 5'7", 190#, 54" chest, 35" waist, hung average, and submissive, intelligent, obedient, intuitive, and zealous. he will work hard and can be depended upon. You can work his large nipples over, and use/abuse his mouth and ass. Sir, this boy has several years of military experience and he knows how to take orders and he know what discipline is. Sir, this boy looks forward to serving you. Sir, Thank you for your consideration. Respectfully, 3712

## ON MY KNEES

Exceptional man, masc., successful and attractive, 45, blk/br, moustache, 5'10", 180#, begs to be used by exceptional, younger guy with good looks, body and mind. Intense worship and submission. Mitch, POB 36231, Phoenix, AZ 85067-6231. 3634LF

## PADDLINGS AND STRAPPINGS

needed by GWM, leather bottom. Woodshed and school-type discipline and outdoor whippings desired. W/S and BD. Strong fetish for watches and Speidel Twist-O-Flex watchbands. Write Jim, PO Box 66201, Houston, TX 77266-6201. 3513LF

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GWM, 36, 5'3", 145#, seeks to serve hairy, sadistic, leather Master. Into SM, BD, TT, whips, wax, rimming, more for the right Master. Bikers, tattoos, uniforms, group activity A+! I'm ready to be used and abused! Massachusetts. B8355LF

## PISS DADDY SEEKS 2ND MOUTH

Ex-coach, Dominant Daddy, 56, and his hot young toilet slave, 30, seek second boy to share Daddy's cock, big chest, hairy armpits, sweaty feet, recycled beer and ?? No tats/fems, but attitude more important than looks. Be thirsty, imaginative and raunchy. Do not call unless you are willing to give your phone number also. (505) 989-7654. B552LF

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## POLICEMAN REQUIRES SLAVE

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## RAUNCHY LEATHER TOPMAN

wants horny, hungry bottoms into WS, CBT, FF, scat, pain, and more. Me: 40, 5'11", 170#, muscular, hairy, 42"ch, 33"waist, 16" arms. You: 25-45, in great shape and ready to serve. Photo and phone a must. Boxholder, 2215-R Market St. #482, San Francisco, CA 94114

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By Swiss, Top leatherman, 50's, 5'11", 156#, in-shape and perfect health, beard, uc. Into extensive ass play, tit work, optional scat, but mainly long raunchy rimming, sessions at his well-equipped place (sling, rim seat) or when visiting US/Canada regularly. You are in-shape & healthy. Preferably hairy, bearded, and into ranch. Photo a must. Write to Boris Rahm, Hardstr 58, Basil, Switzerland. LF

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As your boy, slave, dog, toilet, punch/kick bag or just a buddy. WM, 40, 6'2", 195, in Texas. Into kink, exhibitionism, BD, cigars, facial hair, humiliation. No unsafe sex, perm damage - otherwise im open minded, & i'm yours, Sir. (214) 520-8794. 9149LF

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## REMOTE RAINFOREST REDNECK

Seeks radical, masochist cub to share non-leather farm life with an affectionate but rowdy bruiser, 36, 5'10", 250#, beard. Into C&W music, whiskey, smoke, guns. You: fuck-face, punch/kick-bag, teddy bear, 30-40, beard, HIV-. Call "Bud" (206) 374-9441. "NO BULLSHIT!" 3545LF

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Tall, slender, in shape male seeks buddy into mutual scenes-outdoors a plus, nudity, shaving, cactus bondage, stake outs, crucifixion, piercing, ritual S/M and kink. Please be imaginative and love to experiment, can travel anywhere, photos welcome. 3659 LF

## SADISTIC BONDAGE MASTER

seeks masochists for hours of strict bondage and erotic pain. Bound, spread eagle, you will beg through your gag as I torture your ass and tits. Your balls will be slapped and squeezed while you struggle and beg in vain. I'm 34, 5'9", 185#, GWM. You: trim & under 40. Chicago area A+. Safe only. Send photo and needs to Box 3569LF

## SAILOR SEEKS PISS MATE

CAPT. with sailboat, 5'11", 160#, BR/BL, hung, trim beard, in-shape, 44yo, versatile, seeks mate to explore islands & each other. Mate is in-shape, hung, HIV-, NS, 20-50, versatile & crave adventure in & out of bed. Relationship oriented. Let's be wild. NW FLORIDA. 3702LF

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Med pro, 49yo, 150#, HIV-, seeks 18yo+, goodlooking, hung, for a trip from A to Z. Relocate to Houston. Begging letter & full front photo to: A. Kaus, 11700 Bissonnet #615, Houston, TX 77099. LF

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## SLAVE/BOY WANTED

by sadistic/cuddling, hairy, Master, 61yo, 5'7", 170#. ISO small, submissive slave/boy whore, into SM, Bondage, TT, CBT, whipping, shaving, enemas, etc. Must be willing to relocate and serve his Master. Professional a+. Write with phone/photo for instructions to Box 5785LF

## SLAVE NEEDS MASTER/OWNER

slave/masochist, 39yo, 5'10", 170#, seeks permanent enslavement: collared, marked, bound, hair removal, whipped, trained, in total boot & ass worship, heavy ass play, piercing. Sir, it exists only to serve it's Master. Please give it a chance, Sir. 5782LF

## SLAVEBOY NEEDS MASTER/DAD

Hot vgl, GWM, 36, 6', 190#, HIV-, clean shaven, br/br, 8" uc, Fr/a, Gr/p, needs Dominant Top, 45+, for SM, BD, TT, CBT. Eager for new, safe scenes. I'm in S. CA. Photo/Phone, please, to Box 3596LF ☞

## SMOKING SCENES

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## SO CAL DAD SKS SON/BRO

35yo, 5'9", 190#, BRN/BLU, semi-hairy, small endowed, seeks kinky son/brother, 18-28yo, to worship Dad from head to booted feet. Leather, WS, and more. Long or short-term possible. Send photo/phone/application to PO Box 9162, Newport Beach, CA 92658. LF

## SON/SLAVE SKS MASTER/LOVER

Smooth, defined, prof. boy, 30, 160#, 5'9", bottom. Needs Master/Dad, experienced & graying with pride, hung, hairy, Top. Naked, collared, pierced & branded at home. Friends & spouse in public. BD, SM, FF, WS, balanced with love for quality; will move. Photo, phone, letter. Complete mel 9196LF

## SUBORDINATE EX-PATROLMAN

Muscular bodybuilder, 190#, 34yo and HIV-. Quit police force and looking for a man to take over. I'm tough, caring, responsible and obedient. You're masculine, discreet and have enough rope to prove who's the boss. REAL. Photo exchange. GPO? Box 36448, LA, CA 90036. 8397

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Hlthy/hot/lean queer, 40, HIV+, has fuckface (slackjaws out/lubricated milker's throat) for huge penis and/or dildo plungers, frozen scumbags, exhib., hum. (Please Mister, vacuum-bloat my 9" and tits while you plug me!) You never felt suction like this. 3601LF ☞

## TIGHT ASS SKS BONDAGE TOP

GWM, 29yo, brn/grn, seeks Dad or big brother to show him the ropes. Boy is 5'11", 160#, dancer's build, kidnap/hostage scenes, forced sex, lite SM, masks, hoods, GLOVES! You are older & taller (facial hair a plus). Photo and descriptive letter, please. All answered. 3668LF

## TOILET

Novice toilet slave seeks long feeding sessions at an experienced toilet Master's hole. Toilet is 42yo, 6', 175#. Seeks similar age/shape toilet Master for training in eating, worship, bondage/whipping. Possible relationship. Slave ready for piercing and tattooing. 3655LF

## TOILET BOSS REQUESTED

Handsome str look/act bi WM 34 in good shape and clean seeks Toilet Boss. Private/public bathroom cleaning duties. Will be your urinal & turd taster as you see fit. Punishment, humiliation, video/photo, "on display" & group action Ok. Toilet only functions for big dick & nasty women. Blk M/F act now, trust me. Expert cksker/pussy lckr. Denver based travel USA monthly. Box. 88317

## TOPS SEEKS SUBMISSIVE GUY

25-45, non fem, who has a desire to please. Hausboy possible. Scene includes shaving, Lt. SM, spanking, TT, Gr/a, Fr/p, No drugs or smokes. We are both HIV neg., 49yo & 32yo, live on LI, but travel U.S. extensively. Serious replies only. Photo, phone to PO Box 1027, Valley Stream, NY 11582. 3633LF

## TOPS AND SLAVES

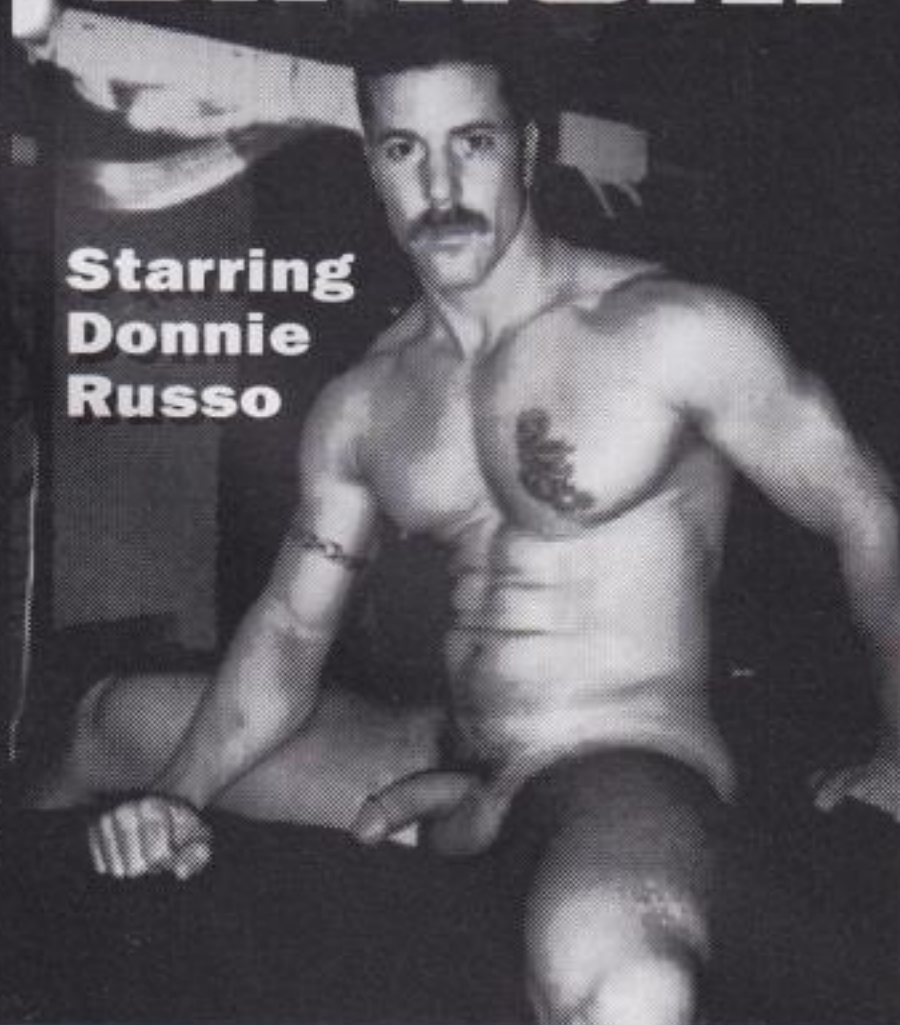
Slaves needed as ranch-hand for assimilation on Dallas ranch. Dominant, well-hung Tops needed for ranch slavedriver. Live in bunkhouse. Dungeon, SM, BD, TT, WS, Aroma, smoke, and more. Both must be HIV, 21 to 40, any race, cut/uncut. Send photo, stats to Ranchmaster. 9194LF

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Looking for young man for longterm relationship to 40, that is proud to serve a man not ashamed. Into shaving and fit. HIV-. I am 52yo, 6'2", 210#. Work and travel with me & be part of my family. You, me & 3 dogs. Call weekends, (209) 298-6527. LF

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Are there any real men who will wrestle for the Top. Not just leather pussies but tight ass Tops willing to put it all on the line. 6, 220#, champ seeks opponents coming to New England who might be worth my sweat. Come on, I will make you my fuckboy. Box 8407LF

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Seeks white fuckboy. You: 20-33, HIV-, slim, masculine, loyal and not into booze, drugs, or smoking. You need spanking, heavy ass, mouth, and nipple abuse. Me: very short hair, moustache, 6', 175#, hard body, tough nipples, HIV-. LTR/Foto to POB 3834, San Diego, CA 92163. (619) 297-3044, 6-11pm. No JO calls. 3566LF ☺

## UNCUT

European 50's, 170#, uncut into heavy industrial rubber gear, hip boots, w/s and muck. Seeks uncut buddy 35+ with similar interests; East Coast-Mid West and Switzerland. Photo gets mine. Ralf, PO Box 020689, Brooklyn, New York 11202-0015. 8502LF

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WM, 41, 5'7", brn/brn, here's all the buzz words: Top, bottom, paddles, straps, canes, switches, belts, wood, leather, restraints, butt, back, whips, blisters, welts, thighs, tight jeans, white Jockeys, bare skin, Dad-son, coach-jock, Master-slave movies, home videos, safe, roommate?, travel, St. Louis. 88316LF

## VOYEUR/WRITER WANNABE

needs encouragement and ? Correspond and possibly meet others or those who want to be watched. HIV-, some touchy feel but mostly watch. Willing to assist limited participation in your fantasies. Limited travel - western NC area. 3599LF ☺

## WANT PERMANENT PAIN SLAVE

Military, cop, jock, preppy, solid ass. Big dick, big feet, needing total mind/body ownership. Masochist who knows in his mind, not his dick, that pain/slavery will make life real. Send Bio/photo to this 5'11", hairy Italian sadist, 43yo, fat 9" uncut cock, size 12 feet. 5796LF

## WANTED: TOUGH LEATHERMAN

and disciplinarian to train my very handsome 25 year old boy to follow his Master's orders and commands without question. I will hand him over to you for non-sexual training; you deliver him back obedient and submissive. You must have trained before, respect limits I impose and provide references. Send very detailed letter to Training Center, POB 5840, Wash. DC 20016. 9156LF

## WANTED: MASTER OF COLOR

WM, 88, 30, BR/BL, handsome, seeks controlling, "no BS" mentor. Born to serve as you were meant to be served. You set limits (if any). Will travel anywhere and am employable. Seek fulltime only, somewhere. Please write to Box 3626LF ☺

## WANTED: BEER GUT MAN

GWM, 43yo, 5'7", 215#, seeks older man (Top or bottom) into leather and motorcycles. You: bald or crew-cut, large, overhanging beer-gut. Novice welcome. Send photo and letter. Me: A/P French, A/P Greek & willing to experiment. 5792LF ☺

## WANTED: MASTER OVER 50

Need disciplinarian over 50yo for bad boy, 57 years young with big thick tool. Wants spanking, whipping, and loving. (415) 441-5191.

## WANTED: MUSCLE TOP/MASTER

Well built Maryland WM construction contractor, 39, 190, 6', hairy & muscular, seeks heavily muscled Master/BB into leather, boots, fantasy, bodyworship, M/S scenes. I enjoy long sweaty sessions of fucking, sucking, BD, domination. Your photo gets mine. Box 8914

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Seeking submissives who can take it! Erotic scenes, CBT, TT, VA, ropes, leather, restraints, in our equipped dungeon. Permanent position available. US: goodlooking, dominant/submissive duo in early 30's. Letter/photo required. REG, Box 671256, Marietta, GA 30066-0138. 3704LF

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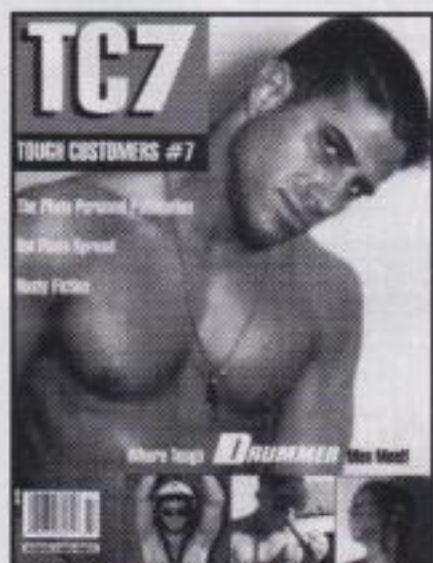
GWM, executive, 6'3", 242#, good build, HIV-, travels the world. New to scene, seeks someone I can trust to enjoy my lifestyle with. Me: I'm 48, You? Send photo and phone, a must to Box 572, Gwynedd Valley, PA 19437 - outside Philly. Tell me about yourself. 3526LF ☺

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Handsome and well-built bottom, 25, looking for friendship with strong minded & bodied man. Need Dominance, Control, & security at home, while by your side in public. Main focus is bondage and confinement. Interests include TT, CBT, safe sex, shaving, enemas, and catheters. Photo/phone to Jeff Taylor, POB 19288, Pittsburgh, PA 15213. 3576LF ☺

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to obey & please, to be loved, appreciated, nurtured, to be owned, used, trained, dominated, to submit & surrender to its safe, secure Masters/Daddies NOW, not "maybe someday". Bill & Dick, 54 East Main, Fayetteville, PA 17222. Make it happen. 59411F

## ZEN BROTHERHOOD RISING

Zen Master/HIV-, seeks a few hard men to live a communal, stress-free life. Hard work and hard sex = Happy, harsh discipline of rinzaizen-christian path. Mild SM, limits respected/novices ok. I offer a secure life; not a scene. 2 yr minimum term. 35784LF

## ALABAMA

### BARE BACK WHIPPING

Looking for step-Dad who believes in whipping son on back, not ass, with razor strap. I got it growing up and miss it. 38, 5-10, 155#, can travel. Serious Dad, not Master, slave, domestic type discipline. Write Box 9243LF

### PHONE JERK

Fuckhead wants brain pumped by mean, lowdown, dirty old men of experience and deepshit, virulent intensity. 55yo, GWM, 170#, 5'6", 7 1/2" uncut, neck 16", bicep 13 1/2", waist 32", chest 42", calf 15 1/2", thigh 21. Auditions only after 10pm CST. Survivor: triathlon training, pumping iron. Want my insatiable holes disciplined by hot Tops. (Bobby, 205-976-5318) Box 8516LF

### WHEN YOU SEE THE (SYMBOL)

in any of these classified ads you can connect with that person instantly by calling either of the Drummer Tough Line numbers. Full details on how to use this service appear on page 76.

## ARIZONA

### INEXPERIENCED SEEKS TOP

Curious BI WM, 20's, cute, slender with tight ass. Seeks tall, athletic-muscular, smooth, sensual Leatherman for discreet meetings. Must be HIV-, 25-40yo, not too rough initially! I'll suck, you fuck. No drugs! PHX area only. Send photo. Box 8459

## NO. CALIFORNIA

### ARROGANT SON NEEDED

Seeking arrogant, foul mouthed son who needs a bottom Daddy to deliver hot butt and oral service his way! Give serious corporal punishment, verbal abuse. Taunt, tease and abuse this butt hole. Amuse yourself while teaching lessons in humiliation and service. GWM, 46, 5'8". No Drugs. 8475LF

### BLACK OWNER NEEDED

WM, 5'8", 160#, masochist, bootlicker, cocksucker, ass sniffer needs to belong to African-American who will train me to obey him. The proper place for me lies under your boots begging to suffer. (510) 835-9136

### HOT FUCKING BODY WORSHIP

Daddy/Master needs slave/son 20-40 Now! Require eager passive participant for hard long tough beautiful inventive mouth and ass fucking. I'm late 40's, 6', 200#, S&P, beard. I'll work your ass off! LTR photo/phone to box 3547LF

### I NEED TO SNIFF YOUR HOLE

Nicelooking W/M, 47, seeks contact with younger, dominant guy of any race. If you've been working hard at working out and would enjoy making me tongue clean your sweaty pits, nuts and worship your ripe asshole, write: Chuck, Box 51201, Palo Alto, CA 94303. LF

## IDAHO LEVI/LEATHER COWBOY

needs buddy/DAD/regular Joe. Am 31yo, 5'10", 168#, HIV-, BR/BL, stache/beard, balding, hairy, butch, hung, goodlooking, novice likes fun, dirty mansex. TT, BD, WS, raunch, experienced, in-charge men. Bears, bikers, truckers, A+, 30-45yo. Hungry, wild, good times, smoke/aroma/altered states OK. 3706LF

### LEATHER TOPMAN

Masculine WM, 40yo, 6'3", 210#, 8", fully loaded, seeks hot mouths for oral service. Inexperienced/couples are ok. No SM. Seek only those who respect leather. FF/toys/WS also. Call (209) 572-3573.

### LIVE-IN BOY WANTED!

Very handsome, moderately severe, San Francisco Daddy; 42, 6', 205#, average endowment. You must be younger, x-well hung, ready for total ownership; WS, a must. Roy (415) 695-9599. No phone sex. SERIOUS ONLY! Call before 11pm. 3556LF

### MANS BEST FRIEND

Handsome, masculine, hairy, Italian, raunchy, radical, sexual adventurer seeks hot animal sex with men that love dogs. PO Box 134, 1104 Polk St. SF, CA 94109

### MUSCLE BEEF-FEST 94

Beefy Italian BB, 5'9", 200#, very goodlooking, 31yo, built and strong seeks other muscleboys for rough housing, domination, sweating and pumping each other up. Send photo & leather. I'm flexible. 88338

### MUSCULAR STUD NEEDS DADDY

Handsome, 29, 6', 200#, solid, bl/bl, stache, needs studly Master with muscles, cops, rugged types, cowboys, who can Dominate this hunk with TT, ass beatings, discipline & training. Drilling afterwards. Safe only. Photo/phone # get same. Thank you, Sir! 9230LF

## PERMANENT SLAVE WANTED

Prolonged heavy bondage, CB&TT, SM, pain, training, service & use. Leather, rubber & boots. Total submission expected in/out of dungeon. Total care possible. Us: slim, hung, HIV-, GWM. Master 6', 42, professional. Write CTT, POB 14673, SF CA 94114. 3525LF

### SADISTIC MASTER NEEDED

Ugly, hairy, & Macho preferred but all looks Ok. Don't expect an equal buddy or lover. This masochist offers Ritual sex & the companionship of a well trained dog. Out of shape slave is HIV-, 61, 6', 230 toothless & tattooed. (510) 443-3083. 3627LF

### SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA

Novice bottom, 30, seeks experienced, patient, understanding and in-shape Top to work out with and train me in SM. I am committed to getting in-shape with your help while learning to please you in bed. My interests include BD, CBT, TT, shaving, spanking. If you are a Top and have the experience, patience, and understanding to work out with me and train me, then this could be the opportunity you've been waiting for. Uncut a plus. Photo/phone a must. 9128LF

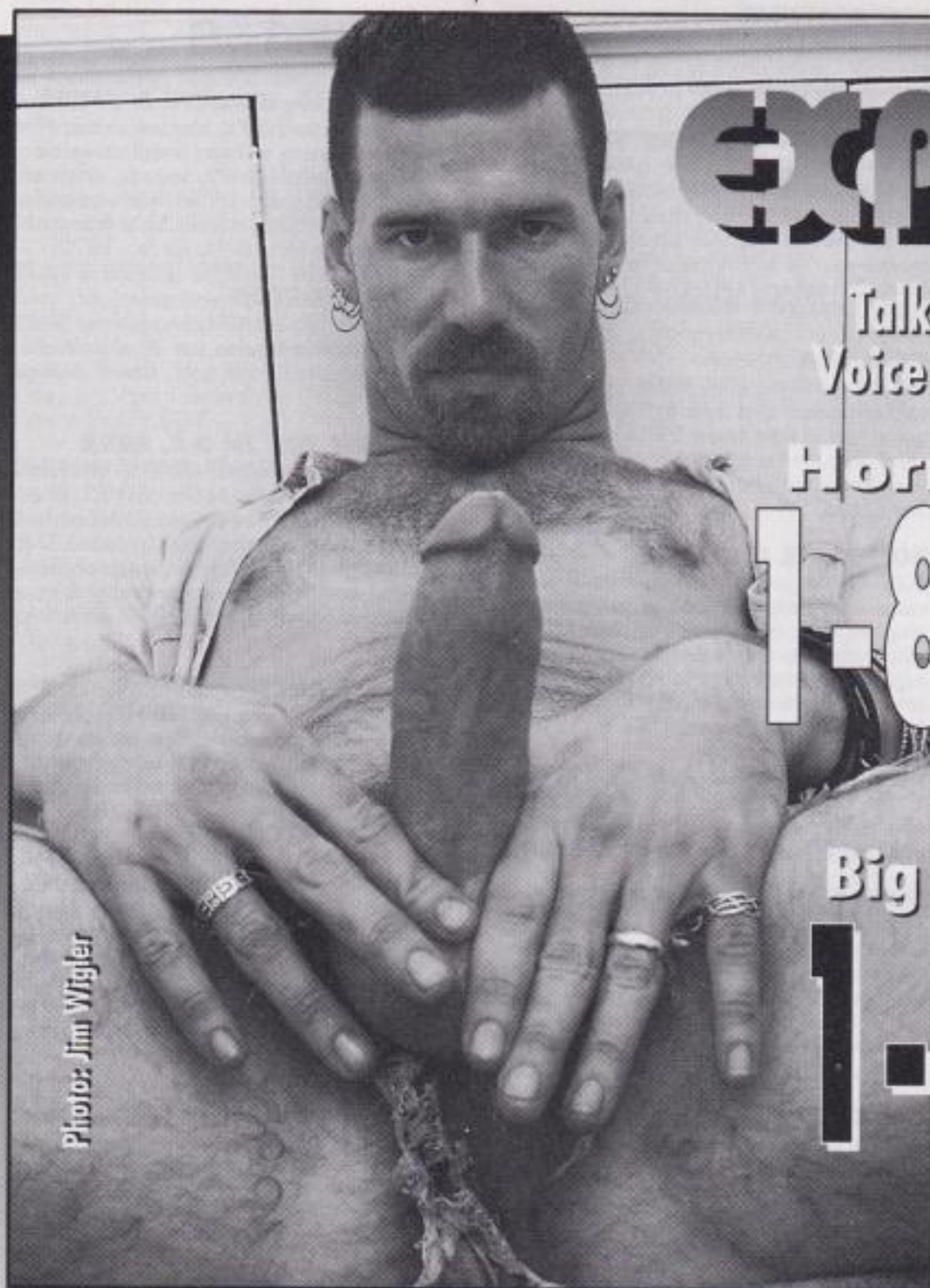
### WANTED: TOP ESCORT/MODEL

50yo seeks Top/Mastertype for escort/model. Lite SM, prefer Castro St. clone-type, 30-45yo. 5885

## SO. CALIFORNIA

### BIG BEEFY TRUCKER

37yo, 6'4", 260#, BRN/BLU, wants goodlooking, leather/levi man 25-45yo with hot, hairy body for rough mansex, non-smoker, HIV-. Larry (714) 771-2172.



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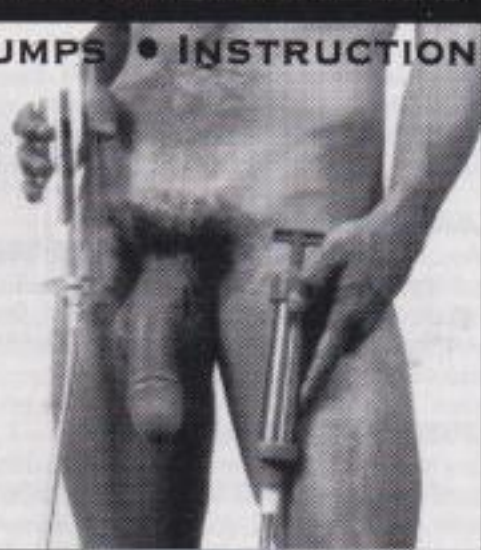
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### BOOTED BEARDED BIKER TOP

WM, 48yo, 5'11", 150#, seeks pigman-boy(s) for total oral service, WS, discipline, etc. All scenes considered. Age, size, type, tech. are less important than attitude. Send details of desires, limits, etc. (photos welcome) to: SIR, PO Box 27642, LA, CA 90027. 3676LF

### HORNY LEATHERMAN WANTED

Expert cocksucker wants to service masculine, hung men on a regular basis. (1 on 1/group). I am masculine WM, 46yo, 5'11", 195#. If you want to repeatedly cum down my throat, please call Mike in Long Beach before 9 P.M. or anytime on Monday at (310) 590-7919. 3713LF

### I GIVE SEVERE WHIPPINGS

Very severe. Take it like a man. Your place only. P.O.B. 1051, Studio City CA 91614. LF

### LET'S PLAY IN OUR LEATHER

Young, lusty latin loves to have fun with other young leather-wrapped guys who thoroughly enjoy musky sweet smell & sight of skin tight leathers draped over leathersmooth brown skin while having sex. Send photo & phone to PO Box 652, Hayward CA 94541. 5918LF

### MUSCULAR & INTO PECS AND TITS

Very hot muscular guy, six foot, 198 with giant pecs and pig nipples. Seeks same. I'm masculine, short haired, very good looking, I'm usually Top but also versatile, looking for very muscular men into leather scenes and especially tit play. Call (213)461-3277. LF

### ORANGE COUNTY DADDY

WM, 5-11, 175#, 54, young looking, average build and looks, 6' uncut, shaved balls. This Leather Daddy is Top or bottom. Experienced to satisfy your every need. HIV+. Any race answer with picture to: V. Starr, 3410 Meadow Brook, Costa Mesa, CA 92626. 3552LF

### PIG BOTTOM?

Goodlooking Top, 5'9", 150#, Brn/Bl, work-out, HIV-, seeks slim guy into kink, BD, WS, leather, safesex, fantasy, etc. Box 5794

### PISS BOTTOM (THIRSTY)

I'm a GWM, 33yo, brn hair, grn eyes, w/ 8" cock. You be Bi or SWM between 30-50yo, good shape with a hairy chest, & uncut cock a plus, loaded with piss. Let me completely service your cock. No tats or fems. I like real Men. Call Jeff at (714) 449-8113; Fullerton, CA. 3543

### POW/MIA

You are a well-muscled, strung-up, captured soldier worked over by a 6', 160lbs. interrogator with a tight body, 29" waist and 41" chest. if you fit the description of the prisoner, drop a note and photo to MC, POB 881521, San Diego, CA 92168. 8442LF

### SOME LIKE IT ROUGH

50ish GWM, musc body, big thick and uncut, seeks similar for intense mutual whipping, TT, CBT, etc. other possibilities include WS, catheters, rimming, dildoes, FF, piercing, must be trim, masculine & tough. Explicit letter & phone no. to Kurt 1043 University Ave. #146, San Diego 92103.

### SON SEEKS DAD/BIG BROTHER

GWM, 35yo, 6', 165#, BRN/HZL, bottom with nice hole, seeks tall, lean, leather Top with facial hair for GR/action. 5903

### STUD TOP SKS FUCK/RIM G/P

You be Muscular, clean, horny, HIV- stud with insatiable hole for deep ass-sucking, rimming, fucking, with thick Muscular legs. You be Muscular, horny, ass slave & we'll go for hours. I also dig shaving, bondage & FF. If you want it, send photo/phone to Rick, 839 Covina Blvd #329, Covina, CA 91722.

### UNCUT TOP

W/Master, 41, 5'11", 175#, good fucker, seeks: tight, butch, bottom with hairy legs + BBL butt, who likes it rough and kinky. Must be clean, in-shape & obedient. Bi/married/couples/race/inexperience OK. SM/BD/VA/SP/WS - limits resp./exp. Full photo & explicit letter with phone mandatory. Do it now! 3524LF

### WANTED: MUSCLE SLAVE

Muscular, masculine, leather Daddy/Top seeks men in nipple work, B/D, C/B who get down and take orders. Call (213) 461-3277. 9251LF

### WHITE TOP/DAD/SIR

Wanted by WM, BOTTOM. I'm 43yo, 5'11", 210#, hairy, husky bear cub, BRN/HZL, beard & stache, hot tits, mouth & tight hole. Looking for Tops/relationship. Am FRa/p, GR/p, TT, WS, Lite BD, anal play, toys, boots, leather, levis, hairy bod & am HIV-no drugs. LA, CA area. JS, PO Box 67E06, LA, CA 90067. 5917LF

### WORK MY TITS IN MY SLING

Masculine, muscular, leather Daddy, Top, 38yo, 6', 185#, seeks muscular leather slave, novice OK. If you are hot for BD, CBT, ass work, lots of leather & heavy nipple play. Call: (213) 461-3277.

## COLORADO

### MATURE SLAVE AVAILABLE

Ready & willing to serve Master. Right attitude. Need direction in BD, SM, TT, WS, ass work and more. Have collar. Can entertain & travel to receive proper training. 6', 200#, clean shaven, hairy. Don, Box 9151, Colorado Springs, CO 80932.

## CONNECTICUT

### MAN TO MAN

GWM, 50, 6', 185#, BR/BR, clean shaven, pierced nipples, good shape. Enjoys titwork, bondage and expansion of limits with the right partner. Reside in Conn. 1 hour from NYC. Respond with photo and phone, plus personal description. 3609LF

## DC METRO

### 2 FF BEARS, EXPERTS & VERSA-

TILE. Lovers, mid 30's, pierced, masc, FFA members looking for kinky, imaginative men. Interests include FF, WS, sounds, enemas, tats, TT, piercing, BD, Lt. SM, leather, hoods, & ?. Will teach beginners. Limits honored/expanded on request. Play safe. 9220LF

### BONDAGE STUD

Hot leather slave, 40's, handsome, lean, muscular, seeks intense scenes with serious leather Master. Safe only, travel widely. 5943LF

### HOTTEST TOP IN D.C. AREA

Executive, sophisticated, spiritual, muscular, goodlooking, healthy, 45yo, 5'10, 190#, nices abs, chest, arms, dick, dark hair but bald with stache. Into heavy but sane SM, BD, whippings, CBT, TT, wax, electricity, suspension, etc. Seeking younger, with shit together, masochist/buddy. Travel USA. 5938LF

### SLAVE WANTED

Black Master, 45, 165#, 10" uncut. Needs second slave, any race. Must be seriously into FF, TT, ass beating, shaving, raunch, piss, ball work. Serious only, no punks. Safe sex. Visitors welcome. Call (703) 780-5990 or write Box 8580LF

### WM BODYBUILDER MASOCHIST

Lean, muscular, 45, 5-11, 175#, 45" chest, 31" wst, x-Navy seal, Fr/A, Gr/P, seeks lean, non-smoking Master. Whatever rites, attire, use/abuse, whipping req. Relate to Story of O, 9 1/2 Weeks, Beauty's Punishment. JW, PO Box 44029, Ft Washington, MD 20749. 9163LF

### WHEN YOU SEE THE ( SYMBOL

in any of these classified ads you can connect with that person instantly by calling either of the Drummer Tough Line numbers. Full details on how to use this service appear on page 76.



## FLORIDA

### DAYTONA BEACH

2 GWM, bodybuilders, 30's, into post workout, B&D, bare ass whip'n with other training partners for slacking, and/or lean, mean buck who needs his sweats taken down and his bare butt blistered with the strap. POB 2652, Daytona Beach, FL 32115-2652. 3620LF ☎

### HOT SUBMISSIVE

Totally submissive bootlicker desires domination. Fuck with my mind. I am ready to submit for your pleasure to long sessions of safe-sex; BD, VA, WS, shaving, spanking, and piercing. Please write explicit letter and photo: all Masters answered obediently. PO Box 4434, Miami, FL 33116. 3543LF

### MY GENITALS BEG FOR IT

Attractive, 33yo, HIV-, seeks GM, 18-35, for mutual SM interests includes BD, CBT, TT, vacuum pumps, hot wax, electricity, catheters. Looking for safe/sane individual who can take & give with respect. Give me a workout & I'll do the same to you. Young, uncut Latin, Asian or Black a plus but not required. (305) 534-1516. LF

### OBEDIENCE DEMANDED

Dominant muscular, bearded, WM, 35, 5'10", 190 into verbal control seeks an in-shape mature bondage bottom who needs to obediently serve. Tampa. 88307

### ORAL PLEASURE

43yo, WM into sucking cock and kissing ass. Serious only. Seeking masculine men. Call Rick (305) 786-1749. 3551LF ☎

### PHI OMEGA PI

recruiting 12 sadists and 2 masochists, any age or race, to create a live-in commune for full time S/M in spiritual context. Hot gang-rapes, 365 nights a year! Looks don't count, but must have means, good body, super health. Location open. 3538LF

### PISS BUDDY SOUGHT

by goodlooking bearded daddy. Young fifties, healthy, slim & fit, works out. Into aroma, mansmells, pits, piss, licking hole and more. Looking for fit, masculine men 25-60 for friendship, mutual raunch. Travel US, Letter with photo to A. Rainmaker, POB 37934, Jacksonville, FL 32236. 88339LF

### SLAVE SEEKS STRICT MASTER

WM, 30, masculine, attractive, 5'7", 9", HIV+, healthy seeks blond, blue-collar, well-built Master, 21-45, who commands total servitude/ownership, BD, VA, WS, TT. Your rules, Sirl Fort Lauderdale. Photo/Instructions to Box 9160LF

### UNINHIBITED FISTING

GWM, 35, great shape, huge pierced nipples & cock with Master who works on them. Into FF, TT, dildoes, WS, shaving, CBT. Seeking others in good shape with huge, hungry holes into intense assplay. Full body photo gets mine. POB 0154, Coral Gable, FL 33114. 9262LF

### WATERSPORTS

Masculine, GWM, 48yo, 5'6", 135#, HIV-, seeks intelligent Top/mutual, HIV-, for WS, FF, Light SM. Brow./Palmbeach area. 5797

## GEORGIA

### DADDY SKS SON/SLAVE

WM, 38, 6', 170#, good build, safe/sane, HIV-. You: HIV- and submissive, no exp. required, no smoke or drugs, CBT, TT, BD, limits disc. Relationship possible. Stand naked and hard for Daddy, ready for inspection and his caring instructions. Mandatory bio. and photo req. to M. Brand, POB 53266, Atlanta, GA 30355 3554LF ☎

### WHEN WORDS AREN'T ENOUGH

just take a photo of yourself and send it in to us for our TOUGH CUSTOMERS #8 MAGAZINE. Details on page 81.

### DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE

Hot, GWM duo; full leather Tops - 27, 5'9", 140#, blond, smooth, 8 1/2" & 40, 5'10", S/pepper, smooth, 7 1/2". Into BD, WS, tits, VA, assplay, etc. Any scene safe/sane, mutually agreed upon. Seeking GWM's 25-45, bottoms preferred, versatile OK. No fats. No J/O phone calls, serious only, inexperienced OK. Midtown Atlanta, (404) 888-0754, before 11pm. Ask for Doug. 8420LF

### GIVE & TAKE BY SUBMISSION

GWM, 42yo, 5'10", 155#, stache, smooth, shaved balls, 7" cut, HIV-, seeks WM's 18-50, for safe fun in mutual BD, WS, SM, TT, VA, CBT, spankings, photo/videoing, 1-1/2 more. No fats/phone JO. Inexperienced OK. Midtown Atlanta, (404) 872-4853 by 11p.m. Stan. Possible relationship. 3518LF

### MUSCLE BOY NEEDS TRAINING

Hot, masculine, muscle boy, 5'10", 165#, 30yrs. old, needs hot man to humiliate, dominate, and use me and my tight white ass. I need to serve, Sirl Send photo. 88347

### REGULAR GUY SEEKS HARD TOP

Masculine guy into workouts. 37, 6-1, 175#, new to leather scene - TT, CBT, Hard assplay, seeks muscular endowed Top, 45, to help take the plunge & expand limits. Photo/Phone to 9133

### SEEKING YOUNG LEATHERBOYS

GWM, 35, 5-5, 140#, HIV+, pierced, tattooed, hairy, and mean. Seeks slaves, 18-30, good looks, toned body, proper attitude, and absolutely submissive to his Master. Serious only; novices OK. Application and photo to: 595 Piedmont Ave NE #566, Atlanta GA 30308. LF

### STRUGGLE AGAINST MY ROPES

Gdtkng, masc, Lthr sadist, 30, 6', 220#, br/bl, highly educated, professional, gdtkng, masc, straight-acting, muscle, 21-45 with cocky attitude who needs but resists heavy prolonged bondage, torture, rape, etc. Struggle and scream to no avail! Send photo. I travel. 3516LF ☎

### SUBMISSIVE 21 YR OLD BOY

Very goodlooking WM, 5'10", 160#, Bi, cocky, college swimmer. Seeks: Masculine, Dominant and Confident Man/Mentor. I've only 2yrs of experience but realize I was born to serve you. I'm obedient and your needs always put first. Photo/note to Box 7492, Atlanta, GA 30347. 3539LF ☎

### TOILET PIG NEEDS USE!!

Raunchy, piss drinking, shit sucking pig loves to suck & lick dirty feet, boots, needs using bad. All other scenes encouraged. Dirty as you want. Pig is 5'11", 170#, call (404)-887-7608. Atlanta.

## HAWAII

### BOYS WANTED

Topman, 36, 5'10", 180#, gymbody seeks in-shape bottoms, men/boys into serious assplay, BD, TT, and other games. Send letter with photo (no photo/no reply) to POB 4560, Honolulu, HI 96812-4560. 3564LF

## ILLINOIS

### MASOCHIST NEEDS TRAINER

6', 180#, 42yo, slave/masochist. Expand tolerance to pain; make me an extension of you; control me physically and mentally. Cigars, wax, tits, interrogation, electric, clothespins, spanking, whips, boots, humiliation, bondage. Break my virgin ass; FF me. Age/looks unimportant. 5859LF

### PLUG MY EAGER OPEN HOLES

This hot bottom whoreboy craves sucking stiff dick meat, prolonged assplowing including dildoes and handballing. Needs training in BD, light SM. Scenes OK, visitors welcome. Safe only. Goodlooking 38yo, 6", 220#. Write to John, 3023 N. Clark, Suite 289, Chicago, IL 60657. 3533LF

# ZEUS

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## IOWA

### BUTCH BOTTOM NEEDS MASTER

Bondage boy, 29yo, horny, trim beard, needs a hung, hairy Top to make a man out of me. Into paddles, hoods, gags, beards, VA, TT, muscles, crewcuts, assplay, orgasm control, permanent possible. Photo and orders to Tom, PO Box 173, Iowa City, IA 52244. LF

## KENTUCKY

### DAD SEEKS NOVICE SON TO

train for my pleasure in all areas of service. Boy must be hairy and obeys!! Long letter and photo to. B8323

## LOUISIANA

### FF MANHUNT

Rare find! Hot, handsome, healthy, magnanimous, pony-boy, handballer needs to be ridden. Irreverent, but not jaded. Versatile (or climb on top) seeking dedicated, big bro./mentor/sire into xx-duty fisting and more. 33, 5'10", 170#, fit. Your phone/photo nails me. 3615LF

## MAINE

### YOUNG TRIM MASOCHISTS !!!

Wanted by sane, serious, experienced GWM sadist, 49, for med to heavy SM, BD torture sessions, TT, CBT, whipping, crop wand, shaving, hot wax, anal work, bondage and humiliation, endurance and safe sex. No scat or drugs. Sincere only. Send picture. I'm in So. Maine. Box 8619LF

## MARYLAND

### GIRLS JUST GOTTA BE BAD

Sensuous TV who's naughty at times needs discipline befitting a wayward girl. Also seeks medical and surgical advice from qualified practitioners who can make her a real woman. Box 8677LF

### TRY THIS

In-shape, experienced bottom, 50, 5'8", 160#. Heavy scenes: hoods, leather, gags, chains, dildoes, levis, oil, rubber, CBT, bondage, breath control. Serious M's only. No pen pals. Everything safe OK. Slave training needed. 9259LF

## MASSACHUSETTS

### HOT MUSCULAR TOP 34

Does anything ass related -- FF, spank, enema. Limits respected, or expected. Br/Bl trim beard. PO 573, Boston, MA 02102 or (617) 499-9533.

### HOT FF TOP

Buttthole specialist with 15 years experience. I'm 44, 5'11", 155#, muscular, medium erotic hands, trim beard. Novices OK. Visitors welcome. Safe only. Cord, (617) 267-5629. Boston. Box 3614LF

### MASTER NEEDED 4 HOT ACTION

Asswork, CBT, TT, FR, GR, bondage, gags, heavy ass beatings, dildoes, fantasy, rough reality. I want to be your sex slave. I'll try most anything at least once. Try me. I am 39, 5'7", nice build. Any age, race, OK. Let's get into it. 3548LF

### PROVE YOURSELF!

Take a photo of yourself and send it in to us for our TOUGH CUSTOMERS #8 MAGAZINE. Details on page 81.

## SERVE ME

No-nonsense Boston Topman. Tall, 42, slim, built, hung, hot, safe, sane, sober. Seeks hot versatile bottom, slim bod, talented mouth/ass, for SM, bondage etc. Detailed letter: Box 9206LF

## MICHIGAN

### MY GENITALS BEG FOR IT

Attractive, 28yo, HIV-, seeks same, 18-38, to introduce me to (pref mutual) SM, etc. Interests include BD, CBT, TT, vacuum pumps, hot wax, electricity, catheters. Looking for safe/sane who can take & give w/ respect. Give me a workout & in turn be an eager subject to try things out on. Let's explore together. Photo please to Box 3680LF

## MINNESOTA

### FIST FUCKERS UNITE!!

For information on a Twin Cities group dedicated to safe & sane fisting. Write to CDA/Tom, PO Box 41148 MNPLS, Minneapolis, MN 55414

## MISSISSIPPI

### SENSUAL SOUTHERN LEATHERS

Kepi to boots Leatherman seeks lean, lusty jackmate whose leathers are daily gear, while riding, working, tramping! Rubbersports? How about rainy rides, woodsy walks, wetsuited wallowing. Plus, mutual nutkneading. Write Harold, Leather Oaks, Box 5172, Biloxi, MS 39534. 3532LF

## MISSOURI

### BOTTOM SEEKING TOP

WM, 32, into leather/rubber/BD/gags/hoods/enemas. Enjoy variety of scenes. Want man/men to share S&M; permanence not necessary. Invest a letter and/or a picture. You'll get honesty and the same. Lets explore the possibilities, Sir. 8526 LF

### ST. LOUIS VERSATILE

WM, 38, beard, 6', 160, HIV+. Looking for guys into BD, light SM, toys assplay, etc. Still learning - open to new ideas. B8322

### TAKE MATTERS IN HAND!

Erotic fantasy videos. Sample & list \$2 cash, USA only. Tom, Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123.

## NEVADA

### SEEKS MASCULINE TOP

In shape 32yo, 6'4", Br/Bl, 185# bottom seeks experienced Top. Into TT, CBT, BD, body shaves and enemas. Want to expand experience. Vegas area. Safe only. 8457

## NEW JERSEY

### GWM SLAVES 18-37

GWM, Master, 6', 220#, seeks slave into CBT, TT, whipping, electric, enemas, in bondage. Also into skiing, ww-canoeing, biking, backpacking. Have complete basement playroom. Seeks live-in. Central NJ near I-78 & I-287. Call LJ at (908) 874-6909. 3631LF

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## LEATHER AND RAUNCH

36, 5'10", HIV+, healthy, dirty minded guy with well equipped dungeon seeks depraved playmates for fun and/or possible relationship. Into S&M scenes, heavy asswork and raunch. I've got average looks and build, enjoy a suburban lifestyle, computers and motorcycles. I prefer Top but will switch for the right player. NJ-NYC commuter. (908) 953-0221. No JO CALLS! 3558LF

## TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

Experienced Sadist seeks young (18-30), well built captives, man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored & expanded. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. (908) 874-6725. 3662LF

## NEW MEXICO

### ALBUQUERQUE GWM

37: gentleman, scholar, bodybuilder and ardent admirer of bound male beauty, not necessarily in that order. If you are young, fit and smooth, call me, Brian Lanter, I'm in the book. A cupiditate adligor adligati adolescentuli formosi, quod fas est. 9280LF

### SEEKING PUNISHMENT

WM, 44, professional, clean, educated. Into pain, rigid restraint and total control. Ass beating, electricity, long intense SM, Whips, crops, Steel, rope, hoods, gags. If playing rough and on the edge is your thing, please write. 3605LF

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## NEW YORK

### "EAGER BOY"

40's "boystud", 6'4", 218#, "new to scene", seeks tough "Daddy" and/or "Master" into all aspects of gradual & sensual SM. Recently discovered "true self" & it is time to expand with "experienced hands". Travels wide geographic area. Call (515) 532-3707 before 11 p.m. CST, or write box 8923LF

### 100% USEABLE SLAVEMEAT

To serve bearded, booted BearMaster, 41yo. Must be totally submissive, completely subservient & relocatable upon Master's demand. Master will totally control you! Replies with photo answered 1st. PO Box 412, Syracuse, NY 13208. I will own you! 5914

### ATTENTION HOT SMOKERS

WM, 26, 5'8", 140, military crew cut, masculine, loves to suck that hot smoke down deep. Can't get enuf of your Marlboro attitude. Light up with me! NYC+++ Photo A+. Box 714, NYC 10017.

### ATTN: MANWORSHIPPERS

Pussy seeks other cunts to join him in total oral worship of the hairy, tall, lean, masc. body, big feet, and suckable cock of mature arrogant VA Master. Sluts, cocksuckers, pigs, asslickers apply with phone #. Master is too much Man for one pussy. 3553LF

### BODY WORSHIPPER

Body slave...on call for your pleasure. WS, BB's, uncuts, verbal are pluses. Head to toe, my mouth & hands are eager to do your bidding. You call the shots! Anything to make you feel real good!! Call Mike, 212-XTXT-218 til 12 Midnight EST or write with P/P to Box 8971LF

### BOUND AND GAGGED

Me: GWM, 37, 6', 165#, BR/BR, hairy, Gd Lks & shape, HIV+. You: love to keep me tied up, gagged & humiliated w/filthy sox's boots, 501's, jockeys, piss & shit, 25-48, Gd Lks & shape, relationship possible. Keep healthy, playing safe. Smelling & telling is fun 2. Phone/photo pref. All ansd. 9276LF

### BUBBLE BUTT SLAVE BOY 30

Very cute novice, 5'6", 135#, blnd/brn, in great shape, needs firm but caring Master who will tame/train me; prefer 25-40. Your boy: smart, independent, PRFL. Sks long term ownership with right Master. Sir, please send photo & instructions to 3640LF

### CRAVE THIS MASTER, SLAVE!

Hot, brutal, leather Master, tall-dark-hand-some-hairy, 33yo. Fulfills all fantasies. 5871

### DADDY NEEDS TO PLEASE YOU

ISO Dad or son. Daddy needs discipline and obedience training. Hold my nipples and watch daddy please you. 60 years young. 5911

### DAYTIME TRYSTS

Older GWM, seeks friendly WM authority figure for lite SM, WS. No drugs, booze, hustlers. (718) 884-4576.

### FANTASY FUFILLMENT

Goodlooking, 36, 5'10", silver-blond hair, blue eyes, professional, versatile, enjoys younger men, bondage, SM, CBT, FF, shaving. Available with young, Nordic, swimmers-built God. Any scene created. The sex and company will be a great time. Westchester and So. Conn. area. POB, 590, Larchmont, NY 10538 or call (212) 969-0730. 3617LF

### PUT ON YOUR LEATHER,

pull out your camera and take a photo of yourself and send it in to us for our TOUGH CUSTOMERS #8 MAGAZINE.

### FRIENDLY? DOMINANT? VIRILE?

GWM, sks WM experienced in dealing with naughty, older men (like me). Safe sex anytime 4AM-6PM, my den in Riverdale. Uniforms & pipe or cigar smks a+ but not essential. Light S&M. No drugs, booze, money. Phone (718) 884-1081. Or PO Box 630296, NY, NY 10463-9992. 92112LF

### GOODLOOKING WHITE BOTTOM

(married, 33, 5'10", 155#, very oral with a hot hole) is seeking fuckbuddies (1,2 or more) who are lean, muscular, hairy and hung (preferably uncut) for weekday (9am to 5pm) action (1 on 1 or 1 on group) in Chelsea area. Race is no barrier. You must be HIV- and discrete. Steve (212) 989-8597 - you won't be disappointed in service. 3504LF

### GWM, 36, 5'6", 145 SPANK!

Jackknife me over your knee. Rip my jeans down to the bare facts. Spank my peach fuzz bare bottom till it burns and blushes. Relish my bottom squirming on your lap. I spank too. Write: R. Newhouser, 229 St. Johns Pl. #2D, Brooklyn, NY 11217. LF

### HOLE TAKES HORSE MEAT

Hot WM, 31, 5-8, 145#, muscular bottom, seeks massively endowed dominant studs for rough plowing. HIV- only. Photo/phone to G.Stuart, POB 1125, NYC, NY 10113-1125. Fuck me up! Box 8527LF

### HOT HUNG TOILET MASTER

Beg to suck my 8" dick and hot hole. Master is a WM, very hot, muscular, 6'1", 185#, 35, brn, hairy mustache. Seeks pig for raunch, VA, piss, shit, humil. You must send photo and groveling letter to Sir. Box 8775LF

### HOT MASCULINE TOP

Married, mean. Seeks rough affair with hot masculine bottom. Your place. Dear Sir w/ photo & phone to: Harry Raskin, PO Box 2462, New York, NY 10185. LF



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### HOT & MACHO LEATHER LATINO

Handsome, musc, hung - buenol 30, 5'8", thick blk hr/stache, RED HOT, in full leather-cop uniforms-rubber, BD, VA, TT, hoods? Seeks masc. Topman, 27-48, gdlk-irm-hot & hung. Make this latin stud give you long, slow, sweaty oral service both in full leather-uniforms-rubber! Beer-smoke-aroma. NYC, Boston, DC. 3580LF

### KINKY GROUP SCENE

Hot group open to in-shape Master's and slaves into SM, BD, etc. All ages, race, scenes. 47yo, GWM, 5'11", 160#, seeks also one-on-one buddies. Box 7775, Rego Park, NY, 11374. (718) 275-6719. 3616LF

### KNEEL BEFORE THIS FAT MAN

I control, perhaps own. You bow to my will, jump to my command, serve my comfort. Hairy WM, prof., 53, 5-8, 290#, seeks younger, w/ ltl body hair; not balding or overweight. Require full mental & physical description of slave. Supplication to: PO Box 022885, Brooklyn, NY 11202-0058. LF

### MASTER DAD SEEKS SLAVEBOY

Masc-musc, 45yo, 5'8", 150#, 8", safe-sane B&D. Will train ass up. Jack, (201) 691-2783.

### PETE IN NYC VIA AR AND AK

we met at NYC Eagle on Saturday, November 6. We missed the scene at DK Zone - too pricy! Contact me thru ad. URGENT. Lou, Brooklyn, Box 5799LF

### QUALITY INSIDE AND OUT

Very goodlooking, 37yo guy, great body, 6', 165#, clean cut looks, into leather lifestyle. Looking for serious emotional, spiritual and physical relationship with a well-centered, exceptionally handsome, Dominant Topman, 6' tall or over, 30-45, HIV-. 3642LF

### SHAVING SENSUALIST

Daddy, 45yo, 6', 185#, shaved head, seeks boy/buddy/mate for safe & sane leather sex. Prefer longhaired guy to shave bald but will reply to all. Photo gets mine. 5907

### SLAVE WANTED

Mature experienced Master 50, 5'8", 160, greying/brown hair thinning, brown eyes, seeks submissive GWM who wants to be trained and controlled as a slave. You must be between 22 and 35yrs, into BD, SM, CBT, TT, WS, ass play, toys and complete service. Part time or full time position available. Send letter with photo & tele #. No fats or fems. Box 9034LF

### TALL HORN Y GUYS

Do you want your big feet (size 11+) serviced by a hot WM, 36, 6-1, 185#, very handsome, masculine, works out and sincere? Then call Tony (212) 675-7352 to meet in NYC (no JO). Act out your locker room fantasies - top or bottom, explosive action, possible relationship & more! 3661LF

### TICKLISH?

Dominant, GWM in NYC, 50yo, 5'10", 195#, healthy, wants to tie you spread-eagle & tickle you crazy. Spanking and other safe, mutually agreed scenes also available. Limits respected. No drugs. Be GWM, 21-59, healthy. 5862LF

### TOUGH LEATHER OUT PUNCHER

45yo, GWM, does punching scenes, CB, Tits, other creative abuse to willing bottoms and other versatile Tops. I have much gear; do some travel. 3651LF

### UNINHIBITED FISTING

28yo, hard body, very goodlooking. Looking for cute, in-shape, under 25, Top, for long/deep/elbow and beyond sessions for those long, winter evenings in front of the TV.

### VERBALLY AGGRESSIVE TOP

Commanding-Demanding-Aggressive, yet sensual, seeks boy-toy needing/yearning to give of himself for my pleasure. Leather/non leather for 36 yo, 5'7", 190#. My place discreetly in Brooklyn. Letter/photo? Box 2043, NY, NY 10159. Come serve this hairy man. LF

### WET PANTS

48yo, 150#, loves hot piss in leather pants, on each other, steamy WS, SM fantasies, let's play. Your picture gets mine. (914) 626-4959. 5915LF

## NORTH CAROLINA

### LEATHER TOP NEEDED, SIR!

Handsome, submis. btm, 29, 6'2", 200#, BL/GRN, sks to serve hot, hairy, beefy Top in full leather gear. Into SM, BD, Heavy TT, Ball Stretch, plugs, locked collar & cuffs, shackles. Please Sir, fuck my mouth, ass, mind. Hot scenes, poss long term. Explicit letter w/ photo (gets mine) to POB 25835, Raleigh, NC 27611-5835. I want my hot tongue all over you, Sir! Work me. 9258LF

### SEEKING ON-GOING RELATIONSHIP

SHIP, 23yo, 6'2", 200#, attractive, eager bottom, seeking, Top. Possible relationship. SM, BD, TT, FF, VA & more, as limits expand. You: experienced, attractive, masculine, 25-45yo. ++ are beefy, hairy, extra-hung. Please send letter, phone, & photo? To: PO Box 3052, Greensboro, NC 27402. 5878LF

## OHIO

### BROTHERS IN LEATHER

touching, nuzzling, playful-sensuous tickling, massaging, sharing, caring, warm, honest, openly communicating, healthy, trim; looking for like-minded friend/partner for ongoing, intimate exchanges and joys in life. I am bearded, GWM, 40yo, 6'1", educ/prof, no smoke/drugs, LEATHERED LIBRIAN, (419). PO Box 12650, Toledo, OH 43606-0250. 3647LF

### COCKSUCKING BALLSLAVE

Looking for Sadist into CBT, BD, stretch, leash, slap, electrify, squeeze them, etc. Castration stories/threats. No permanent damage - safe, sane, consensual. Also drugfree/sober. Re-enact tight-rope Videos! 6', 175#, fit 38. You be fit and 25-45? i will drive 5 hrs. or host weekends/vac. 3624LF

### ENGLISH DISCIPLINE

Former English Boarding School Dir., perfect, seeks colonial butts (experienced or novices). 43yo, 5'11", 175#. In excellent physical shape; swim, run, and Nautilus. Reasonable limitations considered - training sessions neither extreme or brutal. Nonetheless, expect a firm, no-nonsense administration of strap, paddle(s), tawse, cane, belt. Or receive strop fully clothed, through sparkling white Jockeys, to the bare ass. Applicants should have a semblance of self-worth, cockiness, and resistance which will be the basis of conversion to respect and obedience. PO Box 14056, Cleveland, OH 44114. 3658LF

### HOT ITALIAN BOTTOM

Handsome, bodybuilding, sex slave, 43, 5'10", 160#, hairy, brown/brown, full beard, non-smoker/drinker, HIV-, wants to serve and service in-shape, non-fat, non-smoking Tops. Photo and letter to Ray, POBox 141553, Columbus, OH 43214. 3531LF

### HOUSEBOY/SLAVE WANTED

You: 21-35, short, slim, for submission, humiliation, basement playroom, SM, BD, kinky, nudity, safe and sane only, no drugs. Letter and phone to Cleveland, Box 8686LF

### IF ITS NOT HERE YOU WON'T FIND IT

IT. Hot Top, 31, 5'8", 150#, Blnd/Blu, hairy, stache, 8 1/2" cut. Hotter Top/bottom, 36, 5'11", 160#, brn/brn, smooth, stache, 7 1/2" uncut. Hottest bottom, porn star, 25, 5'11", 155#, brn/bru, hairy or 2, 10" cut. All HIV-. Into BD, CBT, electricity, FF, shaving, SM, WS, VA, complete playroom A-Z, 2000+ videos, limits respected/expanded. GP, POBox 1413, Mentor, OH 44061-1413 or Call (216) 951-5105. 3501LF

### NW OHIO

41yo Dad, in search of son who is willing to submit to Dad's desires. Send photo and letter to Box 681, Napoleon, OH 43545.



## SLAVE BOTTOM SEEKS MASTER

Kinky Exhibitionist, WM, muscular, deep throat cocksucker - my favorite is uncut. Into SM, BD, FF, TT, CT. Display me naked in front of your friends, piss on me, verbally abuse me. Send letter & photo: Ken, PO Box 146, Blaine, Ohio 43909. (614) 633-5709 - JO OK. 9053LF

## SM BODY SHOTS & TORTURE

Ohio intelligent professional 42, 5'10", 175#. Let's explore S/M with artful controlled application of elbows, knuckles, knees to crotch, gut, abs, ribs, or TT, BD, submission wins my affection. Thin, defined to BB or avg. A+. No gut or over 210#. Safe, sane, kinky, role-reversal, one night or a lifetime. Topless photo and desires to SMC, PO Box 19830, Cincinnati, OH 45219.

## PENNSYLVANIA

### LIVELY LEATHER LUST

WM, 168#, 5'8", seeks a hot leatherman for hot scenes in full leather. Let's see where fantasy can go; mutual play. Photo. B8321

## RHODE ISLAND

### SLAVE NEEDED BY RI DOCTOR

Physician needs live-in slave. No pain, no leather but you must submit completely. Letter to Box 216, Seekonk, MA 02771.

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## SOUTH CAROLINA

### COCKSUCKER NEEDS DOM TOPS

WM, 28, oral slave needs to service Dominant, Hung Masters. Use my mouth for your pleasure. I'm healthy & ready to obey! Please write to PO Box 6947, Columbia, SC 29260. I enjoy WS, BD, Toys and have videos for enjoyment. Leather & hairy, rimming & piss. I love it all! 3568LF

## TEXAS

### BOY SEEKS DOMINANT DAD

Boy is 30yo, 5'9", 140#, with spankable and fuckable ass. Prefer Dad that is Big, hairy, dirty-mouthed and very aggressive in bed. Teach me that Daddy gets what he damn well needs! Send letter and photo to: Boxholder, PO Box 792311, San Antonio, TX 78279-2311. 3709LF

### COWBOY BOOTS & SPUR FETISH

GWM, 39yo, 195#, 6'3", 12D feet, w/ big moustache. Gets hard on when cowboys use spurs on horse or my flanks rough! Got a horse, saddles, bits, chaps, whips, 36 boots & 130 pairs of spurs. Saddle me up & put some spurmarks on my hide. I like rank armpits & buttocks to worship too! 3641LF

### GDLKING DAD/BIG BRO TOP

Ex-USMC, in-shape, 44c, 33w, 47yo, 5'10", BRN/HZL, stache, HIV-, into J/O, BD, feet/boots & more. ISO: HIV-, NS, clean-cut, fun, outgoing, younger man, over 5'8", size 10+ feet. Preppy or country type is A+, and loveable. Reply to Mr. R.H., PO Box 22806, Houston, TX 77227. 5883LF

## HOUSTON SLUT/FUCKBOY/CUNT

Will give hot, tight hole & mouth to masculine, dominant tops with big dicks and active tongues. Into gang fuck scenes. I'm 36yo, 6', smooth, solid, very healthy HIV+. Into lite SM, WS, VA, spanking, mild TT, BD, rimming, assplay, leather, uniforms, cops, Daddys & bears. Strip me, tie me, use me, fill my ass & face with cum. 5904LF

### HUMAN TOILET

Offers his talented mouth and tongue for your use and abuse! Will submit to raunch and humiliation. Pig is 5'10", 146#, 33yo, with small, worthless cock. Make an appointment with your own personal Port-O-Let! You deserve it. No JO or late night calls, please. Rob, PO Box 181281, Dallas, TX 75218-1281. (214) 328-2324. 3688 LF

### HUNGRY SLAVE REQUIRED

by Cowboy Top to drink piss, eat ass, suck cock, service pits and feet. Prefer fistable ass. I am 6', 170#, moustache/beard, very long brown hair, pierced, tattooed, HIV neg. Send letter/photo to Perry, POB 2263, Lubbock, TX 79408 or Phone (806) 763-2700. 3608LF

### SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

32yo, 200#, broad-shouldered, muscular, 7 1/2" cock. Desires weekend with intense sessions. Heavy bondage, heavy CBT, TT, whipping. Seeks experienced Master with well equipped dungeon. Prefer DFW area but will consider statewide. Photo gets same. 3646LF

### WHEN YOU SEE THE (SYMBOL)

in any of these classified ads you can connect with that person instantly by calling either of the Drummer Tough Line numbers. Full details on how to use this service appear on page 76.

## TEXAS LEATHER, PAIN, B&D

Hot bottom needs bondage & pain - Looking for SM studs in TX & surrounding area. Into CBT, TT, B&D, & safe SM. GWM, 33, 5'4", 135#, good build needs torture. Give me a call at (806) 353-9452 or write to Box 8440LF

### WANTED TO BE USED

Permanent, live-in slave wanted. Must be G/P, F/A, subservient, slim and have really hot ass. No outside job. I'm 6'2", 175, hairy mature, stable GM. Needs GM who wants to be kept for frequent, constant use as "Yes, Sir" fuck slave. B8334LF

## VIRGINIA

### COME HOME TO DAD

GWM, bearded, Daddy bear, 47, 6', 240# seeks cub, fuzzy or smooth, for traditional safe bear fun. Non-smoker, stable, desires quality den time, maybe leading to a long-term stay. Bill, Box 2241, Denbigh, VA 23609-0241. 3528LF

### HORSE HUNG BLACK MASTER

Dominant, tall, aggressive, throat jammer will make you choke on his piss and cum. (202) 471-7792.

### SEEK SUBMISSIVE VIRGINIAN

Strict, caring, Yankee Master/Dad, 45, seeks live in submissive Virginian son/slave over 21 for training and discipline. Call 518-458-8344 after 7 P.M.

### GET NAKED,

take a photo of yourself and send it in to us for our TOUGH CUSTOMERS #8 MAGAZINE. Details on page 81.

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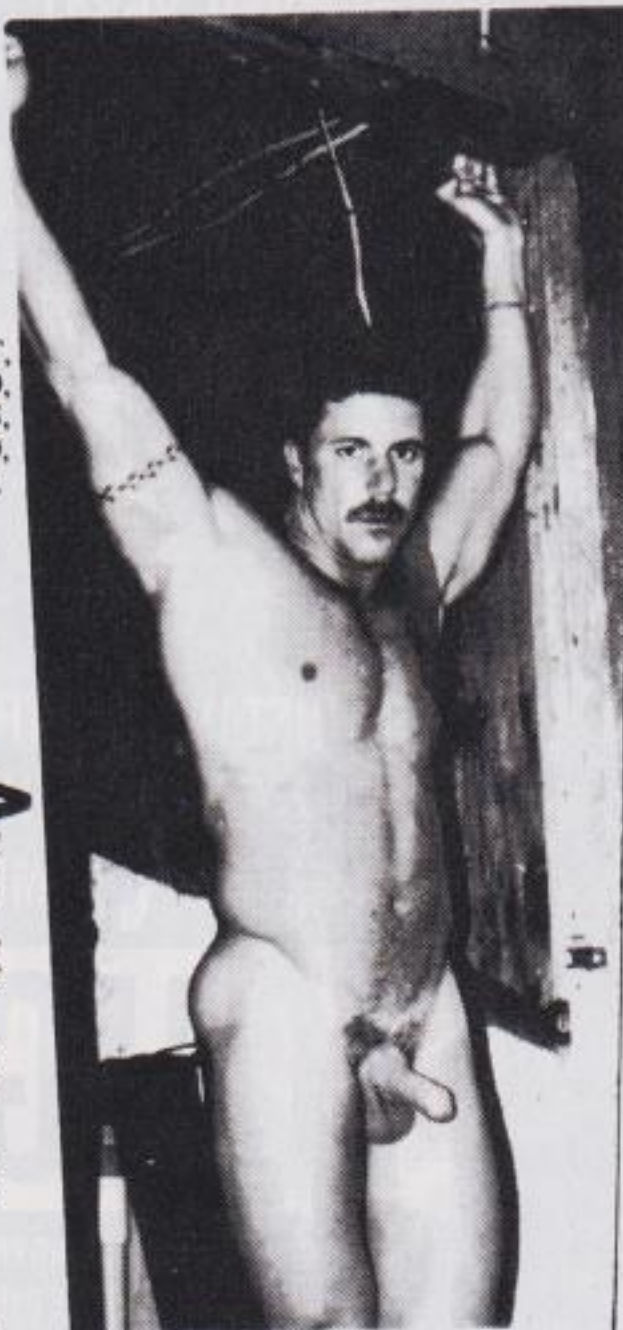
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GWM, 6'3", 190#, in Olympia, looking for Tops and bottoms into BD, CBT, TT, SM, leather sex in general. Light to heavy, safe and sane only. Age unimportant. Military welcome, absolute discretion guaranteed. Live-in relationship possible. Call (206)-956-0650, or write with photo & phone to Box 9002LF

## WISCONSIN

### SLAVE SEEKS WHIPMASTER

Slave, 39, 5'11", 190#, needs safe/sane training. Slave inexperienced, but ready. B8350

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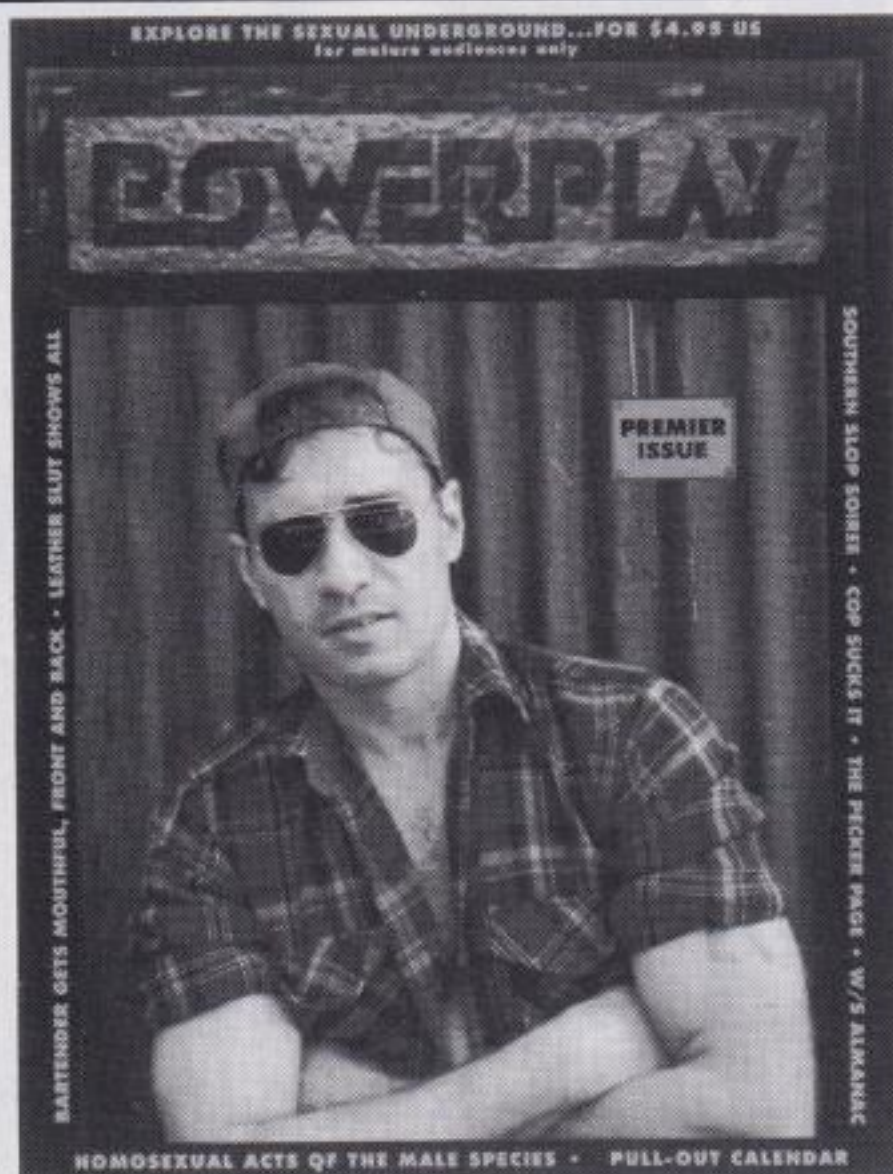
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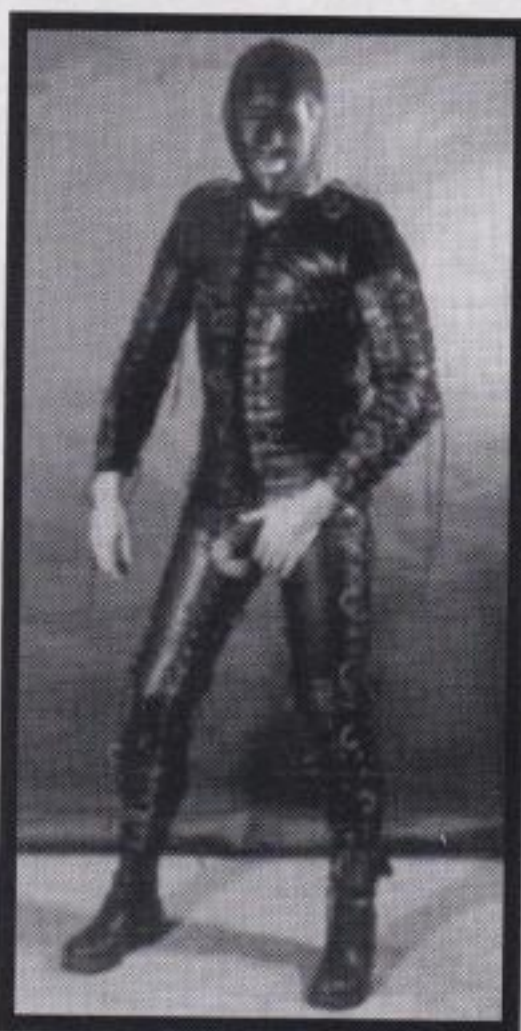
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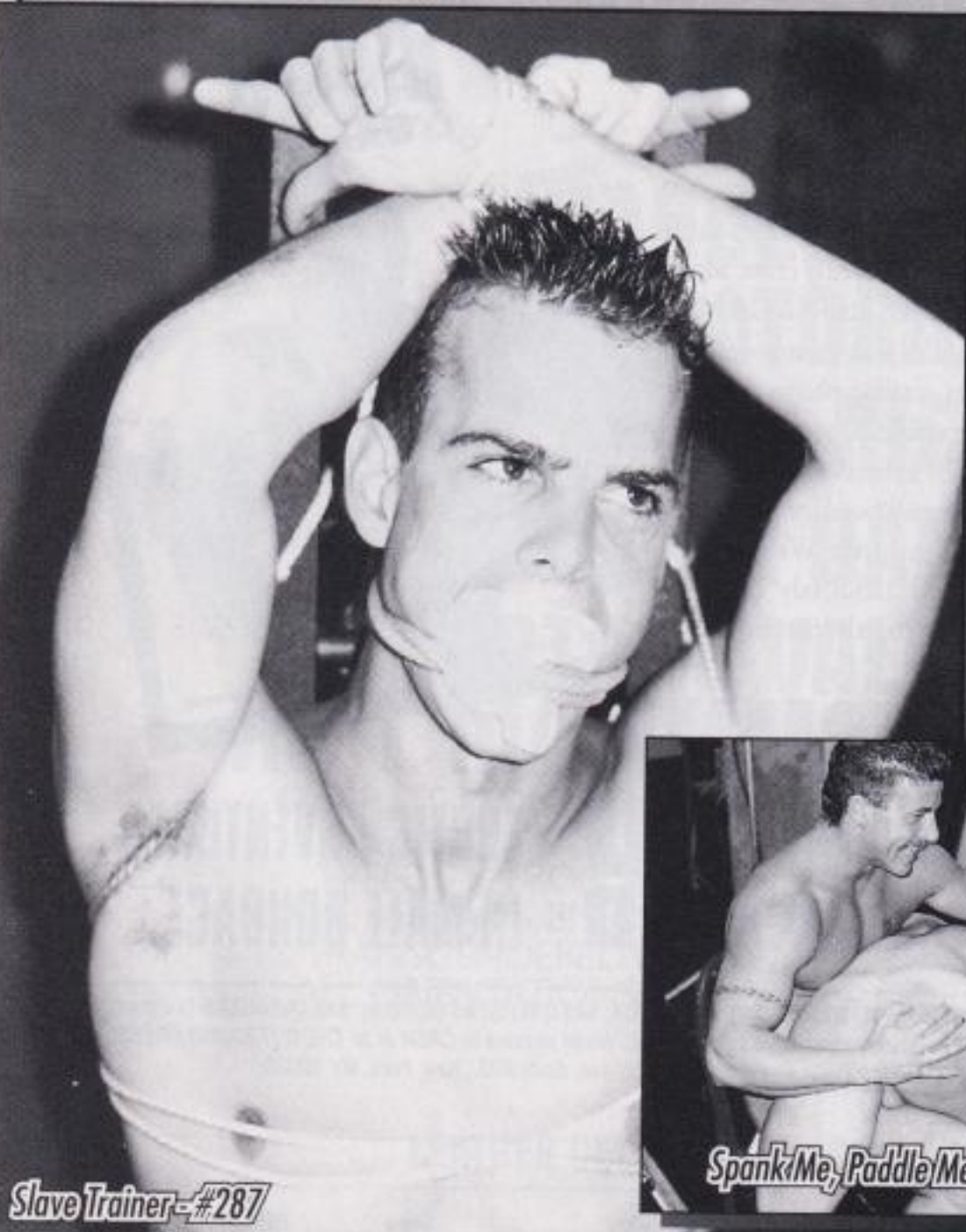
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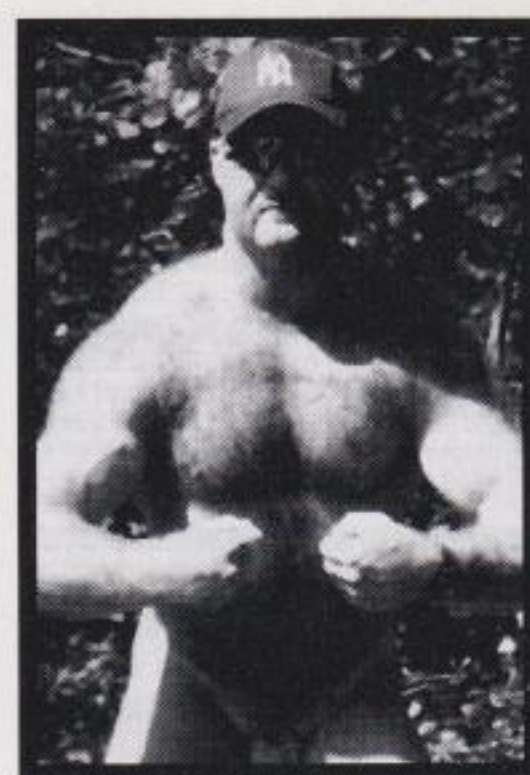
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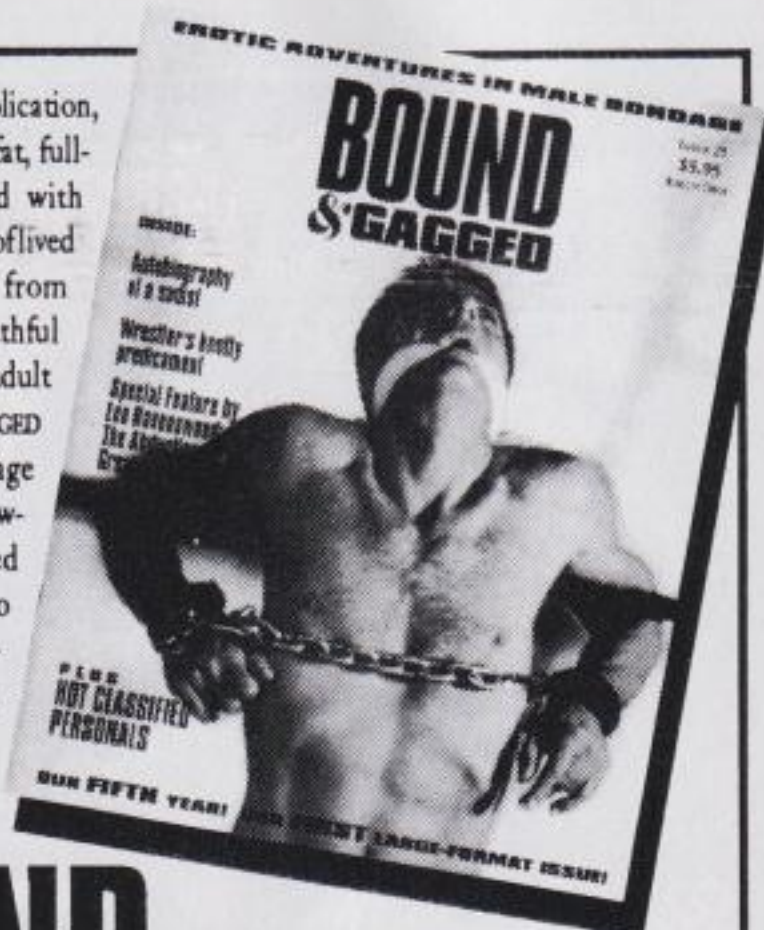
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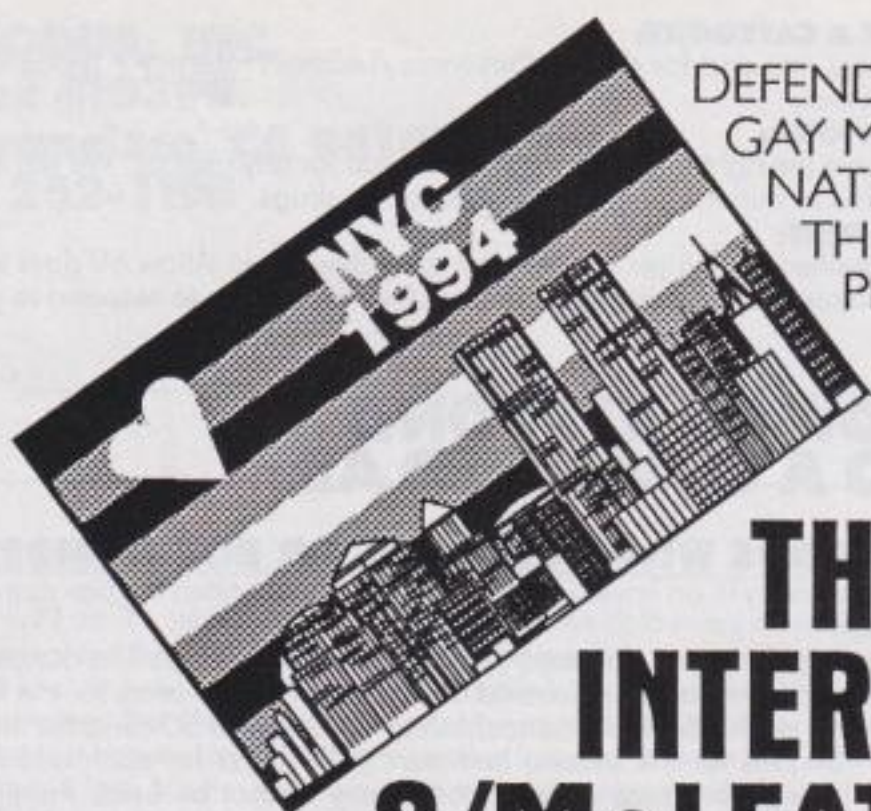
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• We verify phone numbers one time. If you renew your ad at a later time and use the same phone number, just attach a copy of the printed ad to your new ad. We will NOT publish voice-mail service numbers in personal ads. Please include your area code.

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In addition to our mail box forwarding, you may call us at 415-252-1195 and receive a voice mail passcode. You can then leave your ad or any message to another ad on our phoneline. • All current boxholders and Leather Fraternity members may call us to receive a voice mailbox number and passcode for their current ad. Your voice box will be active in the next available issue of Drummer magazine.

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Changes must be in writing along with your payment of \$10. We will not refund money if you cancel your ad.

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We reserve the right to edit or to refuse any ad for any reason. We will not publish references to minors, animals, prostitution or drugs.

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Your classified ad will go into the next available issue. Allow 60 days to see your ad in a future issue. Remember it takes time for people to respond to your ad as well.

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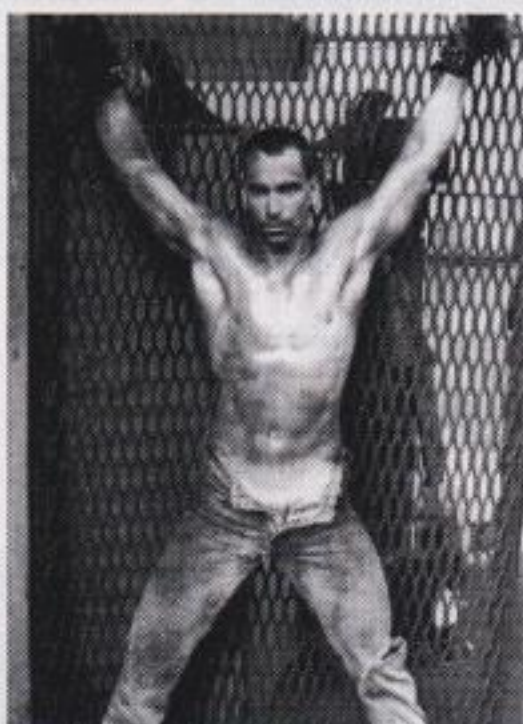
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Zeus: Steel Dungeon 2



Bob Jone's: Russo's Revenge

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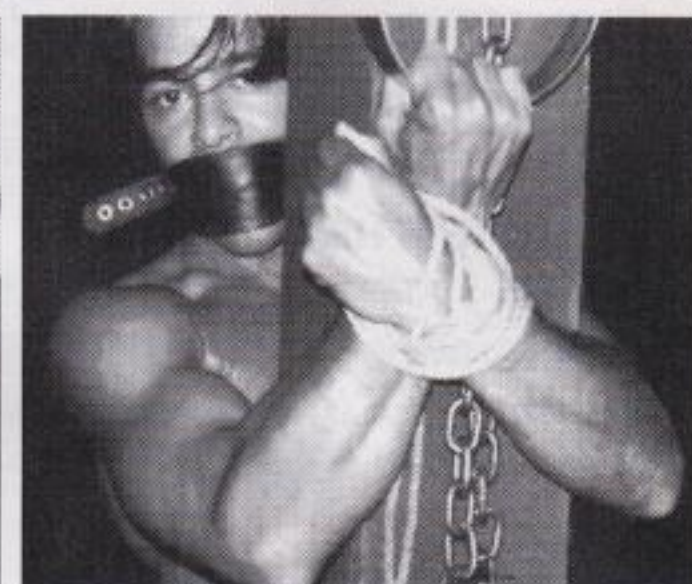
Apollo: Like a Dog

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Close Up: Captive Men 5



Grapik Arts: To Train Up a Pirate

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Bob Jone's: Farm Bound



Bob Jone's: Roughed Up By Russo

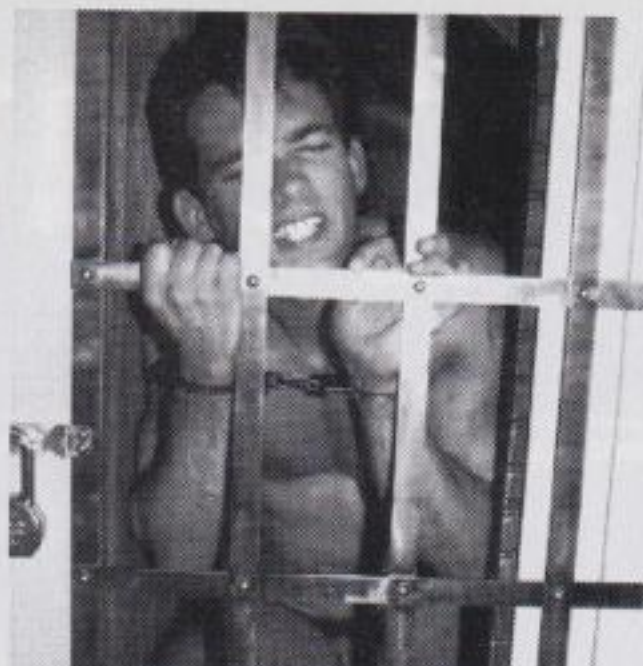
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Close Up: Hell Weekend



GrapiK Arts: Bottom Man

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CloseUp: The Interrogation



Zeus: Reunion I

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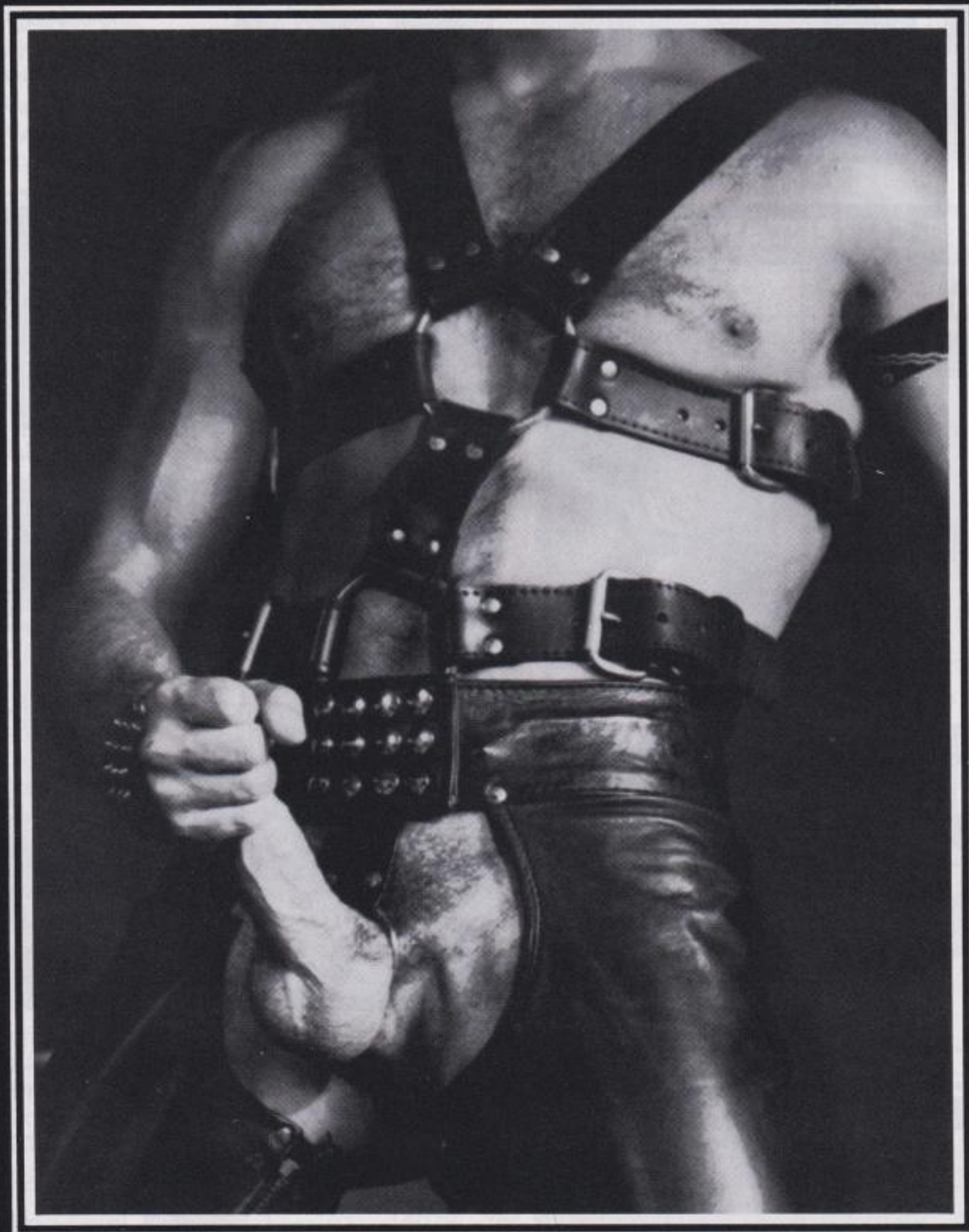
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